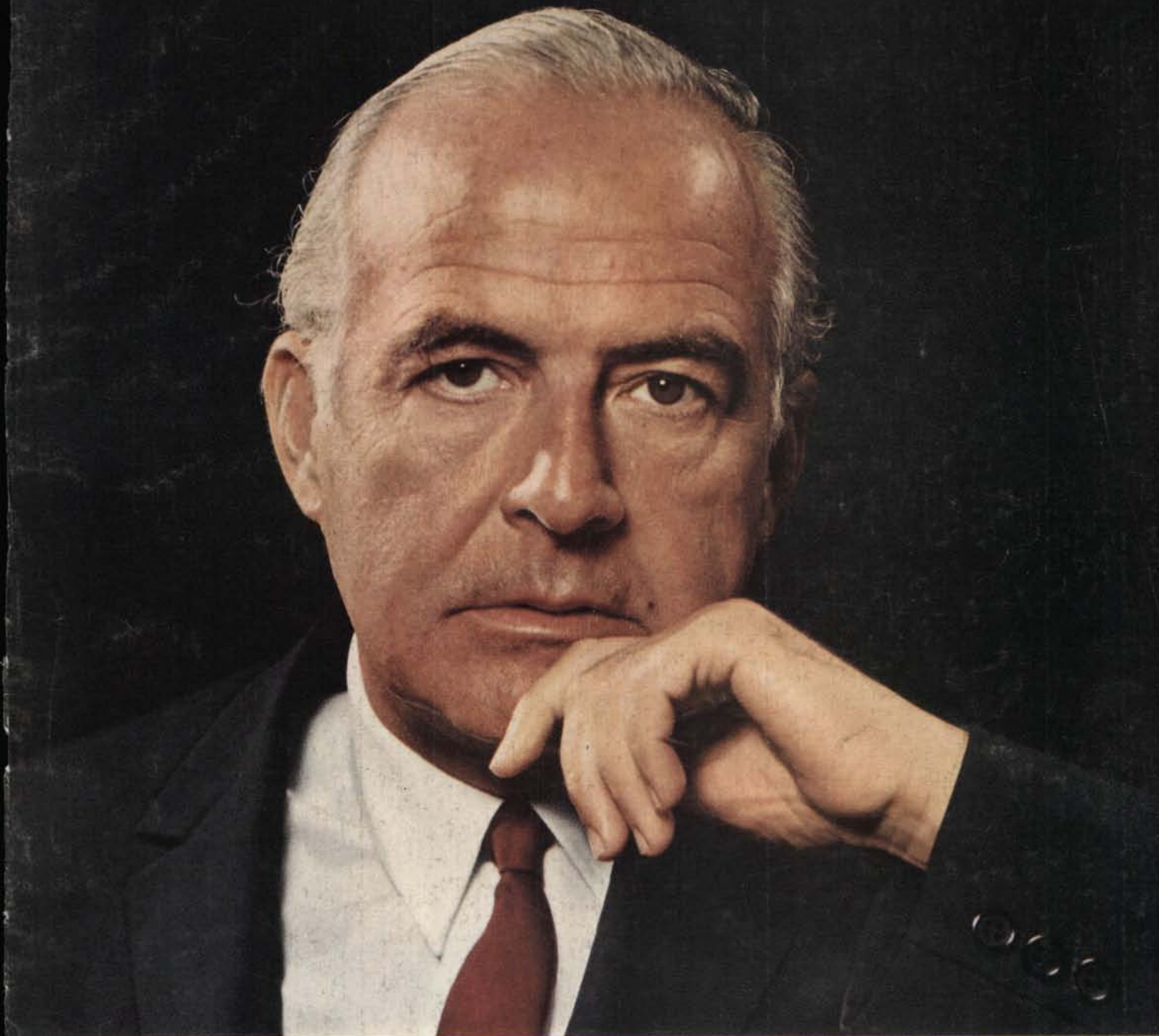
Saturday Review

September 17, 1966 35¢



Samuel Barber, whose "Antony and Cleopatra" opens the new Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center (see page 49)

OPERA HOUSE ON THE AMERICAN PLAN: A PREVIEW OF THE NEW MET

THE CHAGALL PAINTINGS IN COLOR

WHY DROPOUT CAMPAIGNS FAIL

By Bernard Bard

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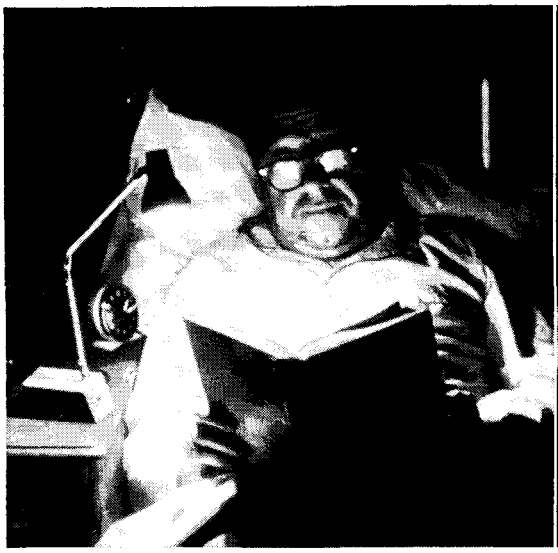

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I know several editors who have a real interest in Indians—Alvin Josephy of *American Heritage*, for one, and Yves Berger of the French house of Grasset for another—but I'm not one of them. Why, then, am I so enthusiastically involved with a book called *Piegan*, subtitled "a look from within at the life, times, and legacy of an American Indian tribe—as seen through the story of its chief"?

The answer, as it is with most good books, starts with the author. Richard Lancaster is a vigorous, opinionated, salty, informed man, trained in linguistics and comparative literature, who takes his scholarly skills into the field. There he has lived with the people of the Blackfoot nation, specifically with the 109-year-old Chief of the Piegans, a man whose past includes the capture of Sitting Bull.

Chief White Calf, a splendid figure of a man with a scalp tied to his briefcase, and tales and ritual at his disposal, shares them all in Lancaster's book. In effect, then, the book is the incisive, stereotype-smashing work of Lancaster, coupled with the first-person account of the Chief, the last survivor of the final battle in Plains Indian warfare. And a wonderfully amusing counterpoint is the character and language of the Chief's son, Jimmy, who became Richard Lancaster's brother in a solemn ceremony. This may be an unfair sample, but Jimmy, bustling into the house with an armload of fuel for the stove (it is June but a Montana June with a mountain blizzard whistling outside), says: "Goddamn, I had enough of the goddamn windy!" I have never heard enough of Jimmy.

Amusement aside, we think *Piegan* might very well be the most comprehensive and yet frankly intimate portrait of the contemporary American Indian ever created.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Piegan ($4.95), by Richard Lancaster, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 19190 Livernois Avenue, Detroit, Michigan 48221.

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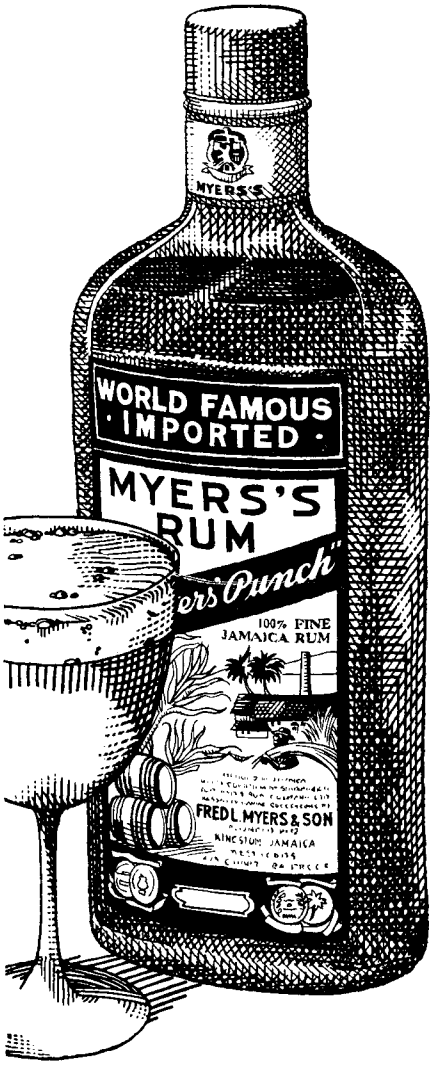

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In the TV ratings race, we may be backing a loser. Whether you're a music buff or not, you may find some excitement in joining our exploration of the world of fine music. Tune in and give it a try.

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Edited by Martin Levin

Critic's Crisis

(A few notes from a friend's diary, which may throw some light on the distressing malady that lately affected G. Hardwick Brasenose, the literary critic.)

FEB. 2—Called on Brasenose this afternoon. Doctor and psychologist there. Psychologist handed patient a book to read. Excessively dull book, I was told. As doctor anxiously watched, Brasenose made cursory examination of opening pages and shook his head. "I can't put it down," he said. Face flushed. Tired quality in voice. Temperature normal, pulse rapid.

FEB. 10—Read Brasenose's review. Quiet, thoughtful, searching appraisal of emptiness. "A book hard to put down," he wrote. Very sad.

FEB. 14—Can't get away from idea that I am in some way responsible for Brasenose's trouble. Nobody knows, of course, and doubt that Brasenose himself would acknowledge it or blame me. Feel quite wretched when I think of it.

MARCH 1—Mrs. Brasenose telephoned today. Her husband had tackled two books. Dreadful trash, she said, but he held on to both books to the end despite planned distractions such as ringing of telephone, slamming of doors, and noise from radio and television sets both going at same time.

MARCH 8—I trace it to a night some years ago when Brasenose and I discussed an English novel that was having a wild commercial success. Brasenose derided it. I defended book and urged him to give it another reading when he could. "For my part," I said (and how I wish I could recover those words), "I was unable to put it down." Two days later he called me. "You were right," he said, "It *is* good. I was unable to put it down."

MARCH 12—Brasenose ordered to bed. Needs rest. Still reading and reviewing. Doctor had idea of trying an especially long and heavy book on patient. Brasenose outfoxed him by propping book against a pillow and dozing off only when he could no longer battle drowsiness. Waking after a few minutes he had finished book. "Should be a surefire hit," he wrote. "Couldn't put it down."

MARCH 16 — Cunning Brasenose. Called in carpenter, who constructed bed-reading desk. Elaborate affair of several levels and angles that permits Brasenose to read while sitting up or lying on his back or his side. Matter of levers.

APRIL 2—There seems to be no help for Brasenose.

APRIL 9—Incredible news. Would not have believed it if hadn't been shown proofs. Doctor and psychologist had collected page proofs from several soon-to-be-published books and had mixed them indiscriminately. Brasenose had taken the pages in stride. "Couldn't put it down," he wrote.

MAY 21—Brasenose phoned me. Terribly excited. Could I come over next day.

MAY 22—Filled with trepidation. Poor Brasenose. Unprepared for shock awaiting me. Brasenose out of bed and dressed. Lively, fresh of cheek. Handshake firm. Smiling. Doctors have withdrawn from case. "I beat them. I beat them all," Brasenose told me. Gloating. "I beat the publishers. I beat the doctors. Do you know what I've proved? I've conquered fatigue, boredom, irritation, revulsion. I think I may say without sounding boastful that there isn't a publisher who can produce a book I can put down. I was a sick man. Nobody will ever know how sick I was but my will power brought me through." —JOHN FERRIS.

Night Sports Desk

OF all the departments in a great newspaper, sports seems to attract the most colorful characters and, more often than not, the best writers. Heywood Broun was a sports writer. So were Ring Lardner, Red Smith, Westbrook Pegler, and Damon Runyon. At the *Herald Tribune* in its heyday Stanley Woodward and Caswell Adams jointly coined the immortal phrase "Ivy League," and one would have to go a long way to equal the writing talents of such famous *Trib* sports writers as Don Skene, William H. Taylor, Al Laney, Bill McGeehan, Grantland Rice, Bunk Macbeth and Joe Palmer.

But one of the best in my time was not a writer but a copyreader, the broken-nosed little night sports editor, Eddie Logan. Gentle, an expert handler of words, Eddie seemed filled with an inner radiance quite in contrast to his façade. For in early youth, so the story went, someone in Eddie's neighborhood had smashed his face in, and I mean literally smashed it. Eddie had everything else but he had no nose. Because this made him—and the paper—self-conscious, Eddie had turned al-

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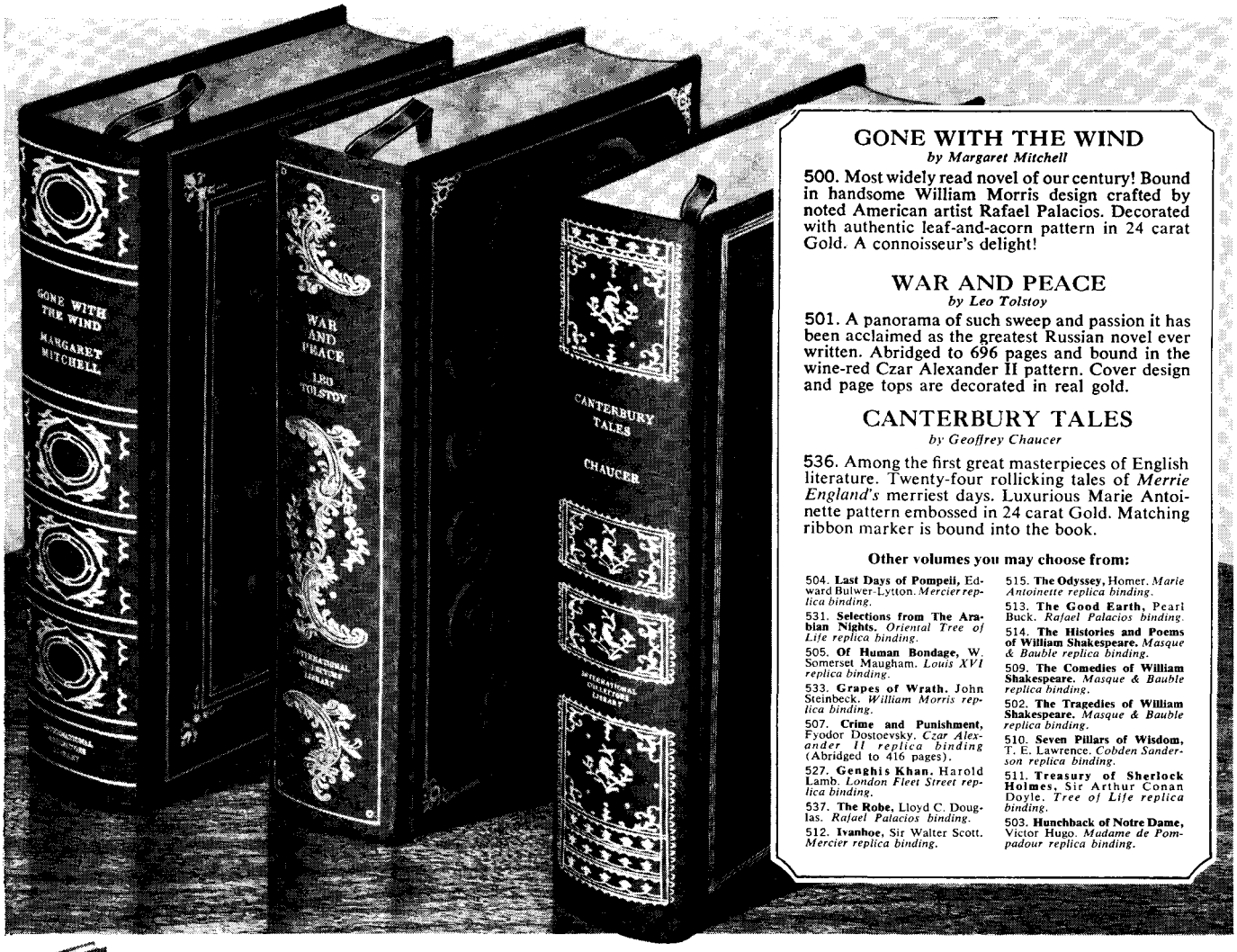

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And when we were sure the car was perfect, we improved it, and now this is the car we are talking about.

It is the Renault 10.

It is probably as comfortable as any automobile you will ever sit in, "and you can toss in a Bentley Continental or a Rolls if you care to," said one critic, but we don't know if that is not too much for us to say.

It has a five-main-bearing engine that you can drive all day at top speed (84 mph) and not do it injury, so finely is it machined.

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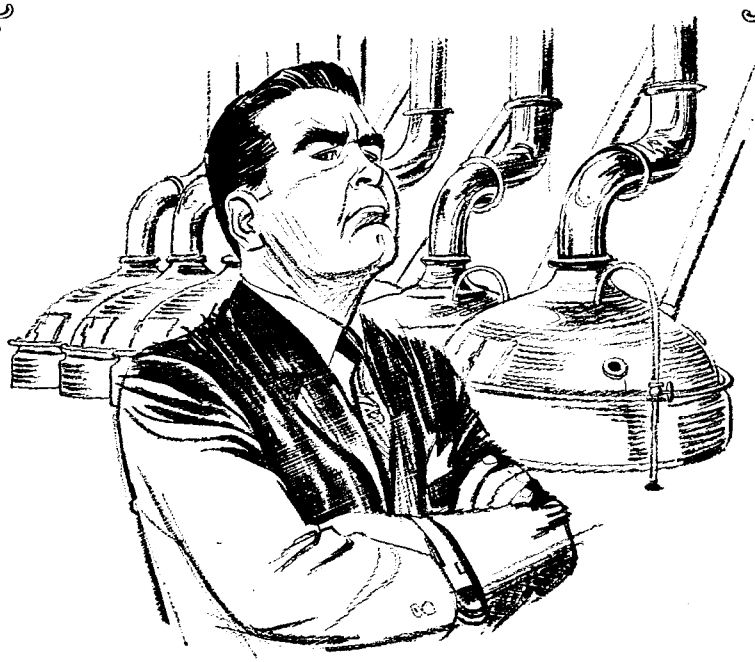

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Maybe it's good to be stubborn sometimes.

If you've had a Miller High Life recently . . . you know what we mean!

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

most immediately to the desk rather than risk ridicule in the cruel outside world of sports reporting. That he came to know his important profession of word-handling superbly no one on the staff ever for a moment doubted.

No one, that is, except the rather stuffy sports editor, George Daley. Daley was a dandy, a smooth operator with the management, and in his way probably an effective administrator. But Daley couldn't write and didn't know it. He insisted on doing a sports column a couple of times a week and the column was always about horse racing, which he adored and understood, even if he couldn't express himself in print. Calvin Coolidge's famous line, "When a great many people are out of work unemployment results," was pure Daley. And Eddie Logan, who was born knowing good writing and had a reverence for it, as all good copyreaders have, had to handle George's sports column whenever he batted it out.

On one occasion a famous Australian racehorse was being brought to the United States for racing and breeding, and George Daley's enthusiasm knew no bounds. The horse bore the unlikely name of Phar Lap, and for weeks nothing passed George's lips but words of awe and wonder for the animal, en route from Down Under. But soon after Phar Lap's arrival in California the beast caught American sniffles and promptly died. George Daley happened to be in the ticker room when the flash came over, and he raced to the copy desk, waving the bulletin and screaming. Eddie Logan looked quickly at the AP flash (it was early afternoon and the paper didn't go to press until 10 p.m.), glanced up at George, then said quietly through his flattened nose: "Well, George, if the boys are sending flowers count me in."

One night long after George Daley had gone home and left the sports department to the professionals, the editor ambled over to Logan from an adjacent desk with a long galley proof waving from his right hand.

"Hey, Eddie," he said, "they've left George Daley's column out of the first edition."

"That's all right," said Eddie without a moment's hesitation, "we'll put it in the late city, next to the reading matter." —Richard L. Tobin.

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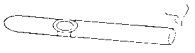
He starts right in with "buenos días" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between una pipa and un habano  . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Prefiero la pipa al habano."

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We guarantee our method if you guarantee your diligence.

Now all you need do es telefonear a la escuela Berlitz de su localidad and make an appointment.

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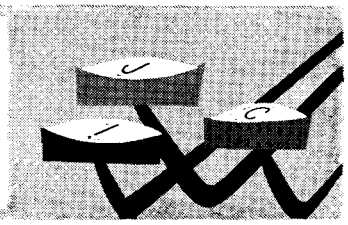
Manner of Speaking



What Is Your Definition of Poetry? There is never a shortage of students who are eager to have me do their homework for them. Come term-paper time, the mail runs full of dull questions from students who have not discovered the location of the local library and who have been left to assume that the word "research" in the phrase "research paper" means "write a letter to some writer or editor and ask him to tell you what to say." Sometimes they ask for one's philosophy of life. Or with equal impartiality they ask for a bibliography, a personal opinion of the collected works of William Butler Yeats, an interpretation of the major trends in modern poetry, or a list of my ten favorite poems with my reasons for choosing them as favorites. But the one question that dongs through practically all such letters is, "What is your definition of poetry?"

What on earth is there to answer? It might even be worth the effort of a reply if one could make them see the futility of hunting for pat definitions where no definition is possible. But what impels them to that futility? Why do they have teachers, if they are not made to understand that there are concepts and bodies of experience too various and too elusive to submit to definition. What is their definition of life? What is their definition of an idea? Can they define themselves?

One may, to be sure, identify, if only tentatively, some of the things that would have to be considered in trying to identify poetry, life, idea, or individuality. That sort of speculation is always likely to be fruitful. But what remains forever dreary in the dully stated question is the assumption that a definite answer is available. And behind the dreariness of that assumption lies the drearier recognition of what their teachers must be in order to permit them such assumptions.

It is possible to quote many definitions of poetry, but the simple fact is that none of them define. The father of the late John Holmes, as I mentioned in this column once before, came up with his own definition, and perhaps it turned out to be as accurate as any other. "Poetry," he said, "is where every line begins with a capital letter."

Had he read Latin poetry or E. E. Cummings, of course, he would have known better, and might have written instead, "The school system is where every line in a poem begins with a capital letter, and where every idea begins by being deformed into a neat and inadequate definition."

But if I move my finger to the other end of the line, I think I can put it on something like an everlasting difference between poetry and any other form of writing. Whether or not the line begins with a capital letter, *it ends not at the right hand margin of the page, but against white space.* Some of the lines in a prose play and some passages of dialogue in works of fiction also end against a white space, but they do so with the difference that they have no more to say.

IN a poem, the line comes to rest against a white space because the white space is part of the poem's particular notation. "Notation" is intended here exactly as in music, as a system for indicating the pace, the pauses, the glides, the emphases, and the loudness with which a given passage should be read.

Loudness can be indicated by as simple a device as capitalizing all the letters of a word: BOOM! Emphasis can be indicated by many different metrical and non-metrical devices, the most effective of the metrical devices being the terminal monosyllabic foot, as in Frost's:

> What if it wasn't all it should be?
> I'd
> Be satisfied, if he'd be satisfied.

"I'd" is annotated for extraordinary stress, first because of the metric effect, second because it is an unusual rhyme, and third because it is an odd way of breaking off a line. But note that once "I'd" has been punched, the force of the parallel construction throws a similar stress on "he'd" in the next line. Perhaps the simplest, and most overworked device for special stress is the use of italics: "*Now*, I say." Pause can be indicated simply by using a period, though there are many subtler notations for it. And pace is indicated by all sorts of devices, including alliteration and internal rhyme, though the first basic principle to note is that the line will read faster when unaccented syllables are brought together, and more slowly when accented syllables are brought together.

But of all these notations, and of many others that could be set forth, the

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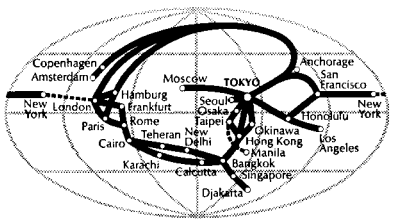

most important is the white space that follows the line. When words are separated on the page as they are here we can guess at once that we are being instructed to read them more slowly than we would weretheyallrunintogether. The white space at the end of the line is a natural notation for a pause, though it is necessary to remember that other notations in the poem may instruct us to ignore it. We are regularly so instructed, for example, in Browning's *My Last Duchess*, the notation urging the voice to overrun the line-end so often that many readers fail to note that the poem is rhymed. But in the absence of some definite indication that the white space should be ignored, there is a fixed tendency for the voice to come to rest, or at least to check itself momentarily at the end of the line.

What difference? Read the following lines from Edith Sitwell's "Sir Beelzebub" with her original notation:

> WHEN
> Sir
> Beelzebub called for his syllabub in
> the hotel in Hell
> Where Proserpine first fell,

And then read them with the notation of standard prose: "When Sir Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the hotel in Hell where Proserpine first fell." Or try these lines from Ralph Hodgson's "Eve":

> Eve, with her basket, was
> Deep in the bells and grass.

And then read them as, "Eve, with her basket, was deep in the bells and grass."

The difference in this case is reinforced by the partial rhyme and by the metric pattern, especially by the fact that both lines begin with a monosyllabic foot. The crucial difference, however, is made by the presence of that white space after "was," the rhyme and metric pattern serving to reinforce what the white space has established. The reader is told by the white space to check his voice slightly after "was." Having held back there slightly, he has a withheld emphasis to deliver on the beginning of the first line, and that slight stumble-and-lurch effect is augmented by making the first syllable of the next line a monosyllabic foot (always a notation for special emphasis), and augmented again by having it repeat the metric pattern of the first line (repetition, when the writer knows what he is doing, is always a purposeful notation).

And there, boys and girls, is not a definition (a definition, in your terms, appearing to be something you may then stop thinking about), but the opposite of a definition (which is to say, something to think about, when you acquire anything to think with).

—JOHN CIARDI.

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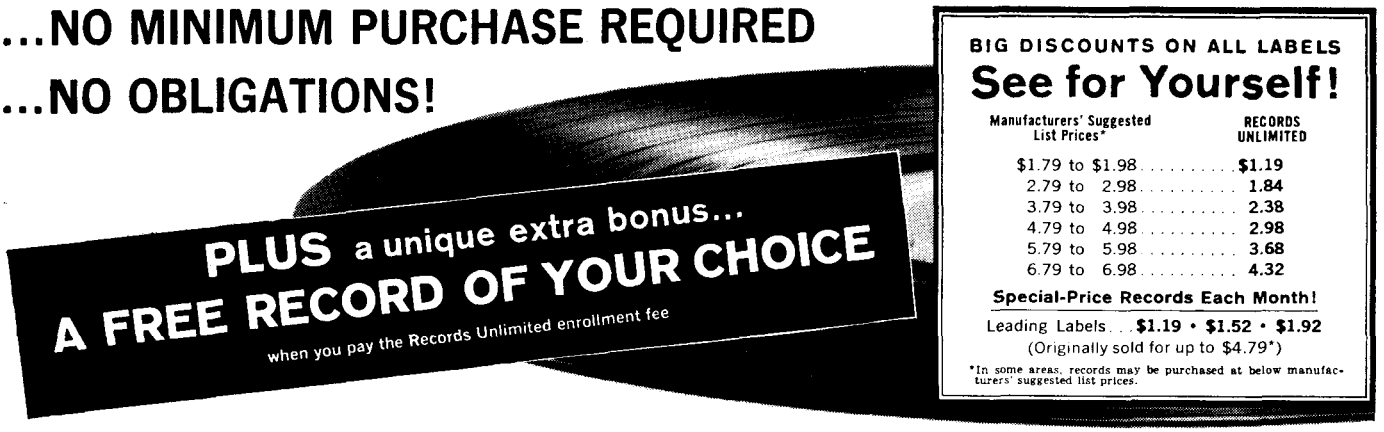

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

THE AGE OF KEYNES. By Robert Lekachman. Random House. $6.

THE LIMITS OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM. By Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Crime, Suspense

KILLER DOLPHIN. By Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown. $4.95.

THE MINISTER OF INJUSTICE. By Maurice Culpan. Walker. $3.50.

MOSCOW COACH. By Philip McCutchan. John Day. $4.50.

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF CRIME AND SUSPENSE. By the editors of *Playboy*. Playboy Press/Trident. $5.95.

THE SHAMIR OF DACHAU. By Christopher Davis. New American Library. $4.50.

SOUR CREAM WITH EVERYTHING. By Joyce Porter. Scribners. $3.95.

WORLD-FAMOUS TRIALS: The Conflict and Drama of History's Greatest Court-Room Classics. By Charles Franklin. Taplinger. $4.95.

Current Affairs

FREEWAYS. By Lawrence Halprin. Reinhold. $12.50.

KENNEDY CAMPAIGNING: The System and Style as Practiced by Senator Edward Kennedy. By Murray B. Levin. Beacon Press. $5.95.

MEGALOPOLIS UNBOUND: The Supercity and the Transportation of Tomorrow. By Senator Claiborne Pell. Praeger. $5.95.

THE NATIONS OF ASIA. Edited by Donald Newton Wilber. Hart. $15.

THE NEW BOHEMIA: The Combine Generation. By John Gruen. Shorecrest. $4.95.

PURPOSE AND POWER. By Harold Wilson. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

SPAIN: Book 1, The North; Book 2, The South. Edited by Hanns Reich. Hill & Wang. Boxed set, $15.

TOWARD PEACE IN INDOCHINA. By Anthony Eden, Earl of Avon. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE TRAIL OF THE POPPY: Behind the Mask of the Mafia. By Charles Siragusa as told to Robert Wiedrich. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Fiction

THE ANIMAL HOTEL. By Jean Garrigue. Eakins Press. $3.95.

DEVIL'S CUB. By Georgette Heyer. Dutton. $4.95.

DON QUIXOTE, U.S.A. By Richard Powell. Scribners. $4.95.

THE DOUGLAS AFFAIR. By Alistair Mair. Morrow. $4.95.

AN HOUR AFTER REQUIEM AND OTHER STORIES. By Lawrence O'Sullivan. Doubleday. $4.50.

KISSED THE GIRLS AND MADE THEM CRY. By John Hale. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

THE LITTLEST NEUTRAL. By David Martin. Crown. $4.95.

OLD COUNTRY TALES. By Sholom Aleichem. Edited by Curt Leviant. Putnam. $5.95.

A PICTURE TO HANG ON THE WALL. By Sean Hignett. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

STAND IN THE RAIN. By Jean Watson. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

STRANGERS AND GRAVES. By Peter Feibleman. Atheneum. $5.95.

SUNDAY AND THE LITTLE MAN FROM ARCHANGEL. By Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

THESE OLD SHADES. By Georgette Heyer. Dutton. $4.95.

THE TIME OF THE ANGELS. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $5.

YOSHAR THE SOLDIER. By William Harrington. Dial. $4.50.

History

EUROPE OF THE DICTATORS, 1919-1945. By Elizabeth Wiskemann. Harper & Row. $6.95.

HITLER AND JAPAN: The Hollow Alliance. By Johanna Manzel Meskill. Atherton. $6.75.

MEN OF WATERLOO. By John Sutherland. Prentice-Hall. $7.95.

THE RATTLING CHAINS: Slave Unrest and Revolt in the Antebellum South. By Nicholas Halasz. McKay. $4.95.

Literary Criticism

BLACK ON WHITE: A Critical Survey of Writing by American Negroes. By David Littlejohn. Grossman. $4.50.

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

ESCAPE INTO AESTHETICS: The Art of Vladimir Nabokov. By Page Stegner. Dial. $4.50.

Miscellany

THE DREAM. By H. A. Hartwick. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

THE GILDED BAT. By Edward Gorey. Simon & Schuster. $3.

GIVE UP? A New Cartoon Collection by Whitney Darrow, Jr. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE GOLDEN FLEECERS. By Walter Wagner. Doubleday. $4.95.

HOW TO LEARN LANGUAGES AND WHAT LANGUAGES TO LEARN. By Mario Pei. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE LIVING WORLD OF THE SEA. By William J. Cromie. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

PAY NOW, DIE LATER: What's Wrong with Life Insurance; A Report on Our Biggest and Most Wasteful Industry. By James Collin. Random House. $5.95.

POP GOES AMERICA. By William K. Zinsser. Harper & Row. $4.95.

READY FOR THE HA HA AND OTHER SATIRES. By Jane Mayhall. Eakins Press. $3.95.

THE REASONER REPORT. By Harry Reasoner. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE ROAD TO CHESS MASTERY. By Max Euwe and Walter Meiden. McKay. $7.95.

THE SECOND NEUROTIC'S NOTEBOOK. By Mignon McLaughlin. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

THE SEX KICK: Eroticism in Modern America. By Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. $5.95.

(*Continued on page* 99)

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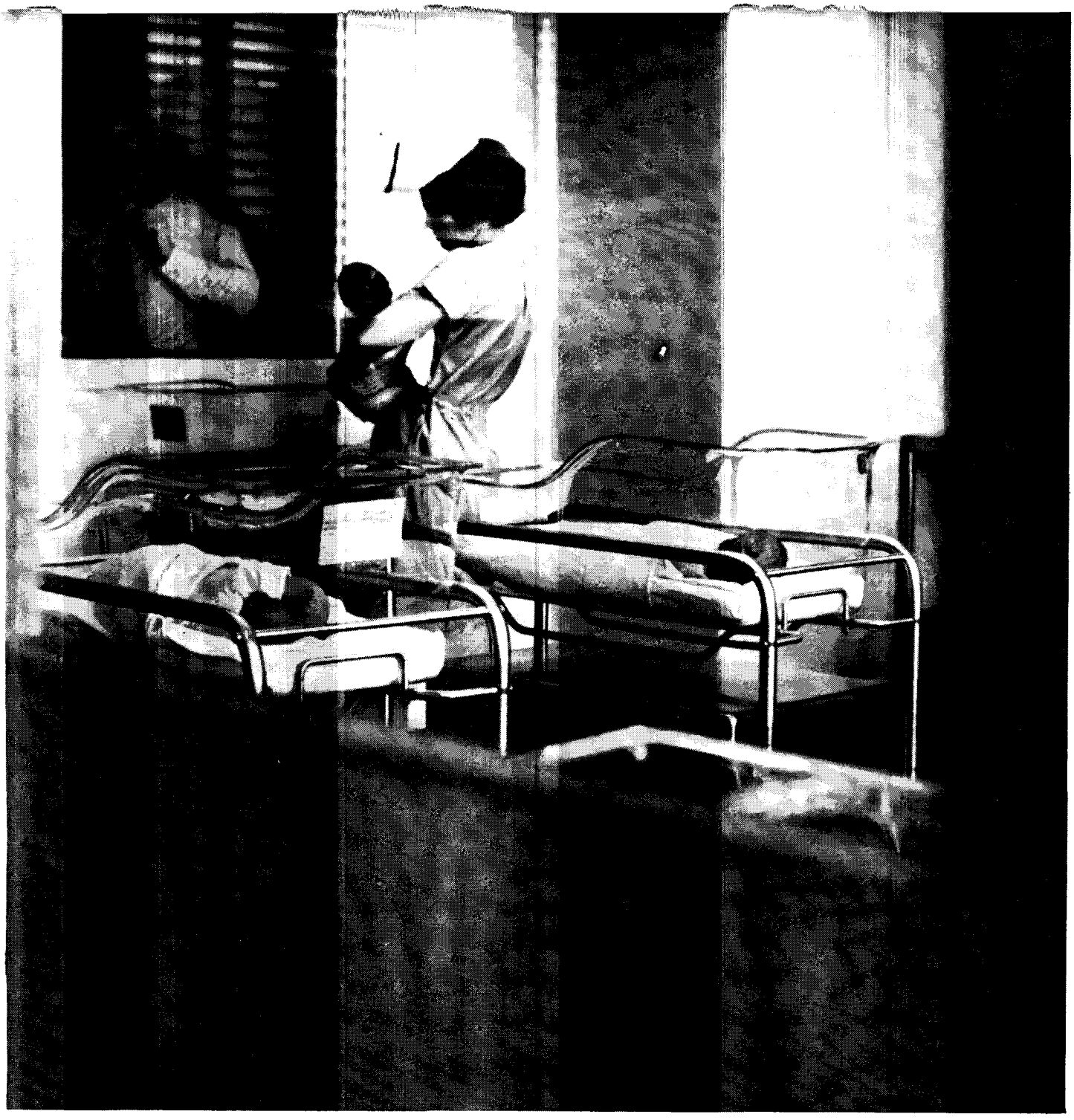

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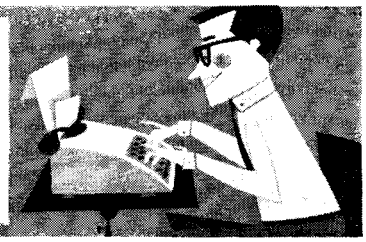
Top of My Head



Baby, It's Dark Outside

THERE WAS a front-page, three-column-head story in *The New York Times* recently concerning a particular biological phenomenon, usually discussed behind closed doors. So if you will all please close your doors we'll get right to it.

It seems reporters making the rounds of the hospitals in New York City discovered that on August 9, 1966, nine months to the day from November 9, 1965, the day of the big East Coast blackout due to a Con Edison electricity failure, several large hospitals reported a sharp increase in births. Mt. Sinai Hospital reported all four delivery rooms and fourteen labor rooms in constant occupancy. This hospital, which averages eleven births daily, announced a new one-day record of twenty-eight.

At Bellevue there were twenty-nine new babies in a week compared with eleven the week before; at St. Vincent, Columbia-Presbyterian, Brookdale, and Coney Island hospitals the increase ran from 33 to 50 per cent.

I don't get it. Con Edison, with its constant drilling in the streets outside my window, has always got me out of bed. Never into it. Con Edison may have its faults, but this newest attack seems a slur pregnant with some socially snide undertones. In fact it was a sociologist who was the first to cast a stone.

Mr. Paul Siegel, the sociologist who is directing a National Opinion Research Center study of the impact of the blackout on 1,300 persons, made this clinical and cryptic diagnosis:

"The lights went out and people were left to interact with each other."

True. I remember that my wife and I played gin rummy by candlelight. I lost $1.40. One of the worst nights I ever had. It was not until the last hand that, by flickering candlelight, I noticed she had gone gin with a queen of spades between the jack and king of hearts, but no hospital reported that bit of interaction.

Not all men of science were in agreement with this rather pat prognosis by the romantic Mr. Siegel. There were many interviews with others—labor problems being in vogue these days. But they also came up with some questionably obfuscated theories. For instance, another sociologist, Robert W. Hodge, was quoted as saying: "Our data show that people wound up at home. They didn't have access to a major source of amusement—television."

In the first place I wonder on which channel Mr. Hodge finds all that amusement. But more to the point, is he saying that if Andy Griffith and Gomer Pyle and Patty Duke had been with the people in their homes in this dark hour they would not have interacted? To say nothing of the valuable advice of Dr. Kildare?

It seems to me all this research for cause and effect is an exercise in hindsight. If their theories be correct, surely there would have been some notice in the papers or in medical journals many months ago that the blackout would have this result. Guessing about the cause after the effect is easy. Child's play.

But, as in most moments of crisis, some good is often born which leads the way to the betterment of mankind. If this theory—hereinafter known as the Con Ed Syndrome—becomes a proved and accepted biological phenomenon, the world is teetering on the brink of the answer to its most vexatious problem—the population explosion.

THE obvious solution to cutting down the birth rate is, by indirect deduction, that the lights never go out—are left constantly burning, night and day—especially night. This, compounded with television sets going full blast during the networks' regular nine-month season, will do the job. And, to be doubly safe, it would help considerably if the networks stopped showing reruns during the other three months.

Of course I realize this will turn out to be a bonanza for Con Ed. There are those who may balk at the rise in their electric light bills. (And I wonder now if the blackout could have been a diabolical arrangement by Con Ed to demonstrate the importance of its product.) But if electricity users will compare their light bills with the bill one receives from an obstetrician, they will realize what a bargain current really is.

So let's go along with this theory. If it worked the way it did with the lights off, it stands to reason it will work in reverse with the lights on. It's bound to. Except, of course, in the hen houses. —GOODMAN ACE.

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Wednesday, September 14, at 10:00 P.M. EDT, a unique new program comes to television. ☐ ABC Stage 67 represents the culmination of a unique, worldwide search. For the excellent. The innovational. The delightful. ☐ Week after week, ABC Stage 67 will bring you the work of many of the world's greatest writers, actors, directors, producers. Exciting new works in comedy. In music. In drama. Television essay. Above all, in entertainment. ☐ ABC Stage 67 will be a showcase for talent unlike any you've ever seen on television before. ☐ And it opens this week with a highly unorthodox comedy, "The Love Song of Barney Kempinski." Written by Murray Schisgal, author of the Broadway hit, "Luv," it stars Alan Arkin, Sir John Gielgud, Alan King and Lee Grant. ☐ In future weeks you'll see a searching drama of the cold war by John LeCarré, who wrote "The Spy Who Came in From the Cold." A riotous football musical, "OLympus 7-0000," by Richard Adler and Jerome Chodorov. A sensitive television essay on "The Kennedy Wit," with Jack Paar. ☐ You'll see a remarkable one-hour virtuoso performance by Ingrid Bergman. A study of the art and artistry of Bob Dylan. ☐ You'll spend evenings with Sir Laurence Olivier, Peter Sellers, James Mason, Geraldine Page, Jason Robards, Jr. ☐ You'll see special works by Truman Capote and Jean Cocteau. ☐ All in color. ☐ And what you see may very well be a new era opening for television. ☐ To a large extent, that will depend on you. Be sure to be there when ABC Stage 67 begins. We think you'll want to keep your Wednesday evenings free from then on. ☐ ABC Television Network. abc

Watching television becomes an event. ABC Stage 67 starts this week.

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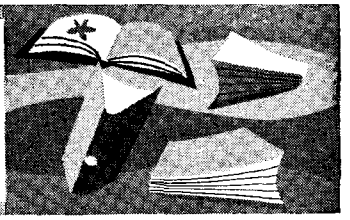
Trade Winds



Unsolicited poetry is a constant concern to magazine editors, because so much of it is plagiarized. Usually a staff member can spot a purloined story, but with the overwhelming quantity of poetry that's been published no staff, regardless of size, can be familiar with all of it. Margaret Cousins, when handling poetry for *Good Housekeeping*, once was offered a poem that she herself had written and had published in *College Humor!* We developed a standard rejection letter: "Thank you for the poem submitted by you (under such and such a date), which was written originally by Edna St. Vincent Millay (or whatever other author). We still like it very much, and are glad that you do, too."

In one year at *Good Housekeeping* we received some 20,000 unsolicited poems (among which we detected about 300 plagiarisms), convincing some of us that more people *write* verse than read it.

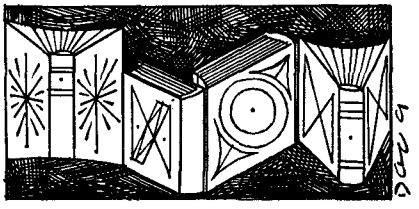
"Still the two most misused words in our language," writes Charles Chadman, "are *lie* and *lay*. Perhaps your readers will fancy this bit from the British *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1825, that I was obliged to learn at school:

> While free from care, the other day
> Beneath the verdant shade I *lay*,
> I said 'How charming here *to lie*
> And view the glories of the sky.'
> While thus at ease I long *had lain*
> I saw a trav'ler cross the plain,
> And bade him on the sod *to lay*
> A load that galled him on his way.
> Well pleased, his burden down he *laid*
> And *lay* beside me in the shade."

With the Miss America pageant again upon us, I think back to the September when I was one of the judges in Atlantic City. I had accepted the appointment reluctantly, harboring the notion that it would be at least partially a fraud but probably some fun. Actually, I was stunned by the amount of work involved for the judges, for two days and nights before the televised event; by the comprehensiveness and rigidity of the rules; by the conscientiousness of the supervising committee, and the determination of the judges to be scrupulously fair. No matter what anybody ever may think of the winner—her beauty or personality or talent—invariably she is the one who most deserves the crown.

I was one of the 1,500 charter subscribers to The Limited Editions Club when it was organized in 1929. The twelve books issued each year then sold for $10 a copy, or for $100 to those who paid for the series in advance.

The club had rough going, financially, because George Macy, who founded it, put much more money into the books than the subscribers paid for them. In order to supplement his income, George came to work with me, in 1934, as art director, on the old *Pictorial Review*. He



labored at the office of the club from 6 a.m. until 11 o'clock, then joined me for the remainder of the day.

After George's death ten years ago, his lovely wife Helen took over and has been running the business ever since. As everybody in publishing knows, the Heritage books—made in quantities of 30,000 from the original Limited Editions' plates—provide much of the company's substantial profit. But it is most interesting to realize that none of the Limited volumes ever sells for less than its original price. Recently $780 was paid for a copy of *Ulysses*, signed by Joyce and illustrated by Matisse. Currently the *average* offered price to rare-book dealers is $40 for the Limited books. With a total of more than 400 so far produced, that's quite a record.

***Pictorial Review* reminds me:** When I was put in editorial charge, I met William Randolph Hearst for the first time. He was sitting in a drawing room in the Ritz Tower. "What kind of room would you call this," he asked, "how would you say it is furnished?" I took a good look around. To me it seemed to have a little bit of everything. That's what I said, frightened. "Mr. Hearst, I'm not very knowledgeable about furnishings, I think it's a little bit of everything." "Mr. Hayes," said Mr. Hearst, substituting one consonant for another, "that's exactly what I want this magazine to be."

William Benton, who controls it, told me at lunch last week that though he reads in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* every day he would not be able to go through all of it if he lived another twenty-five years. I thought then of a novel I came across in the Thirties, in which an encyclopedia salesman who had read and memorized every word in his encyclopedia, became, as a result of his extraordinary knowledge, a successful detective. I believe the author was named Frank Gruber, but a visit to the New York Public Library afforded no clue. I promised Mr. Benton I'd try to identify the book for him. Somebody who remembers may be willing to help.

Since 1925, when it first appeared, *Advertising Procedure* has been the standard text for advertising courses in colleges the country over. Some of the original readers, hearing that the fifth edition, forty-fourth printing, was about to be issued by Prentice-Hall, questioned the current authorship. There is no doubt about it—Otto Kleppner was, and is, the author. Though forty-one years have elapsed, Mr. Kleppner is only just past his mid-sixties, hale and hearty, active in communications, ebullient, rich, the proud father of two professorial sons and one brilliant daughter, the man who has lasted longer than any other as an advertising agency executive for the dynamic and unpredictable Lew Rosenstiel of Schenley. If I know all about Kleppner, there's a reason. He married a girl I used to date, and I've never let him out of my sight since then.

John Marquand once told me that, on hearing his daughter Blanche, then seven, utter an obscenity, he wrote down all the ugly words he'd ever known, made Blanche read them out loud, then said, "Now you know them; and if I ever hear you say one of them in my presence, I'll *admonish* you."

It scared her plenty.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1692)

(John) Mason Brown:
MIRROR TO HIS TIMES

(The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood)

Rebellion was in his blood. Even as a small* child in New York, he solemnly handed his mother a paper headed "Sacred Rules of Park Avenue," one of which was "Disobey your nurses." He vanished that* afternoon to spend hours at a friend's house.

* Word inserted to get the second M; word substituted for *one* to preserve the meaning.

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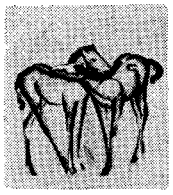

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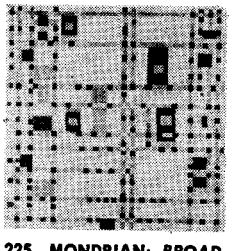

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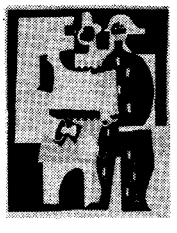

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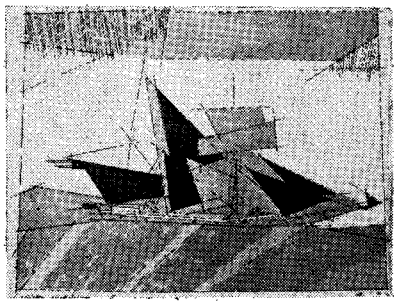

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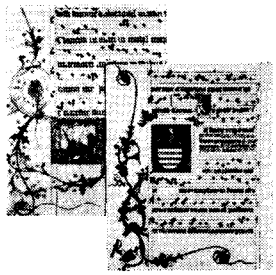

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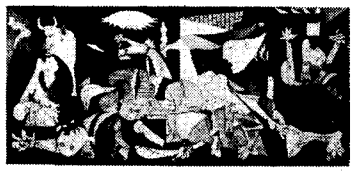

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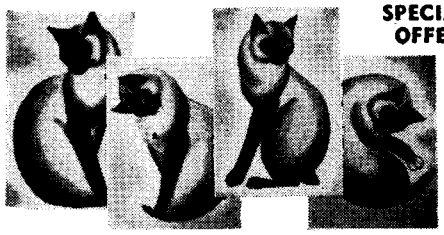

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Saturday Review
September 17, 1966

The Rich and the Poor: 1966

The gap between the wealthy and the underdeveloped nations is widening—while the proportion of Gross National Product devoted to aid is shrinking. Why?

By PAUL G. HOFFMAN

IT'S A RICH WORLD for some—and the rich are getting richer. In 1965, the more developed countries, including the United States, Canada, most of Western Europe, the Soviet Union, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, had a Gross National Product of approximately $1.4 trillion. What is more, the $1.4 trillion figure is increasing by $40 billion to $50 billion annually, thus assuring the one-third of humanity living in the richer countries a rapidly rising standard of living.

But it is a distressingly poor world for most. The estimated Gross National Product for the less developed countries, excluding China, is about $250 billion a year. While this figure is going up by some $10 billion to $12 billion annually, population growth is cutting the average annual increase in per capita income to 1 per cent. At this rate, the people of the less developed world will not reach even a $200 level in average annual per capita income by the end of this century. For hundreds of millions of people the average will be close to $100.

The contrast between riches and poverty on our planet is one of the tragedies of this century. "In an age when man is literally soaring to the stars," U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Arthur Goldberg has said, "he has not yet managed to raise to decent heights the conditions of life for some two billion of the earth's three billion people." On a planet of unimaginable wealth and potential, some 3,000,000 human beings are dying each year as a result of starvation and nutritional diseases. At a time when the frontiers of knowledge are expanding at an explosive rate, a majority of men live and die without benefiting from the wonders of science and technology.

Poverty, of course, is nothing new. What is new is that the poor no longer accept poverty as an inevitable way of life and are determined to do something about it. What is also new is that for the first time in history men command the means to launch a global attack on poverty. Many of the developed countries have devoted substantial resources to bilateral and multilateral development assistance programs. In designating the 1960s as a Development Decade, the United Nations has called upon all member states to unite in a sustained world war on hunger, disease, ignorance, and poverty.

THERE is much confusion as to the dollar value of goods and services flowing from the richer to the poorer countries for development purposes. My estimate, based on the study of many conflicting reports, is that it was approximately $11 billion in 1965. It should be added, however, that only about half of that $11 billion represents a burden on the world's taxpayers. The other half represents private investment and commercial loans meeting strict banking criteria.

What has been largely overlooked in appraising the flow of development capital from the richer to the poorer countries is the contra-flow of resources. In 1965, this reverse flow, consisting of interest and dividend payments and loan repayments, amounted to approximately $4.5 billion—leaving a net development assistance total of $6.5 billion. It has also been overlooked that, from 1961 to 1965, the annual flow of development resources to the emerging nations increased by less than $1 billion. As a percentage of Gross National Product, less was devoted to development assistance in 1965 than in 1961. The figure now stands at little more than one half of 1 per cent, despite wide agreement that at least 1 per cent of Gross National Product should be devoted to development purposes. What has occurred in the United States is indicative. Though this country's Gross National Product has jumped by some 35 to 40 per cent since 1961, U.S. foreign aid expenditures are no larger today than they were five years ago.

The contrast between what has been happening to resources allocated for development and resources allocated for defense and weapons of destruction is sharp and devastating. While the amount of funds set aside by the richer countries for development assistance purposes has remained almost static, appropriations for armaments and war purposes have increased from $120 billion to $150 billion since 1961.

It is a rich world—and a mad one.

What explains this apparent unwillingness of the richer countries to devote more of their resources to meet the enormity of the development challenge? In the first place, the very concept of utilizing one's own resources to assist others in the development of their country is a new idea. Being new, it has been subject to misunderstanding. Many believed, for instance, that foreign aid could and should be used to win friends. Before long, however, it was evident that the countries of the less developed world could not be bought, or, if bought, were hardly reliable allies.

In addition, the staggering dimensions and complexity of the development process were little appreciated in the early days of economic assistance. People had the notion that the developed

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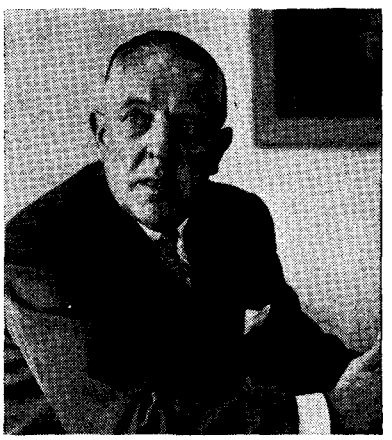
countries merely have to export their know-how. What was not realized is the fact that whole nations have to be brought to the point where they want and appreciate know-how. Some people had a different notion—that money alone can solve all development problems. They ignored the reality that meaningful development cannot occur unless people are educated and trained in a variety of skills. Capital is a vital factor in a well-rounded development program, but it is only one factor among many.

To build the necessary skills and administrative institutions is a complex and time-consuming affair. Thus, development is not, as some supposed, a task which will take years, but one which will occupy men for decades and perhaps even generations. The quick results achieved by Marshall Plan aid to Western Europe cannot be duplicated. The Marshall Plan had the relatively uncomplicated job of speeding recovery from wartime destruction in an area which possessed all the necessary skills and facilities for rehabilitation. Present development efforts, by contrast, must often start at the very beginning—a vastly more difficult proposition.

Considering all this, it is not altogether surprising that both the public and the national legislatures in some of the richer countries should have become disenchanted with the entire development effort. In fact, when the taxpayers hear that in certain respects the plight of the poorer countries is worsening—for instance, in some areas of Asia and Latin America there is less food per capita today than there was at the beginning of the decade—they sometimes doubt that any amount of assistance can help solve the problems of the emerging nations. For these and other reasons, impatience and exasperation with foreign aid have grown over the years.

But there is a bright side to the development story. It is not the lack of resources, physical or human, which is responsible for the plight of the poorer countries. Almost without exception, they possess sufficient resources to assure a more decent life for all their citizens. What is responsible for the poverty of these countries is the underutilization of their resources.



—Ernest Kleinberg (Pix).

Paul G. Hoffman

The Author: Paul G. Hoffman, former president and board chairman of the Studebaker-Packard Corporation, is administrator of the U.N. Development Program. He also has served as Marshall Plan administrator (1948-50), president and trustee of the Ford Foundation, a member of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations, chairman and trustee of the Committee on Economic Development, a member of the Business Advisory Council, and in many other public and quasi-public posts. His books include *Seven Roads to Safety, Peace Can Be Won,* and *World Without Want.*

Recently, I put two questions to a cross section of members of the Society for International Development, the only interdisciplinary organization in the development field. I asked them, first, what percentage of the total natural resources of the emerging nations is currently being put to productive use; and second, what percentage of these countries' human resources is now being utilized? You may find their answers rather startling. The average estimate of present natural resource utilization was about 20 per cent of annual capacity, and that of human resource utilization, only 10 per cent. This means that almost 80 per cent of the natural resources and 90 per cent of the human resources that exist in two-thirds of the world remain, as yet, untapped.

Despite this underutilization of resources, a number of the less developed nations have made spectacular progress. These countries are located on all continents, are in various climatic zones, and are of widely divergent cultural backgrounds. But they have certain marked similarities. In each instance of successful development effort there has been a strong determination on the part of the government to modernize and to make necessary sacrifices. Political conditions have been reasonably stable. Economic policies have encouraged savings as well as public and private investment. Finally, a sizeable volume of external assistance has been forthcoming.

The face of progress and of enlarged opportunities assumes many different forms. Africa's Ivory Coast has increased its per capita income at an average rate of 10 per cent a year since 1960. At least twelve countries—among them, the Sudan, Tanzania, Mexico, the Philippines, and Thailand—have increased their average annual agricultural yield over a sustained period at a rate higher than that ever achieved by the United States or any other developed country over a similar period.

Five countries—Greece, Spain, Israel, Lebanon, and Taiwan—have made such satisfactory economic progress that they have "graduated" from the U.S. aid program. Other countries, such as Brazil, Chile, and Turkey, may graduate within the next decade. Still others, such as Pakistan, South Korea, and Tunisia, have made more economic progress in recent years than most observers would have thought possible.

Thousands of strands make up the development story. The daily catch of Ceylonese fishermen has been multiplied many times over by equipping their vessels with outboard motors. In El Salvador, an underground reservoir containing enough water to double agricultural output in the surrounding area has been discovered. A new strain of rice may make it possible for Asia to double its output of that essential crop.

But development prospects cannot

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be measured in these terms alone. The world knows a good deal more about the development process now than it knew a decade ago. Then, there were few professionals in the field of development assistance; now there are thousands. The self-help efforts of the emerging nations are increasing yearly. In addition, an impressive number of international institutions, as well as individual countries, are deeply involved in development assistance. While the times are certainly difficult, never have they been more auspicious.

However, almost all knowledgeable people in development assistance agree that this promise will not be realized unless the present $6.5 billion net flow of resources from the richer to the poorer countries is increased. The surprising thing is how little additional capital it would take to step up sharply the pace of world development.

AN increase in two types of assistance is necessary. The first type is so-called "soft" loans, which bear no or very low interest charges, are long term, and usually provide for initial grace periods. Since many emerging nations are already burdened by excessive debt repayment obligations, this load should not be unduly increased by new "hard" or regular commercial loan obligations which would only force the low-income countries to divert precious funds from development projects. In 1965, the emerging nations received approximately $1.8 billion in soft loans. By 1970, it is vital that the amount provided annually in soft loans be increased by at least $1 billion, making a total of $2.8 billion.

An additional amount of funds and resources must also be devoted to pre-investment assistance projects. This refers to those activities, such as resource surveys or the establishment of training institutes, which help a country uncover economic opportunities, develop its human resources, or strengthen its administrative services, and thereby boost its capacity to attract and absorb additional development assistance and investment of all types. Until such infrastructure is built, development cannot take place. By 1970, it is essential that the present $500 million devoted to pre-investment work be doubled to $1 billion a year.

The additional $1.5 billion for soft loans and pre-investment projects would generate a flow of several times that amount of assistance to the developing countries in conventional investments and hard loans. This increase in soft loans and pre-investment seed money could well trigger a growth in net capital flow from the present $6.5 billion to $12 billion or $14 billion annually.

Can the taxpayers of the richer countries claim that the additional $1.5 billion, an expenditure which would bring such rich dividends, is too much of an added load?

The experience of the United Nations Development Program—established in November 1965 when the General Assembly consolidated the activities of the U.N. Expanded Program of Technical Assistance and the U.N. Special Fund—illustrates the catalytic effect of seed money. Following a feasibility and survey study supported by the U.N. Development Program, a $220.5 million hydroelectric complex which, when completed, will be Nigeria's chief source of power, was begun with credits supplied by the World Bank, the United States, the United Kingdom, Italy, the Netherlands, and Canada. The Nigerian Government is providing local currency to pay for local costs.

This is just one example. Currently, the U.N. and its family of related agencies are assisting more than 3,000 large- and small-scale projects in 150 developing countries and territories. This global partnership has already harvested a rich return. More than $1.4 billion in investment has followed twenty-eight major U.N. Development Program pre-investment projects, undertaken at a cost of $35.7 million to the Development Program and the countries involved, which supplied more than half the expenditures. While it would be unrealistic to expect this high rate of follow-up investment to continue, it is not too much to assume that, in the future, every $100 million spent on pre-investment projects will produce a billion-dollar flow of investment capital.

If the international war on poverty is to succeed, it will require a great effort—greater than that which has been made thus far—on the part of all nations. Apart from maintaining the peace, in fact, nothing demands greater attention or effort. This is so not only for compelling humanitarian reasons, but also because global development bears a close relationship to the future prosperity and peace of the entire world.

THE economic rewards of development are considerable. The people of the less developed countries comprise the world's largest potential market. They represent the new economic frontier. As income increases, so does purchasing power. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman estimates that every 10 per cent increase in per capita income abroad results in a 16 per cent increase in the commercial exports of the United States. And every $1 billion worth of additional exports creates more than 100,000 jobs in this country.

The more developed a country becomes, the better a customer it is. The present biggest export customers of the

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United States are the most highly developed nations—the countries of Western Europe, Japan, and Canada. With a population of 20,000,000, Canada buys more from the United States than does all of Latin America, which has a population of almost 250 million. American export sales to Japan have more than quadrupled since U.S. postwar assistance ceased. Mexico, a country which has made substantial development progress, has more than tripled the value of its imports since 1950. If nothing else, development assistance is a sound, long-range business proposition because it builds markets.

Even as a short term proposition, economic assistance is an asset to U.S. business. More than 80 per cent of all U.S. aid dollars are spent on goods and services purchased in this country. In fiscal 1964, U.S. firms did $1 billion worth of business by supplying aid recipients with a variety of materials and commodities, ranging from steel to fertilizer. In 1965, American shipping firms collected $80,000,000 in transportation fees for carrying aid-financed products to their destination. U.S. colleges, consulting firms, and other organizations hold nearly half a billion dollars' worth of aid contracts for technical assistance projects. Altogether, the U.S. foreign aid program is directly responsible for more than half a million jobs in this country.

THE political rewards of development are also considerable. People in economically backward nations are readily incited to violence, too often believing that this is their one avenue to progress. If our goal is to build a stable world dominated by the rule of law rather than by the specter of lawlessness, it is imperative that all nations join in an endeavor to attack and overcome the social and economic conditions which produce instability. Indeed, if increased stability eventually caused a decrease in the sums spent for arms, then development would, in effect, be financed by shifting funds from war-making to peace-building and would be no added burden on the taxpayer.

The need is clear. What the world does in the remaining years of this decade is crucial, for the development assistance given now is preparing the ground for the much more substantial progress which must be made in the 1970s. Surely the stakes are worthy of man's best efforts. "International development is the great imperative of our generation," Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs Paul Martin has said. "There is no doubt in my mind that our generation will be judged in history on the success or failure of our efforts in the greatest human adventure of all time."

CAN WE CONTROL THE WAR IN VIETNAM?

What history tells us about "Limited Conflicts"

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

IT IS IN VIETNAM that we are fighting, but the ultimate enemy—so we are assured with anxious eloquence—is China. The "aggression" we are called upon to stop is "Communist aggression," and the Communism we are asked to contain is Chinese Communism.

That China is Communist is not denied, and that it is militaristic and aggressive is taken for granted, for after all is this not the very nature of Communism? With every year China grows more powerful and more intractable. Already it has a population of 700 million; already it is well on the way to industrialization; already it has the atomic bomb. Clearly—so the argument runs—it is China that inspires and sustains the war in Vietnam, supplying, if not the men, all other necessities of war. If our intervention should fail of its objectives—whatever they are—it is not Vietnam that will win, but China. And if China is victorious in Vietnam what is to prevent it from moving on to Laos and Cambodia, Thailand and Burma, then to the Philippines and Indonesia, and ultimately—the imagination boggles—into Japan, Australia, and India?

Meantime, we carry the war ever closer to China. Now we bomb within a few miles of the Chinese border; now we engage in "hot pursuit" over Chinese territory; now we grimly warn that there is no sanctuary for enemy planes on Chinese soil. And China, in turn, feels itself surrounded and beleaguered: a hostile Soviet Russia pressing on the long boundary to the North and controlling territory historically Chinese; American bases in Japan, Okinawa, the Philippines, and Taiwan; the Seventh Fleet—most powerful on the globe—ruling the South China Sea; giant bombers based on Guam; almost 300,000 soldiers in Vietnam, with more on the way.

We are alarmed—and so are the Chinese—and when two powerful and proud antagonists are alarmed, almost anything can happen. Senator Fulbright and many of his Senatorial colleagues think we are on a "collision course" with China, a view which the Chinese themselves share. Meantime, Secretaries Rusk and McNamara assure us that our own government has no intention of broadening the war. And the military, in turn, however much some of its members might yearn for a showdown now rather than later, discount the notion that China is able to engage in a major war.

There is, alas, neither comfort nor reassurance in all this. Wars rarely come because they are carefully planned and deliberately launched—not ours anyway—but because circumstances get out of control. They come, most of them, notwithstanding earnest and even sincere efforts to avoid them. To assume that statesmen, or military men, sitting in distant capitals, can manipulate the great, seething, and tumultuous processes of history as they might manipulate pieces on a chessboard is to ignore the lessons of the past. The lessons of the past are not those implicit in the arguments of a Kahn or a Kissinger; they are rather those explicit in the lines of Euripides:

> And the ends men look for cometh not,
> And a path there is where no man thought,
> So hath it fallen here.

History, to be sure, tells us of wars that were quite deliberately planned. Napoleon knew just what he was doing when he renewed his war on Britain in 1803; so did Bismarck in his wars on Denmark, Austria, and France. Hitler planned his attack on Poland, Norway, the Low Countries, and Russia, and Japan carefully calculated its attack on Pearl Harbor. Such things, it will be said, belong to the bad Old World; they do not happen in the New. Indeed they do not. We do not plan our wars; we blunder into them. Doubtless this has its ad-

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"If everyone is here, we'll proceed with the reading of the will."

vantages: We can maintain to the end that we are a "peace-loving" people, even as we are locked in mortal combat with our enemies—who, of course, are not "peace-loving."

That is, in any event, the record of most of our wars. Let us see what light that record throws on the problem that confronts us now.

Begin with the first of our wars, the War for Independence. It is pretty clear that neither the Americans nor the British wanted war in 1775; it is equally clear that neither people followed policies designed to avoid it. Certainly Colonel Smith, who marched so bravely out on the Concord road to capture the gunpowder stored in that town, did not realize that he was inaugurating a great war, nor did the embattled farmers who fired the shot which Emerson later asserted was heard 'round the world. Neither George III nor Washington wanted war, and though Lexington and Concord were fought in April 1775, the Continental Congress was still debating war and independence a year later. And as late as 1776 Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and other American leaders are on record as deprecating both independence and war. But war came.

Certainly few wanted and fewer expected war in 1812. That war is, indeed, a classic example of the role of chance and of blundering. The British were too absorbed in their war on Napoleon to give any serious thought to American grievances; certainly they had no desire to take on another enemy. Americans protested against illegal impressment and Indian depredations, but had little stomach for a fight. New England did not want war, and sabotaged it when it came; the belligerence of the West has been exaggerated, and it was in any event a belligerence against Indians. When, in 1812, war finally came, it was unnecessary, for the British had already repealed the odious Orders in Council, the ostensible provocation for war. Nevertheless the war came.

As for the next major war, that with Mexico, it is fair to say that it was ardently desired by some, bitterly opposed by others. Santa Anna probably did not want war, but he wanted to indulge in gestures that might provoke war. Polk did, no doubt, want war, and so, too, did a good many Texans, and, supporting them, a good many land-hungry Middle Westerners. The South was not enthusiastic; New England abolitionists charged that the war was fought merely to get "bigger pens to cram slaves in." Certainly there was no need for war; had reason and not passion been in control, the disputes that agitated Mexico, Texas, and the United States could have been negotiated. The Mexican War is a classic example of the way in which a determined President can maneuver the country into a war neither popular nor necessary.

The Civil War, greatest of our wars, was by no means that "irresistible conflict" which Seward predicted. Neither North nor South really wanted war; Southerners hoped to the end that the North would allow them to go in peace; Northerners hoped, to the end, that the "erring sisters" would in fact return to the fold. So said Oliver Wendell Holmes: in an appeal to "Caroline, Child of the Sun":

> Go, then, our rash sister, afar and aloof,
> Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
> But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
> Remember the pathway that leads to our door.

Lincoln put it more sadly in his second Inaugural Address:

> Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish, and the war came. . . . Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. . . . Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding.

When secession came, Lincoln allowed Sumter to fall rather than fire the first shot, and Seward contrived a fantastic plan to reunite the nation by warring on Britain and France. All in vain. Events ruled and overruled the plans of men.

The war with Spain was, if not planned, widely desired and widely popular, for American distrust of Spain was deep-rooted, and American sympathy with the heroic Cubans struggling for independence was ardent. President McKinley, to be sure, tried somewhat ineffectually to avoid war over Cuba, but lacked the backbone to put up any real resistance to the war-mongers. War might have been avoided—Spain was prepared to make almost any concessions—had it not been for the bad luck of the explosion of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor. There was no evidence at the time that the Spaniards had blown up the *Maine*, and there has been no evidence since, but the country was not interested in evidence. Spain was held responsible for the foul act, and "Remember the *Maine*" echoed across prairie and plain. That fortuitous event was the fuse which set off the war, just as the ineffectual firing on a U.S. destroyer in the Gulf of Tonkin was the fuse that set off the war on North Vietnam. In both cases an administration pledged to peace eagerly seized on a pretext to wage war.

It was, said Theodore Roosevelt, "a splendid little war." The war that grew out of it was not at all splendid, and took everyone by surprise. Indeed so surprising was it that—like the present enterprise in Vietnam—it was not really a war at all. The Americans had liberated the Philippines from Spanish rule, and the Filipinos, or a substantial number of them, assumed that they were now free. But not at all. McKinley was not prepared to hand the islands back to Spain, nor to set up an international protectorate, nor to leave them alone, exposed to the wicked designs of other nations.

But the Filipinos, like the Vietnamese

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in 1945, thought that they had helped win their independence, and did not want any foreign, certainly not any Western, power to take over. They thought that independence from Spain meant an end to colonialism, and they were outraged when McKinley calmly assumed that they had nothing to say about their fate. It did not, apparently, occur to McKinley that the Filipinos would oppose American rule of the islands, and when they did so, he reacted impulsively, almost instinctively, as we later reacted to Vietcong intransigence. He struck back, and we found ourselves engaged in just the kind of jungle warfare in which we are now once again embroiled.

THAT war dragged on for three years, and before it was over it had engaged 120,000 American troops—the equivalent then of our 300,000 now in Vietnam—and cost almost as many lives as the war with Spain. Like almost all wars between people of different races and colors, between a highly civilized and a more primitive people, this war speedily degenerated into the worst kind of guerrilla fighting, with barbarities and torture on both sides. Within a short time the United States found itself doing in the Philippines what it had condemned Spain for doing in Cuba, just as now we find ourselves doing in Vietnam what we condemned the Germans for doing in the last war.

The First World War affords the best—perhaps the only—example of a war which we entered upon deliberately. We moved toward war with our eyes open; we calculated the risks of fighting, and of not fighting; our decision to declare war was carefully weighed and calculated. Whatever the rights and wrongs of that decision—and looking back on it from the perspective of fifty years, there still seem to be more rights than wrongs—it cannot be alleged that this was an occasion where events overrode human judgment. We did not, of course, see the consequences of our involvement; even the eye of Woodrow Wilson could not penetrate that far into the future.

With the Second World War we were clearly back in the world of chance. Granted, Roosevelt had not been a passive spectator to the drama unfolding before us in Europe and in Asia; granted, too, that by 1941 we had moved, somewhat erratically, toward participation in a "shooting" war, with conscription swelling the ranks of our armed forces, our airplane and munitions factories working day and night, our protection extended to Iceland, and our Navy prepared to shoot submarines on sight. But the election of 1940, like that of 1916, had been fought on a platform that appeared to promise that the government would stay out of "foreign" wars. Public opinion was, in fact, unprepared for war in 1941. And when war came, it came not by our choice, but by the choice of Japan. Once again it could be said that we did not control events, events controlled us. We did not plan the war, controlling each move in a complex game; there were calculations, but they went awry; the moves and finally the game itself got out of hand.

The Korean War does not fit quite so neatly into this pattern of wars into which the United States blundered or strayed, but whatever else may be said of it, this can be said with certainty, that it was not a war we either anticipated or planned. The Korean War caught us by surprise as it caught most of the world by surprise, and so, too, did the ferocity of the fighting. The analogy to our involvement in Vietnam is not far-fetched: We plunged into what we took for a war of aggression; as we moved ever closer to the China boundary, China concluded that it was threatened (as indeed it was by MacArthur and the war hawks, though not by Truman) and itself plunged into the war. We are confident now that escalation of the Vietnam war will not bring in China, but our experience in Korea does not justify that confidence. Nor does it justify our confidence that we can, in the end, impose our will on all participants; in Korea we had to settle for something less than total victory, and to accept an armistice which still hangs over us.

NOW, once again, we are involved in a war that began, quite fortuitously, as a minor action and developed into a major one. Because public relations, propaganda, and perhaps pride, are more insistent than ever before, we are assured, more persuasively than ever before, that everything is under control. No need to fear a further enlargement of the war; no need to fear war with China; no need to fear an atomic conflict. But the one thing that is inescapably clear is that nothing is really under control. Month after month, year after year, we have been misled and deceived. We have been told that the conflict in Vietnam was not a real war, that a show of force would bring it to an end; that the Vietcong were being decimated, and were deserting by the thousands; that a few days' bombing would bring North Vietnam to its knees; that we had at last set up a stable government; that the South Vietnamese army was a real fighting force; that the long-awaited social and land reforms were finally being fulfiled; that we had staunch allies who would surely come to our aid. But why go on? The record of no other war in our history is so littered with the bric-a-brac of miscalculations, misguided policies, and mistaken predictions.

Yet those responsible for this matchless record of confusion, self-deception, and error still have the temerity to assure us that everything is under control—their control. We are still asked to believe that the President and his advisors make all the decisions and direct all the actions, that they can calculate with certainty just how far the war will go and how far it will not go; that they can move the pieces on the chessboard of Asia with such deftness and skill that we need never fear that anything will go awry.

Confidence in our ability to control the war in which we are now so hopelessly entangled is part of that larger intellectual and moral vanity which is one of the most frightening features of the American character today. It is of a piece with those games theories which so fascinate the servants of the Rand Corporation, of a piece with Henry Kissinger's careful calculations of the tolerable limit of losses in a nuclear war—is it 50 per cent or 70?—of a piece with Herman Kahn's theory of controlled escalation of atomic warfare, all as neat and impersonal as a computer.

Those whom the gods would destroy they first make vain. To suppose that we are a special people, that we can not only foresee but control the future, that we can bestride the swift currents of history, that the choice of life and death for nations and even for Mankind has been delivered into our hands—this is a special and fearful kind of arrogance and pride. Nothing in our experience promises us that we can subdue the arrogance or conquer the pride.

The Alfred Jewel

Inscribed: Alfred Ordered Me Made

By Edward Kessler

ALFRED ordered me made
And I was. I squat here
In the Ashmolean Museum
(Recent, Renaissance structure),
Rump-heavy, with garnet eyes,
And the sneer of the very
First Family of the realm.
I'm only two and a half
Inches long, but my body's
Bright as a jeweler's dream.
And my blood? Pure Anglo-Saxon.
Outside, fall rains begin
Tarnishing tourists, ending
Traditions of the afternoon.
Another priceless sky corrodes
Into another night.
But my gold-filigree fame
And enameled blue survive
Weathers and feasting eyes.
I order Alfred made.

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Hyacinths, Coconuts, and the FAO

ON THIS PAGE we commented recently on the unsung activities of UNESCO and other agencies that work with the United Nations for the benefit of all mankind without regard for race, color, geography, or politics. We reported that, through UNESCO's efforts, a world-wide illiteracy trend resulting from the post-war population explosion has finally been reversed. More recently we discussed here the sudden shift from a United States overburdened with storing surplus grain to a United States faced with a shortage of food to meet its domestic and overseas commitments, increased grain production being the key to ending world hunger. On this page we are now concerned with the amazingly successful Food and Agriculture Organization of the U.N. and its current battles against such unlikely foes as the desert locust, the water hyacinth, the quelea quelea bird, and a ruthless coconut disease currently destroying great groves in the Philippines.

The FAO, like UNESCO, the International Labor Organization, the World Health Organization, and similar alphabet agencies, is a completely autonomous office, though it works with the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, which coordinates the activities of FAO, UNESCO, ILO, WHO, and half a dozen other humanitarian groups involved with economic development and the alleviation of human suffering everywhere. The FAO has headquarters in Rome and divides its world into six basic regions: Far East, Near East, Africa, Europe, Latin America, and North America. These groupings of nations have similar food and development problems. The North American and European regions are chiefly concerned with aiding underdeveloped areas, the other regions with implementing that aid. Since food is more important than anything else—first on anyone's list—the FAO spends close to half the U.N. development money now being allocated either officially or through national assessment. That it is on the right track, if not altogether successful as yet, is patently clear from its latest report on foes of food supply, ranging from locusts to a coconut scourge called *kadang-kadang*.

The desert locust is an ancient foe. Moses is recorded in Exodus as having stretched forth his rod over the land of Egypt, upon which a dense swarm of locusts soon descended, covering the face of the whole land so that not a green thing remained. Thanks to a six-year United Nations project mounted by the FAO, forty-two nations joined forces in a military-like campaign across 11,000,000 square miles. During one plague, each square mile contained three tons of locusts and each locust daily consumed its own weight in green stuff. The FAO found that an average large swarm of locusts would weigh as much as the liner Queen Mary—about 80,000 tons. With U.N. special funds and excellent cooperation under the FAO's aegis, the swarms of desert locusts that devastated great areas of Asia and Africa early in the 1960s now appear to be in full retreat, though the battle is still enormous.

The water hyacinth, on the other hand, is an attractive but treacherous beauty that spells disaster for farmers and fishermen, particularly in Africa. With tragic irony, the water hyacinth proliferates so rapidly that navigation, agriculture, and fishing along riverways as widely separated as the Mississippi and the Nile are in many places in virtual disaster states. The situation became so serious in the Sudan, the United Arab Republic, and Ethiopia, that with technical advice from FAO a counterattack has begun on the plant-choked headwaters of the Nile. Though a relatively new arrival in Africa, the lovely water hyacinth, with its ten-inch blue-mauve or pale lilac spikes, is a treacherous monster that means starvation to those who live beside the choking river. The cost of controlling the hyacinth is enormous but worth it to any organization like FAO deeply concerned with world hunger.

As for the quelea quelea or weaverbird, it is one of the most numerous birds in the world and the most destructive. Looking somewhat like a sparrow with a red beak, it can ravage whole green fields in minutes, literally holding the power of life and death over innumerable small farmers in west and east Africa. Ninety million birds from a 2,000-acre nesting site in Senegal ate 9,000 tons of food in a month. Despite a fantastic four-year kill of at least 1,000 million birds, at enormous expense, the most that can be said, FAO reports, is that control of this dark and destructive armada is a possibility.

And then there are the barren stumps of what was once a magnificent coconut grove. The FAO feels it is close to an answer in halting this devastating coconut scourge known in the Philippines as *kadang-kadang*. In a recent three-day survey on the island of San Miguel, a team of scientific sleuths found only eighty seed-bearing coconut trees left of an original 250,000. Since coconut is not only a precious Philippine commodity and economic resource but also a food staple, the FAO's hope that a breakthrough may be near in combatting the cruel disease is welcome news to everyone. For, as with the FAO's other battles against Man's hunger, any improvement or modernizing of cultivation, any increase in food production anywhere in the world, enriches all. —R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Academic Freedom

In his contribution to the special section, "What Do We Mean by Academic Freedom?" [*SR*, Aug. 27], Richard Nixon notes with tolerant amusement, that when our country began, ". . . it was predicted that all order would disappear under the strain of our drastic guarantees of freedom."

How wrong those people were, those gloomy prophets of doom, those of little faith in our basic freedoms, implies Mr. Nixon. He then seems to argue that the above "drastic guarantees" are, in fact, too drastic and must be limited else we ". . . create the impression abroad that our government has been deserted by its people."

Norman R. Lee,
Education Department,
State Teachers College.
Edinboro, Pa.

Mr. Nixon's position on academic freedom need only be read with care to be refuted. He is quite right that academic freedom should protect the right of a professor to advocate any "minority viewpoint—no matter how distasteful to the majority—provided he does so openly and is not in violation of the law." What he utterly fails to recognize is the seemingly obvious fact that a statement of sympathy with the Vietcong falls squarely under that principle.

Samuel Gorovitz,
Assistant Professor of Philosophy,
WRU-Case Program of
Philosophical Studies.
Cleveland, O.

It somehow strikes me as incongruous and offensive to read about academic freedom in an article in *SR* by Richard Nixon. His recent performance in a political campaign involving a professor at Rutgers University seems to speak louder than any written words.

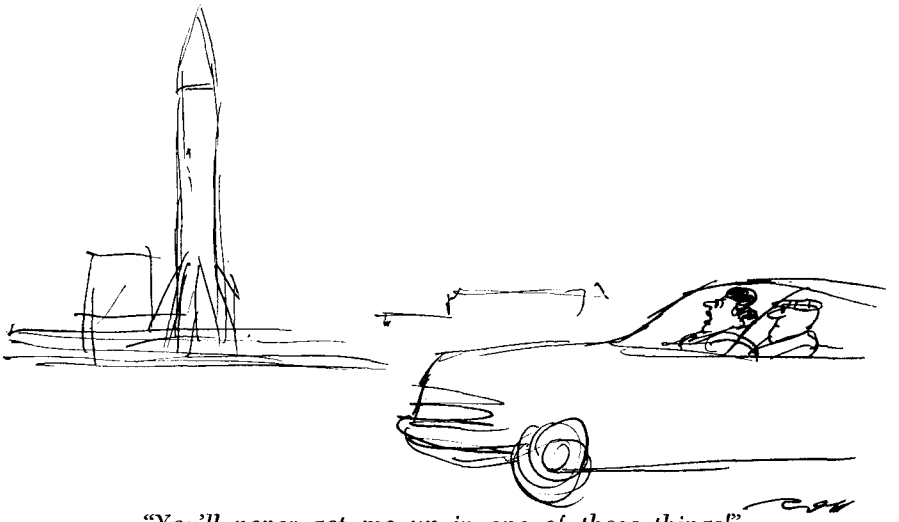
John E. Kitchens.
Manhattan, Kan.

Richard Nixon makes the ridiculous statement that "This is the first war in America's history in which the President has been unable to unite his own party behind the war." Surely Mr. Nixon has heard of a President by the name of Abraham Lincoln, whose cabinet meetings often ended in wrangles and whose party, in 1864, was so badly split over the conduct of the war that Mr. Lincoln did not expect to be reelected.

Charles H. Klippel.
Columbus, O.

Mr. Nixon's logic perturbs me. He argues for academic freedom until he comes face to face with an expression of academic freedom that uses that freedom to argue for a victory for the "enemy." Draw this line here and the principle of academic freedom becomes fuzzy in other political areas.

H. Richard Rasmusson,
Director,
University Presbyterian Church.
West Lafayette, Ind.



"You'll never get me up in one of those things!"

Although I am a long-time member of the academic community and a strong believer in academic freedom, I do not accept Mr. Commager's view that "the university has a special obligation to act as the critic and the conscience of society." How can society be free if only one special segment is the conscience and the arbiter of truth?

Although the academic community indeed has high responsibility, I believe Mr. Nixon and untold numbers of other nonacademicians, including N.C., have equal obligations and credentials regarding the expression of conscience, the search for truth, and the furnishing of society "itself with independent criticism and advice, and with a continuous flow of ideas." I like Mr. Nixon's realism and penetrating views on academic freedom.

Harry G. Day,
Department of Chemistry,
Indiana University.
Bloomington, Ind.

This Land Is Our Land

The editorial of August 20 by Wallace Stegner, "To Save the Grand Canyon," has done a great service. Now we have an opportunity, once again, to demonstrate that government by the people and for the people is not dead. Certainly we will not have government by and for the Bureau of Reclamation. To this end, I've been writing letters, as Mr. Stegner suggests; H. R. 4671 can and indeed will be defeated by the mailbag.

Frederick W. Kellerman.
Irvington, N.J.

The Food Crisis

In his editorial of Aug. 27, "From Surplus to Food Crisis," Richard L. Tobin quite rightly points to the postwar population explosion in seeking to explain the sudden and drastic shift. There are, however, several other, equally significant, factors which account for the current problem.

Much of our assistance under the Food for Peace program under public law 480 did little to enable the underdeveloped recipient nations to develop their own resources and potentialities in order to become self-sufficient in providing the food for their growing populations. President Johnson's Food for Freedom program is a step in the right direction—a stopgap measure to enable the hungry nations to save themselves.

Much of our other aid programs should be less concerned with steel mills, textile factories, and other industrial complexes, and be primarily concerned with programs whereby the developing nations will be in a position to meet the agricultural needs of their people. The folly of our toleration and motivation of industrial showcases is clearly demonstrated in the current world food crisis.

Stanislaus J. Markiewicz,
Assistant Professor of Economics,
Rhode Island College.
Providence, R.I.

For the Record

In the Aug. 13 issue there are two incorrect references to our books. *Chinese Journey* was written by Jan Myrdal and his wife, Gun Myrdal, and they were also the authors of Report from a Chinese Village. The review incorrectly refers to Gun Myrdal as Mr. Myrdal's *father*.

(Mrs.) Carol Hill,
Publicity Manager,
Pantheon Books.
New York, N.Y.

I regret very much that in my article, "What the Historian Owes the Negro" [*SR*, Sept. 3], the name Hugh Sidey appears (*page 12, column 1*). The correct name is Hugh Davis, as taken from the original, official records, W. W. Hening, *The Statutes at Large . . . of Virginia*, Vol. 1, page 146, the relevant citation beginning as follows: "September 17, 1630. Hugh Davis to be soundly whipped, etc." Inasmuch as the name Hugh Sidey is that of a well-known contemporary writer, this error is doubly embarrassing.

Benjamin Quarles,
Morgan State College.
Baltimore, Md.

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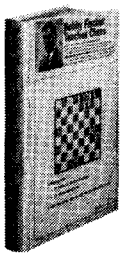

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CO-AUTHORS OF THIS COURSE ARE STUART MARGULIES, PH.D., AND DONN MOSENFELDER.

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The Guest Game

AS YOU may have noticed, there has been a galloping tendency in films over the past few years to resort to the all-star cast. According to the newspaper ads, virtually every picture this side of the travelogues fairly bristles with big, expensive names. How, for example, could one resist the glittering array lined up for *Marco the Magnificent*—Anthony Quinn, Orson Welles, Omar Sharif, Elsa Martinelli, Akim Tamiroff, Horst Buchholz . . .? Well, maybe Horst Buchholz.

The sad and almost shocking fact of the matter is that while young Buchholz, as Marco Polo, dominates the screen for the better part of two hours, his illustrious *confrères* are glimpsed for only five or ten minutes. They give what used to be called guest, or "cameo," performances—and one suspects, as the familiar faces arrive and disappear, that their abrupt departures were dictated less by dramatic or historic considerations than by budgetary exigencies. *Marco the Magnificent* is that kind of picture.

It is the kind of picture that, perhaps unfairly, suggests that its makers, Denys de la Patelliere and Noel Howard, were far less interested in the resourceful young explorer than in the magic of his name; far less interested in the facts of his bold journey to the Orient than in the apocryphal incidents with which they could adorn it; far less interested in any character than in whom they could get to play it. Certainly, the dramaturgy is rudimentary in the extreme. Sporadic commentary perfunctorily ties together the various episodes, while Marco's encounters with his numerous guest-shot adversaries and friends never get beyond the purely expository. Orson Welles, for example, devotes his few minutes to letting the audience know where and when all this is taking place, and Akim Tamiroff explains why he has saved Marco Polo's life with a whimsical "because I like you."

Fortunately, wherever Marco goes, everyone speaks English (albeit frequently dubbed), so language is no problem. The only problem is why MGM, that Tiffany of film companies, should ever have released this piece of shoddy merchandise in the first place.

* * *

THE GUEST APPEARANCE in Warner Brothers' *An American Dream*, based loosely on Norman Mailer's novel (which someone once referred to as a "self-Mailer"), is supplied by the lovely and talented Eleanor Parker. Given a character without the slightest degree of real motivation, however, she thrashes about on a bed, bares her teeth, and throws vases at Stuart Whitman until, in a fit of pique, he pitches her off her penthouse balcony. From then on, we are left with Mr. Whitman trying to be Mr. Mailer—and never quite succeeding.

A feisty television commentator, Whitman has managed to alienate both the police and the Mafia. Despite his protestations of innocence, the police doubt his explanation of suicide; and the Mafia is less than pleased when, soon after his questioning by the police, Whitman cohabits with Janet Leigh, a protégé of the ganglord. Obviously, nothing good can come from this—nor does it. Miss Parker's father (Lloyd Nolan) works upon his conscience, the police rough him up a bit, Miss Leigh betrays him to the Mafia, and the Mafia rubs him out. Norman Mailer, when he wrote the novel, was trying to say something penetrating about American society. Mann Rubin's screenplay has reduced it all to a very simple message: When in trouble, hire a good lawyer.

* * *

ALTHOUGH MARLON BRANDO is both star and central figure in *The Appaloosa*, he somehow contrives to give the impression that he also is giving a guest performance—or, more accurately, *two* guest performances—in somebody else's picture. With characteristic restraint, he plays a weary Gringo who is determined to settle down and breed Appaloosa horses. Unfortunately, John Saxon upsets his plans by stealing his stud and making off with it to Mexico; so Brando stains his face with coffee grounds, adopts a shambling Mexican accent, claps a sombrero on his head, and sets off in pursuit.

But where Brando underplays to the point of monotony, everyone he encounters on his perilous odyssey—and particularly Saxon and his villainous henchmen—is a hyperthyroid type, given to constant rolling of eyes, twitching of moustaches, and great bursts of uncalled-for laughter. Sidney J. Furie, fresh from *The Ipcress File*, slows down whatever action there is by shooting everything in enormous close-ups from a camera that seems to be forever peering around bottles, statues, and sombreroes. In its way, the direction is as mannered as Brando's performance.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Nightmare in Reality

SHIRLEY JACKSON, who died a year ago at the age of forty-five, has never received the appreciation she deserves. I cannot boast that I was one of the few who recognized from the first the power and excellence of her work. I was impressed, as were many other people, by "The Lottery" when it appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1948, and there were other early things that I liked; but then I was thrown off by the many pieces she wrote about her children. These I encountered mostly in women's magazines that I found in the offices of doctors and dentists, and I realize now that I should have been careful about drawing conclusions; but I decided that Miss Jackson was no more interesting than most of the other writers for those magazines. Then, pretty much by accident, I read *We Have Always Lived in the Castle* when it was published in 1962, became aware of what I had been missing, and read everything else of hers I could find.

Now there is an omnibus volume, *The Magic of Shirley Jackson* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95), which has a brief, frank, and poignant preface by her husband, Stanley Edgar Hyman. The book contains a novel, *The Bird's Nest*; both of the volumes made out of the family sketches, *Life Among the Savages* and *Raising Demons*, and eleven short stories, including of course "The Lottery."

I must admit that, although I have revised upward my opinion of the kid stuff, I could do with less of it than we have here. Some of the pieces are extraordinarily funny, hilarious in a classic American way; but in others the humor is labored, some are written to a formula, and two or three are sentimental. At the same time I can only admire the skill with which Miss Jackson managed to convince hundreds of thousands of women that she and her husband, a brilliant literary critic, and their four outrageously precocious children were a typical American family. She was able to make her problems sound like their problems, and appear both funny and soluble. She walked her tightrope with tremendous savoir faire, but I am not sure that she was comfortable on it.

Hyman says that people have been surprised that "the author of her grim and disturbing fiction" should have written "two light-hearted volumes about the spirited doings of our children." "Shirley Jackson," he goes on, "wrote in a variety of forms and styles because she was, like everyone else, a complex human being, confronting the world in many different roles and moods. She tried to express as much of herself as possible in her work, and to express each aspect as fully and purely as possible." This is all very well, and I am not going to suggest that Miss Jackson's complexity at times seems schizoid; but I do think that some of the sketches are merely talented potboilers and needn't have been included in this collection.

Among the short stories are two or three funny sketches, such as "My Life with R.H. Macy," but most of them are dominated by Miss Jackson's sharp sense that despair, cruelty, and madness lie just below the surface of life. "Pillar of Salt," "The Renegade," and "Elizabeth" are all stories of that sort, and in three pages "Colloquy" makes a pointed comment on American life. One of the finest is "Flower Garden," in which a better than average small-town housewife abandons her good intentions to follow the racist prejudices of her neighbors. The best is the most famous, "The Lottery." By whom is Mrs. Hutchinson stoned to death? By the ordinary people of the town, pleasant people, often good people, who nevertheless turn joyfully to violence and cruelty when the release of the blacker elements of their natures is sanctioned by tradition. What is frightening in recent pictures of the anti-Negro riots in Chicago is not that one occasionally sees the face of a demented fanatic but that most of the participants, even some of those wearing swastikas, look like typical American kids out for a good time.

Although it is not my favorite among Miss Jackson's novels, *The Bird's Nest* is a remarkable book, in terms both of insight and technique. It is the story of a girl with four personalities, and what is miraculous is that it never once sounds like a case history. Chapters of objective narrative and description alternate with the observations of Dr. Wright, who is trying to reassemble the fragments of Elizabeth Richmond's character. Wright, not an orthodox psychiatrist, is a mildly pompous eccentric who insists on talking about Elizabeth, Beth, Betsy, and Bess in human terms. The only other character of importance is the girl's—I nearly wrote "girls' "—aunt, Morgen Jones, who contributes much of the humor and the drama of the book. It is she who makes Miss Jackson's point, by saying, after she has accepted Dr. Wright's diagnosis, that she isn't sure but what she has two or three personalities herself.

Well-informed about the views of the Freudians and of other schools of psychology, Miss Jackson was never interested in psychological theories for their own sake but only for the literary use she could make of them. Hyman states

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the case exactly: "If the source of her images was personal or neurotic, she transformed these images into meaningful general symbols; if she used the resources of supernatural terror, it was to provide metaphors for the all-too-real terrors of the natural." In *The Sundial* a group of people become convinced that the world is coming to an end and that only they are to be saved; what Miss Jackson reveals about these people before she is through with them is a dreadful commentary on humanity in an age of imminent disaster. In *The Haunting of Hill House*, which makes more direct use of conceivably supernatural phenomena than any of the other novels, the first sentence indicates the true character of the book's theme: "No live organism can continue for long to exist sanely under conditions of absolute reality; even larks and katydids are supposed, by some, to dream." Her last novel, *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*, which ought to have been in this collection, shows her at her most skillful, making the not quite credible as real as this typewriter of mine. It also suggests, perhaps a little more ruefully than was customary with Miss Jackson, some desperate truths about mankind.

Miss Jackson was certainly not the first writer to assert that there is evil in everybody, but what might be merely a platitude becomes a great truth because of the depth and consistency of her own feeling about life and because she was so extraordinarily successful in making her readers feel what she felt. She plunges the reader into a world of her creating and leaves him wondering about what he has always believed to be the real world.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1206

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1206 will be found in the next issue.

D WMEDO ITCOJ: DO COJTO-

CKMQ DQQTEIPN KV BKHYDIPT

BPMEICOJ.

—UWHCQYKBWTH EKHPTN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1205

The historian must have some conception of how men who are not historians behave. —E. M. Forster.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

NRA for S. 1975

In August of 1963 *The American Rifleman*, the journal of the National Rifle Association, discussed in an editorial the problem of "unscrupulous gun merchants" who were shipping by common carrier guns to "juveniles, criminals, and mental defectives," and an amendment to the Federal Firearms Act to curb such traffic in guns was proposed. This editorial argued that "Steps must be taken to stop the traffic of mail-order guns into unauthorized hands. At the same time, due caution must be exercised so that law-abiding citizens are not severely penalized or deprived of their individual rights." To this end the NRA supported Senator Dodd's bill (S. 1975) introduced on August 2, 1963. In another editorial of March 1965 it was stated that "Most Americans agree that under today's conditions, some guidelines must be established for the control of firearms. Juveniles, criminals and mental defectives should not be allowed to contravene local laws by mail-order purchase of guns." . . . This editorial outlined Senator Dodd's newer bill, S. 14. In May of 1965 an editorial . . . endorsed again S. 1975, and stated support of "properly drawn legislation to outlaw dangerous devices such as bazookas, bombs, and anti-tank guns . . ., properly drawn legislation to curb the flood of cheap foreign firearms that are being dumped in America . . ., properly drawn legislation to impose heavy penalties for crimes involving the misuse of firearms . . . [and] strict enforcement of existing laws at all levels of government." In an open letter to the NRA membership (*American Rifleman*, Dec. 1965) Executive Vice President Franklin L. Orth again described a problem "to which a solution must be found":

> It cannot be wished away or swept under the rug. It is a fact that known felons, juveniles, and other unfit persons have been able, with relative ease, to purchase concealable weapons by the mail-order route in circumvention of state laws. This situation will no longer be tolerated in our society. Public opinion demands that some control be applied to this traffic, and public opinion will be served.

These are typical statements of the organization which Harold Lavine [in his review of *The Right to Bear Arms*, SR, Aug. 27] characterizes as "assiduously" spreading the misconception that the Second Amendment "protects the right of teen-age hopheads to carry pistols." Mr. Lavine goes on to say, "The reason for the NRA's attitude is simple greed: addicts are just as good a market for guns as anyone else." Mr. Lavine must know that the NRA does not sell guns and is a nonprofit organization. . . .

He states that only two federal laws exist which legislate guns. The one prohibiting automatic weapons and machine guns, he says, "does not touch pistols, revolvers, rifles, or shotguns." In fact, Section 5848 of this law (the National Firearms Act) prescribes the legal barrel length of rifles and shotguns; the intent of this law was to regulate the creation of gangster-type weapons. Also Mr. Lavine completely ignores postal laws which make it a crime to mail concealable weapons (pistols and revolvers), U. S. Code, Title 18, Section 1715. . . .

William E. Bailey.

Tucson, Ariz.

Twelve Tribes

John K. Hutchens's article [SR, Aug. 13] gives the impression that *Indian Legends from the Northern Rockies* is devoted entirely to the Flatheads of western Montana, near whom Mr. Hutchens lived as a boy. My Introduction begins as follows: "In this anthology, the general reader of any age will find . . . myths, legends, personal narratives, and historical traditions from the tribes whose homes in historical times have been in the present states of Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming." In the second paragraph, I name those *twelve* tribes and the Sioux, who told some legends about landscape features in the region. . . .

From the twelve tribes of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming, I offer the reader seventy-one legends that have not appeared in print until 1966. This number, more than half of my varied collection, does not include the fragments of almost-forgotten myths, told me by Indians, which I include in the historical-ethnological introductions to six sections [of the book]. . . .

This collection of folktales, accompanied by factual material, is my third contribution to an understanding and appreciation of our long-abused native "minority group." *Indian Legends from the Northwest Rockies* was preceded by *Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest* (1953) and by *Indian Legends of Canada* (1960).

Ella E. Clark.

La Jolla, Calif.

Seeds of Our Way of Life

It was sickening to read the review of Pearl S. Buck's *For Spacious Skies* [SR, July 23] laudatory, rightly, though it was of Mrs. Buck. To have revealed the growing number (in the hundreds of thousands!) of illegitimate children of American paternity must be revolting to every decent American, and give pause for deep reflection and question. Are these the growing fruits of the seeds disseminating "our way of life"? . . .

We live in an age of endless research in preventive measures for all ills. Would not these spreading evils be, at least, curbed without our military presence in that unfortunate small country?

Lenore Tarnopoll.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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The Publisher as Diplomat

THE READER is invited to begin this column by answering the following multiple-choice question: Since 1962, delegations of American book publishers have traveled to Eastern Europe 1) to "break down cultural barriers"; 2) to sell U.S. books behind the Iron Curtain; 3) because they like to travel and counterpart funds are available to help finance the trip; 4) to study publishing methods under Communism; 5) to scout out books for possible publication in this country.

The correct answers are 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

The success with which these aims were accomplished, while not total, has been encouraging. Traveling in delegations ranging from four to six persons, with an assist from the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs, three groups of publishers visited, separately but equally, the USSR (1962), Yugoslavia (1963), and Rumania (1965.) The delegations consisted of top executives of both trade and textbook houses, plus an official of the American Book Publishers Council and, on one trip, the president of *Publishers' Weekly*. A major objective was to determine if such person-to-person contact could increase the trade in books between the United States and Eastern Europe. Practically speaking, some delegates did come back with contracts as well as contacts, and one U.S. publisher bought a piece of property on the Dalmatian coast; but the chief value of the exchanges for the Americans was in the "opening to the Left" which gave them an insight into the problems and rewards of state publishing. (Separate reports on book publishing in the USSR, Rumania, and Yugoslavia—not state-controlled—prepared by the delegations, are available from the American Book Publishers Council, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. The price is $1 for each report.)

This brings us to the second multiple-choice question: Eastern European and Yugoslav publishers came to the United States 1) to promote the sale of "socialist realism" in this country; 2) to see the Grand Canyon; 3) to sign up American books for translation into their own languages; 4) to try coexistence on for size; 5) because it is easier to talk to a capitalist directly than to bug his office.

Again, the correct answers are 1 through 5.

Delegations from the three aforementioned countries came here as guests of the American Book Publishers Council. The State Department provided interpreters, a per diem of $20 a delegate, and its official blessing. The most recent group, from Rumania, made the crossing this summer and I was privileged to meet them at a reception. It was obvious that they were not about to defect, but withal the twenty-one-day tour had been salutary. They had attended the ABPC's annual meeting at Pocono Manor, Pennsylvania, and the ABA convention in Washington, where two days of sightseeing hinted at the permanence of American democracy. Visits to schools and universities around the country were taken in stride, and so were the cable cars in San Francisco. A day was spent at the Grand Canyon. The delegates arrived with ten pieces of luggage and went home with eighteen. "You must come to Rumania and drink some of our plum wine," a member of the group remarked to me over his martini. Was there anything the delegates would

like to see that they hadn't been shown? an American publisher asked. "Harlem," was the reply.

The visits have been useful, in an inverse and unintended way, in demonstrating just how far a country will go in letting itself be culturally influenced against the grain of its ideology, or what it will and will not export in its own interests. We wouldn't sell the Rumanians a rubber factory (strategic goods) but are quite willing to supply the books of John Updike (nonstrategic). Any thinking man knows that ultimately it is the writer who is strategic and the factory that is harmless; in the long run, the Communists will be better off with our authentic authors than with our synthetic rubber. Or our pop culture. (Too often we have sent Earl Hines to Russia and got the Bolshoi Ballet in return.) Contemporary American fiction appeals to a large part of the Communist world because it is more genuinely revolutionary in spirit than the didactically "correct" works of their own writers. The opening to the West is the real revolution in European Communism, and anything our publishers can do to hasten it makes the world that much safer. When it comes to books, we'd rather switch than fight.

The Communists, moreover, are not the young intellectual rebels who might be expected to lend a sympathetic ear to their creative counterparts in America; they are the state-appointed custodians of culture. The receptivity of these men to U.S. literature enjoys official sanction. For example, the Publishing House for World Literature (one of seventeen major state-owned publishers in Rumania) requests hundreds of review copies of American titles, with a view to translation; it buys the rights to about one out of four titles so requested (and, unlike the Russians, pays royalties). This year, the House will do Faulkner's *The Hamlet*, Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, and a three-volume edition of that perennial hero of the Eastern world, Jack London. Katherine Anne Porter, Truman Capote, John O'Hara, Saul Bellow, and John Cheever are all scheduled or being considered.

Yugoslavia and Poland are even more receptive, principally because the United States Government, through the Informational Media Guaranty Program, buys with dollars specific amounts of blocked dinars and zlotys owed the U.S. for services and goods. We use the "soft" currency thereby acquired to defray various of our expenses in the two Communist countries, such as those of U.S. Government personnel. The dollars thus accumulated by Yugoslavia and Poland are earmarked for the purchase of American books and translation rights.

Beyond this, the Yugoslavia Technical Assistance Administration distributes American textbooks to universities and libraries, while the USIA, working with the American Embassy in Belgrade, sponsors inexpensive reprints of the classics—Melville, Poe, Henry James. Yugoslav publishers are also eager to co-publish books in English with American firms, and a few such deals have been worked out. Part of the edition is sold locally, the remainder exported.

In terms of money, the trade that can be generated between Eastern European and American publishers may never be very great. In terms of ideas, the exchange is still lopsided: with the exception of the Russians, we translate few authors from these countries. (There are, of course, relatively few to translate.) In terms of good will, the program has to compete with the ill will generated by conflicting attitudes toward world problems. The primary value of the contacts at this point, one American publisher-delegate said, is simply better public relations. We showed the Rumanians Harlem, they bought the rights to *Donald Duck at the South Pole*. What was at best a cultural détente fifteen years ago has become a hopeful dialogue.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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Modern Man's Ancient Instincts

The Territorial Imperative, *by Robert Ardrey (Atheneum. 390 pp. $6.95), asserts that the defense of territory against attack is an instinctive pattern in the animal world and is therefore a cause of human warfare. Roger D. Masters teaches political science at Yale University.*

By ROGER D. MASTERS

TEXTBOOKS in political science, sociology, and psychology are going to have to be rewritten. Or at least they should be rewritten, for in the last decade a science has developed which places human behavior in a new perspective. This science is called "ethology"—the study of animal behavior—and it tells us some fascinating things about homo sapiens.

When Robert Ardrey published *African Genesis* in 1961, his effort to compare man with the lower animals created a stir: some called it the most important book since Darwin; others agreed with the verdict of *Time* magazine ("the conclusions are wildly wrong"). In subsequent years the study of the behavior of lower animals, and especially of apes and monkeys, has continued to progress; in the process analogies between human and animal life as well as the role of instinct in man have become somewhat clearer.

Ardrey now admits that he erroneously oversimplified the term "instinct" in *African Genesis*. The unfortunate result was a controversy over the least crucial thesis of the book, the probability that man is descended from a carnivorous killer primate, *Australopithecus africanus*. The idea of man as an instinctive weapon-maker and killer struck many reviewers and scholars as absurd, especially because Ardrey spoke of the urge to kill as a fixed and unchangeable genetic inheritance.

Ardrey's main point, however, was that much human behavior generally attributed to culture or environmental conditioning actually has roots in our animal nature. Although this thesis was attacked by many social scientists, it has since been largely confirmed—for example, by the distinguished ethologist Konrad Lorenz in his recently translated *On Aggression*. Ardrey's new book, based upon the latest scientific evidence, therefore deserves serious attention; indeed, it could explode the assumptions on which the social sciences rest.

The Territorial Imperative reconsiders in detail one aspect of the problem of learning versus instinct that had, so we thought, been comfortably laid to rest years ago. According to a widely held interpretation of evolutionary biology, random variations of genes produce many mutants in each species, out of which the best adapted are perpetuated through natural selection. In this view, animal behavior seems to be determined solely by genetic processes. In contrast, social scientists have stressed learning, environment, and culture as the only important causes of human behavior. As a result, man has been seen as the species in which natural selection abdicated, leaving us free to conquer nature and determine our own fate.

"Please, only your kiss can put out the fire!"

Ardrey has attacked this dichotomy between man and animal, which he likens to the belief in the "special creation" of homo sapiens. Writing as a nonspecialist (which is certain to infuriate some academicians) and with style (which enrages many more), Ardrey points to the element of behavioral change in animals which, under the environmental conditioning, may occur *prior* to genetic mutation. In fact, as Lorenz has proved conclusively, many lower animals have developed "rituals" that are functionally similar to human culture.

More to the point, Ardrey distinguishes between "closed instincts," which endow some species with a genetic program or code requiring little if any learning, and "open instincts" or natural impulses that cannot be fulfilled without training and experience. Many of the vertebrates and virtually all the higher primates cannot satisfy certain instinctive drives without learning; chimpanzees, like men, must learn to copulate. No longer, therefore, can the relatively enormous variation and complexity of cultural adaptation in man suffice as proof that, compared to other animals, we have virtually no instincts.

If Darwin is thought too radical for the schools of Arkansas, Ardrey will be simply unthinkable. By considering man as merely a highly evolved animal, subject to the kinds of instincts found in the zoological kingdom, Ardrey tries to demonstrate that learning and culture must be seen as a means of fulfilling our innate or natural impulses; far from abolishing instinct, in this view conditioning fulfills what can be called "open instincts."

As the title implies, *The Territorial Imperative* focuses on the instinctive behavior of many animals toward portions of their habitat, which they defend against threat from intruders (primarily but not exclusively of the same species). Following the much attacked device in *African Genesis*, Ardrey surveys scientific findings concerning other species in order to show that man's territorial instincts are neither unique in the animal world nor the result of social customs. It will again be contended that the mating habits of the Uganda kob or the jackdaw are irrelevant to human beings, but such criticism quite misses the point. Ardrey is well aware that "mere analogy will not prove that human institutions are the product of animal law"; his use of data concerning animal behavior is meant to teach us that "human behavior, like the human body, is governed by evolutionary laws comparable to those of any other species."

Ardrey's central point is that "our attachment for property is of an unlearned, biological order," similar to the territorial behavior of many other species, par-

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ticularly those primates whose social life reveals the greatest similarities with that of man. The importance of this assertion should be obvious: since the defense of territory against attack is an instinctive pattern frequently observed in the animal world, it is hard to believe that human warfare is not somehow related to man's animal drives. It may be unfair to compare the American intervention in Vietnam with the behavior of rat colonies or monkey bands, who, if their leaders are particularly energetic or aggressive, will attempt to expand their territory at the expense of other groups of the same species. But the persistence of aggression between human societies calls into question the belief that, unlike animals, men have no natural impulse leading to conflict and thus fight each other only when their bodily needs are frustrated.

All territorial animals, including man, naturally fight to repel attacks on their home grounds. While the Administration seems to believe that bombing the North Vietnamese will convince them that it is "reasonable" to negotiate, our faith that reason can control human behavior is contradicted by scientific evidence, not to mention history. That is why Ardrey, whose "sympathies lay frankly on the side" of our intervention in South Vietnam, adds at once that escalation is "doomed to failure": even if "you may seem to win" (a "probable outcome if you are the world's greatest power and your adversary has been chosen as the smallest and poorest contestant in sight"), in the long run "out of the charred old ruin will emerge the unforgetting phoenix"—the territorial bond of men who defend their society against alien intruders—"and you must begin all over again."

ALTHOUGH our Secretary of State may think that nations can be "taught" that aggression does not pay, Ardrey shows (as did Lorenz and other ethologists) that aggressive impulses are naturally an integral part of human behavior and cannot be abolished by moralistic exhortation, threat, or economic development. It is possible, however, to prevent aggression within the species from having lethal effects; just as many other animals have developed "displacement activities" or ritualized behavior that directs the aggressive urge into harmless actions, men can substitute nonviolent rivalries for military ones.

Specialists may quibble about one or another of Ardrey's interpretations. Theoretically, much still needs to be done before we can even pretend to satisfy the ancient injunction to "know thyself." But *The Territorial Imperative* is a good place to start, and hopefully it will be widely read, especially in Washington, D.C.

Progress East of the Berlin Wall

The Muted Revolution: East Germany's Challenge to Russia and the West, *by Welles Hangen (Knopf. 231 pp. $5.95), maintains that nationalism is a stronger force than Communism in the German Democratic Republic. Henry C. Wolfe, whose books include "The German Octopus: Hitler's Bid for World Power," recently returned from his annual visit to Germany.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

DURING his June visit to Moscow President de Gaulle was urged to recognize the German Democratic Republic. "East Germany," the French President reminded his Soviet hosts, "is only an artificial creation of yours." He spoke the truth; yet, as Welles Hangen notes, the DDR "has already survived longer than the Weimar Republic or Hitler's 'thousand-year' Reich." It continues to be a source of friction between East and West, its West Berlin enclave a potential scene of crisis.

The DDR is little understood by the world at large. Its supporters portray it as a haven of democracy, justice, and peace, a progressive state that will soon overtake the Federal Republic in economic competition. East Germany's enemies picture it as a combination prison and poorhouse, governed by Soviet stooges and ex-Nazis.

In *The Muted Revolution* Mr. Hangen, former Bonn bureau chief of the National Broadcasting Company, has written the most illuminating report on East Germany yet to appear in English. He modestly calls his book a "collection of vignettes of East German life . . . and sketches of Bonn and Berlin." Throughout, he draws sharp profiles of leaders. West Germans will hardly like what he writes about the state they term "The Zone." Nor will the Soviets find it any more to their taste.

Mr. Hangen looks on this little-known country between the Elbe and the Oder as one of the "most important in Europe and indeed in the world." The reviewer goes along with that opinion. Conceivably, it could prove the locale of a confrontation between East and West, or it could lead to a "Rapallo" between Bonn and Moscow. The author quotes a writer who describes the German Democratic Republic as "a white Tibet in the heart of a wide-open world."

One wonders whether Moscow understands its East German satellite – the "new Prussia" – any better than the West does. Despite the propaganda warfare between the DDR and West Germany, and occasional deadly gunfire across their border, they may eventually surprise both East and West. Mr. Hangen notes that "German Communism is becoming cautiously German." If the two German states "are around after another generation," he conjectures,

"I'm a rat-race dropout."

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"they may find they have more in common with each other than either has with its present allies." Such a postulate, of course, assumes that Ulbricht, the current DDR boss—the Communist "*apparatchik* par excellence"—will be followed by nationalists who call themselves Communists.

Strange to report, trade between the two Berlins has expanded; since 1949 West Germany has concluded more than 150 separate agreements with a state whose legal existence it continues to deny. The two fire departments in Berlin "exchange information and occasionally join in fighting a blaze near the Wall," and the police departments have cooperated against criminals. If all this seems paradoxical, remember that, when the Nazis were attacking the Weimar Republic, Ulbricht, a Communist deputy in the Reichstag, "continued to vilify the Social Democrats as the 'main enemy' until Hitler seized power."

The Kremlin keeps on milking East Germany. Last December Erich Apel, "a Communist who put East Germany's own interests above those of the Soviet Union," committed suicide rather than accept the extortionate terms Moscow demanded—and got—in a new trade agreement. The Russians have some twenty-two divisions stationed in the DDR and, militarily, the Ulbricht régime is completely dependent on them. Nevertheless, judging from the increasing nationalism in the DDR and the rising influence of younger leaders, "the fate of Germany will henceforth be decided not only in Moscow, Washington, London, Paris, and Bonn, but in East Berlin as well." Today, the author concludes after observing the evolutionary trends in the two states, both parts of Germany are in flux.

East Germany's economic gains are all the more striking in view of Soviet profiteering and the DDR's scarcity of raw materials. To illustrate its outstanding industrial progress, the author points out that in per capita chemical output East Germany boasts it is second only to the United States. It is also "a leading producer of machine tools, optical goods, office equipment, railway cars, and ceramics." Its Leipzig Trade Fair draws visitors from many countries, including the Federal Republic of Germany. Most anti-Communist East Germans, Mr. Hangen explains, take a kind of Teutonic pride in the industrial achievements of their state.

Americans may not realize that the three Allied sectors of Berlin "cover more ground than Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and San Francisco combined." Together, these sectors now constitute one of Europe's most flourishing tourist centers. The "body politic called 'Berlin' may be severed and sundered, even mangled and mutilated, but it has survived and begun slowly growing back together."

The DDR is part of Eastern Europe, an area now "subject to more severe nationalist chills and fevers than at any time since the breakup of the Austro-Hungarian Empire." The "muted revolution" in the Soviet Zone of Germany is but one symptom of coming change in a strategically significant region whose direction baffles East and West.

Battle of Britain, 1917-18: Most laymen, including this one, have believed that the first great air attack on a giant city took place between July and December 1940, in what Winston Churchill named the Battle of Britain. But most laymen, including this one, were dead wrong. In 1917 and 1918 a daredevil squadron of German pilots flew almost 500 sorties by day and by night against the greater London area, with such deadly effect that almost 1,000 Britons were killed and nearly 2,000 injured under a rain of 111,935 kilograms of *Luftstreitkräfte* bombs. (This takes in the Zeppelin raids, which were far more spectacular but were drops in the bloody bucket of casualties, destruction, and, above all, damage to civilian morale in Great Britain.)

Major Raymond H. Fredette flew more than thirty combat missions with the 8th Air Force in World War II. His incisive description of the epoch-making fire raids and bombardment on London during the last two years of World War I is a revelation. Moreover, *The Sky on Fire* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.50) is punctuated with seven sections of photographs, a few of them rare German air pictures taken from the Kaiser's planes as they bombed London by daylight.

These incredible flights in primitive open aircraft were made at freezing, thin-air altitudes by intrepid German flyers, sometimes strapped to turrets, wings, and engines, whose accuracy with 2,000-pound bombs was less impressive than their courage. They flew mostly Gothas or Giants, while the British defenders sent up Sopwith Camels and a few Handley Pages. All together there were fifty-one raids by airships or Zeppelins and fifty-two by airplanes; the casualties averaged just under fifty Britons per attack.

The Sky on Fire is indispensable to any serious student of the Great War. The reader can only be grateful to Major Fredette, whose book, as Hanson W. Baldwin points out in his foreword, "fills a gap in history."

—Richard L. Tobin.

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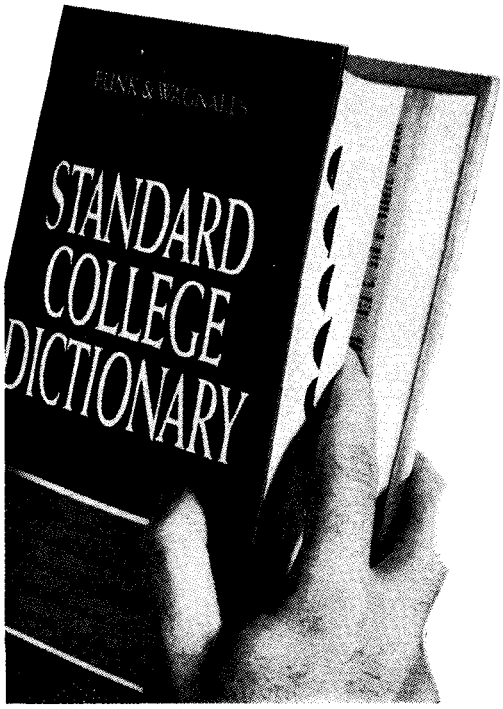

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The Search for Order Without Force

The United States in a Disarmed World, *by Arnold Wolfers and others (Johns Hopkins. 236 pp. Hardbound, $8.50; paperback, $2.25), examines from different angles the political issues raised by the goal of general and complete disarmament. Hans J. Morgenthau is Albert A. Michelson Distinguished Service Professor of Political Science and Modern History at the University of Chicago.*

By HANS J. MORGENTHAU

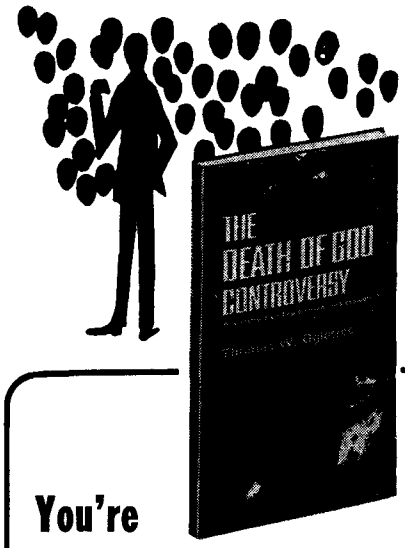
THE UNITED STATES, following the example of the Soviet Union, is committed to universal and total disarmament as the ultimate goal of its disarmament policies. In pursuance of this commitment, the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has drafted an "Outline of Basic Provisions of a Treaty on General and Complete Disarmament in a Peaceful World" and submitted the legal and political issues raised by this draft to the scrutiny of a number of academic research institutions. The Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research of the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies was one of these institutions. This book contains the results of its investigations, conducted by seven of its members.

The United States in a Disarmed World does not just pour cold water upon the idea of general and complete disarmament; it drowns it in a flood of critical analysis. What is wrong with the idea is the utter misconception of the role that organized force plays in the political life of nations, both in their domestic relations and in their relations with each other. Organized force is indispensable for keeping order in a world which without it would be rent asunder by social conflict. The alternative to organized force is anarchy. If one wants to abolish organized force which is at the service of sovereign nations, one has to find an alternative that performs the same function of keeping order that is at present performed by national military forces. An international police force is suggested as such an alternative.

However, a police force, domestic or international, serves a concrete political order with which a decision-making and administrative apparatus, that is, a government, is identified. To advocate general and complete disarmament—that is, the abolition of national military forces in exchange for an international police force—is tantamount to the abolition of national governments and their replacement by a supranational one. In other words, world-wide total disarmament means world government. Yet it points up the confusion, if not the hypocrisy, in this field that the government of the Soviet Union is the champion not only of world-wide total disarmament but also of a concept of national sovereignty that precludes controlled disarmament of any kind.

This book performs a useful theoretical and practical function in clarifying from different angles the political issues which general and complete disarmament raises.

"Figure it out for yourself. Larger college enrollments, more sheepskins."



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Russians Against Revolution

The Art of Victory: The Life and Achievements of Field-Marshal Suvorov, *by Philip Longworth (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 350 pp. $7.50), and* ***The Emperor Alexander I,*** *by E. M. Almedingen (Vanguard. 257 pp. $4.95), treat two historic figures who dammed the forces of revolution and reform in Imperial Russia. Hans Kohn is this year professor of history at Saint Joseph's College in Philadelphia.*

By HANS KOHN

WHEN Americans read in their newspapers in 1941 that after the German invasion of the Soviet Union Stalin had created a new military order named after Suvorov, few of them had any clear notion of the man who bore this name. Yet to the Russians he was familiar. From the early 1930s on, faced with the threat of Western Fascism, Russian Communists cultivated national history, as did later the Polish, Czech, and Chinese Communists. The Russians knew that Field-Marshal Alexander Suvorov (1729-1800) was Russia's greatest, most successful military leader.

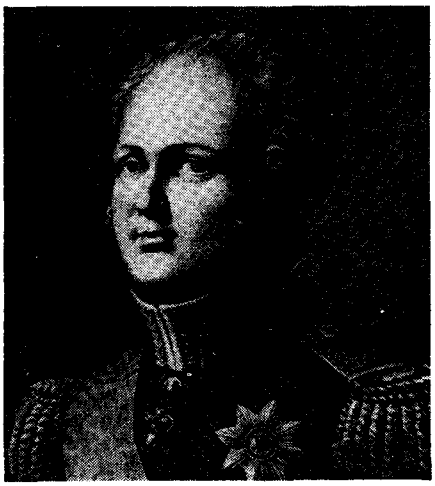
A young Oxford-trained military historian, Philip Longworth, has now published the first modern biography in the English language of the eighteenth-century general. *The Art of Victory* is an excellent book, indispensable for the student of the history of the period and written interestingly enough to appeal to the general reader. The book is well illustrated and provided with maps of Suvorov's campaigns and battles.

Mr. Longworth does more than discuss the qualities of Suvorov's military leadership. He draws a full picture of the man and of Russia in his era. Though his father was a general, Suvorov did not belong to the Establishment. Lacking social graces, despising the pervasive corruption in Russian public life, he ascended slowly in the military hierarchy, and to the end had to deal with intrigues against him by the Court and various of his fellow-officers. Suvorov's innovations, however, in the training of his troops and in a strategy of mobility made him popular at least with his soldiers.

Throughout his career Suvorov served monarchist autocracy and the counterrevolution. The man whom Stalin set up as an inspiration in the "Great Patriotic War" was a faithful servant of his imperial masters, Catherine the Great and her unloved and unfortunate son Paul I. On their behalf Suvorov defeated the vast uprising of eastern Russian Cossacks and peasants, overburdened by the greed of landowners and the corruption of officialdom. He fought the Turks, and he also crushed the last national resistance of the Poles, who had been inspired by the progressive ideas of the French Revolution and by the leadership of their national hero, Thaddeus Kosciuszko. Yet Suvorov's greatest success was his last: fighting for the first time in Switzerland and northern Italy, Russian troops routed the French revolutionary armies in 1799.

He had been made a count and had received many of the highest decorations; now he was raised to the rank of generalissimus (which but one other man, Stalin, claimed) and added to his titles "Prince of Italy."

Suvorov's fame as a military leader was soon overshadowed by that of Napoleon. After all, most of his military achievements were confined to the little-known eastern part of Europe. Even there he was fully resurrected only during the Second World War. What attracted his admirers at that time was not his counterrevolutionary war aims but the for-his-time unique concern with his men's welfare and their devotion to him, his emphasis on moral conduct, his unpopularity with the Establishment, and the strategic theories laid down in his book *The Science of Victory,* which was republished several times in the 1940s. Withal, his lasting merit lies less in his theoretical views than in his "democratization" of the army, which ran counter to the philosophy in his day and, above all, in his country. Mr. Longworth's authoritative and vividly written study makes this abundantly clear.



—Bettmann Archive.

Alexander I—a disastrous weakness.

With Suvorov, Russian military power made its initial thrust into Western European battlegrounds; under Alexander I, fourteen years after Suvorov's death, Russian troops, following the defeat of Napoleon, marched triumphantly into Paris. A complex and controversial figure, Alexander I was greeted as a potentially great humanitarian when he came to the throne in 1801, a tall, charming, handsome man in his twenty-fourth year. However, added to the sharply opposing influences that shaped his youth was the haunting memory of the murder of his father, Paul, by a court conspiracy, which the heir to the throne had approved. The great hopes of the first years ended in deep disillusionment, and when, after a reign of twenty-four years, Alexander died, all the reforms had been indefinitely postponed, despotism was unlimited, and the emperor, together with his country, had sunk into obscurantism. In his last years he disintegrated physically, morally, and intellectually.

Yet the prematurely aging emperor, who had proven unfaithful to the ideals of his youth, to his much suffering, devoted wife, to his friends, continued to inspire affection among the Russian people. This affection is alive in *The Emperor Alexander I,* a movingly written portrait by E. M. Almedingen, who now lives in Britain although she grew up in imperial Russia. Mrs. Almedingen wrote her book not for the historian but for the general public, to which it can be warmly recommended. Not a "romantic" or fictional biography, but based on letters and memoirs of the period, the book frankly acknowledges the disastrous weakness in Alexander's character and political judgment. Nevertheless the work profits by its warm sympathy with the elusive personality of its hero.

Perhaps this affection was inherited by the author from a great-great uncle of hers: on guard duty in the imperial residence during the night of the murder of Emperor Paul, he ran immediately to find the heir to the throne because *"j'adorais Alexandre."* The great-great uncle was an officer in the Semenovsky Guard regiment, the only one which the conspirators found they could completely trust and which was therefore chosen to "guard" Paul on the fateful night. Its officers were "known for their occasionally embarrassing devotion" to Alexander. Traces of this devotion live on in the old Russian lady, who recreates for us much of the intellectual atmosphere of her youth.

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From Writing Poetry to War

Journey to the Frontier: Two Roads to the Spanish Civil War, *by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 430 pp. $7.50), is a dual biography of two young members of the English intellectual aristocracy who were killed in the "poets' war." Stanley Weintraub, professor of English at Pennsylvania State University, has just completed "The Last Great Cause," a biographical study of English and American writers who fought in the Spanish Civil War.*

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

LEGEND, the authors of *Journey to the Frontier* claim, overpopulates the Spanish Civil War with poets, especially young English poets, in Auden's phrase "exploding like bombs." Yet the writers were there, making up for their small number by articulate devotion to the Loyalist cause. Stephen Spender, who made three trips to Spain, called it a "poets' war," and Upton Sinclair—from a distance—suggested that the international volunteers formed "probably the most literary brigade in the history of warfare. Writers and would-be writers had come to live their books, journalists to make their news."

Among the writers who went to Spain were two young representatives of the English intellectual aristocracy, subjects of this engrossing dual biography. John Cornford, Cambridge poet, was killed in December 1936, on his twenty-first birthday. Julian Bell, Bloomsbury poet, was killed six months later, at twenty-nine. Cornford and Bell came from distinguished families, and had already demonstrated their literary promise. Cornford, the son of a poet and a classicist, was a great-grandson of Charles Darwin. Bell was the son of an artist and an art historian, and nephew of Virginia Woolf. Yet they were of widely different personalities, and the triumph of *Journey to the Frontier* is its weaving of their stories into an integrated whole.

Subtitled (in the American edition) "Two Roads to the Spanish Civil War," the book delineates two dissimilar paths to death. John Cornford was a brilliant, intense, precocious young Communist, mature and independent at sixteen, an unmarried father at nineteen, a rifleman in Spain at twenty. Bell's road was less direct. Beginning as inheritor of the comfortable Bloomsbury liberal tradition, he searched in vain for an academic niche in Cambridge, and ended as lecturer at Wuhan University in China. He searched for a career as a poet, and achieved but two thin, generally neglected volumes. He searched for fulfillment in love, and became instead entangled in Juanesque amours stretching from London to Peking. He searched for ways to prove himself to a mother he adored, and settled for the unsatisfactory compromise that let him go to Spain as a noncombatant ambulance driver.

Bell had drifted into emotional engagement with Loyalist Spain, but since he disapproved of doing things for emotional reasons he spent months marshalling intellectual arguments to justify his decision. In the end, it was a mélange of both that made up his mind for him. "Life's hell at the moment . . .," he wrote a friend while returning from China. "No one wants me in Spain, and I don't much want myself elsewhere. . . . I can just stand the bloodiness of the world if I've something to *do*, but everyone is persuaded I'm another political intellectual. . . ."

Cornford had few misgivings or mixed feelings. A political intellectual of another mold, he was committed to the Left and had been an activist all his brief adult life. The war had begun during vacation time at Cambridge, and within two weeks Cornford had followed his instincts to Barcelona. He was one of the first volunteers from outside Spain.

No space remains to detail the literary accomplishments of the two men, but it can be said that Cornford's last poems, written in Spain, showed rare lyrical gifts, and that Bell's poems and polemical essays showed formidable—although uneven—intellectual power. Yet both were in love with death, particularly Bell, for whom it solved more difficulties than the authors explain. Eschewing analysis, Peter Stansky and William Abrahams are content to let the details of their seldom reticent narrative speak for themselves. As there were more than two roads to Spain in 1936-39, there are more than two roads to literary biography; and although a larger significance almost certainly lies behind the well-told tale, the direction taken by the authors of *Journey to the Frontier* is justified by its achievement.

"Avon who?"

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That Pointing Finger

By ALICE DALGLIESH

—*Jim Theologos.*
Alice Dalgliesh

IT HAS been reported to me that, at a recent meeting of a group high in the level of education, the lack of ethical value in our children's books was energetically deplored. What can be the matter with this particular group of educators? To me, the books of today teem with forcefully expressed moral (ethical if you wish) values. They are in fact almost equal to the *Flowers of Delight* of an earlier century. Too many people feel strongly that each book must point the way, definitely, unmistakably, to the one path that's desirable for a young reader to take.

Certain writers of book blurbs should take notice. Almost inevitably they point to the book's moral values; adults, it seems, must be informed that the values are here: that every young hero or heroine "comes to grips with life," "grows up at the end of a summer," etc., etc. But teen-agers read blurbs too, and such notice may send them screaming in the opposite direction, because our young people are nothing if not vocal. They think of themselves as a generation that gives considerable thought to ethical values, not as a generation heedlessly going to perdition. Far better then to let the moral values be inherent, not dragged out for pre-publicity on the book. Let them be discovered in the reading—as they are in every book worth its salt.

—*From "The Ice Palace."*

And does any adult individual or group that complains about the books, in many cases talking in generalities, not even pinpointing examples, really know either young people or the books for them? It is time that self-appointed critics of children's books, those who see nothing but a vacuum in them, or decry the lack of moral values, pulled themselves together and looked at what we really have. America produces some of the finest children's books in the world.

Each year there are a few off-beat or puzzling books, a limited number which make adults uncomfortable, and with which they will not trust children to find the way. They forget that children will discuss the books, especially the so-called controversial ones, and perhaps see in them things that adults do not. Do we want to throw out the controversial books, which are often written by people who really can write? Should *Harriet the Spy* be taboo? Should *I, Juan de Pareja*, winner of last year's Newbery Medal, be thrown into limbo because it supposedly pictures a contented slave? Might he not have been? And Juan does not remain a slave: he is given his freedom. Ask the author about it; don't toss out the book. Perhaps one could allow some freedom to children—freedom of choice that an adult book may present.

Children do not swallow books whole. Indeed, they should be taught not to. Aren't controversial books sometimes a part of their education? Must a book always present a clear-cut solution? In one picture book this year—*Nubber Bear* (see page 41)—Nubber has a choice of conduct that can only lead to discussion, or to a course of behavior that is true to life. Watch that gleam in Nubber's eye as he is left with the decision.

And what do you think of Roald Dahl's new book, *The Magic Finger*? It's an unusual book that one cannot easily forget, for it tells of a girl with a magic finger: if it itched and burned and she pointed it at someone, things happened. She pointed her finger at her teacher the day she was "mean" to her, and the teacher became a cat, with a long bushy tail. Great merriment here if this is allowed to crash the gates of the Establishment! I haven't been particularly attracted to Roald Dahl's books with their seemingly sadistic punishments, because I've never been attracted (at any age) by the barrel-of-nails type of retribution in stories. But *The Magic Finger* (Harper & Row, $2.50), while eerie and strange, is not (as the publicity states) macabre. The pictures by William Pène du Bois put it in the class of true fantasy, and its story cannot but lead to discussion. It is the tale of what happens to a family of enthusiastic hunters when the girl in the book points her finger at them and they change place with the ducks they are shooting. At the end we have the father of the family beating his guns into pieces. The story seems almost uncannily timely, with gun legislation coming up in Congress, and with everyone still bruised by the events in Austin, Texas. This book needs to be seen, and we need to find out what the children think of it. I hesitate to give any final opinion before the children have had a chance at it; their opinions may be wiser than ours. But I advise reading before buying.

PERHAPS I'm handling an unpopular topic here—with the courage of a last review. For these are my last review pages. Where am I going? The warmth of many of your letters makes me feel that some of you might not care to see me merely disappear. Many of you were my friends either through teaching or publishing or writing before *SR* came into my life.

I'm not going far: *SR* tells me they hope I'll find time to write an occasional article. I'm not going to vegetate. I am, I hope, going back to writing for children, which I've neglected the last few years. A friend and I, both retired, are going to live in my house in Connecticut, which, in the thirty-five years I've owned it, I have had all too little time to enjoy. Because the mail is R.F.D. and I either have to collect it from the foot of an incredibly steep driveway, or from the post office, I made the decision, reluctantly, that the great number of books would be too much for me to handle. Reluctantly, because these five years with *SR* have been richly rewarding.

I shall miss the letters, especially those that tell an unfinished story. What about that teacher who "teaches in a cornfield" in Illinois? Her children have asked that when they visit Chicago, instead of "just going to museums," they be allowed to see "some of the worst parts of the city," and to go into an apartment house "to see what it's like not just living on the land." I'd like to hear the results; I have a feeling that this teacher permits lively discussion and does not always point out the ethical values of a story or experience before the children have had a chance to make discoveries of their own.

But all my life I've met deadlines. There is something about my little house

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with the low beams and tremendous fireplace—a peace, inherited perhaps from those who lived in it some 250 years ago, that makes me want not to have a deadline even on a book. Is it possible?

Nubber Bear. *By William Lipkind. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 34 *pp.* $3.25. "Mother Bear let Nubber do anything he liked . . . almost. 'Don't go near the Middle Wood,' she said. And the way she shook her head showed that she meant it."

After some false starts, Nubber finds himself in the Middle Wood, where, "even a bigger and an older bear might have felt a touch of fear." But Nubber stepped right into the wood saying, "No honey for the bear who will not do and dare." (He had a habit of speaking in rhyme.) Suspense is skillfully built up until Nubber braves the bees and gets a honeycomb. When he arrives at the family cave, punishment is meted out. We leave Nubber secure in his mother's affection, thinking (as dream animals from the wood beckon), "If only I could be always good and still get to the Middle Wood." So the dilemma is thrown back to the child reader without obvious moralizing. This is a child's book throughout, with a read-it-again appeal. The pictures by Roger Duvoisin are among this artist's best, full of action, color, humor, and empathy with the text. William Lipkind uses his full name on this book; up to now he has been one-half of the picture-book partnership of "Will and Nicolas," although some older books also use his full name. Ages 5-8.

Martha the Movie Mouse. *Story and pictures by Arnold Lobel. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. City mice are pretty smart in this twentieth century. Arnold Lobel's mouse finds a movie house a good place to live and achieves fame as a performer—just as Don Freeman's mouse in *Pet of the Met* found its place in an opera house. The story is told in verse, but Arnold Lobel, who is most talented, here lets himself be carried away by cartoon; a few of the pictures are ugly. Nevertheless, the book is sure-fire for cities and 1966: it has garbage cans in it! Ages 4-8.

The Ice Palace. *By Margaret Cooper. Illustrated by Harold Goodwin. Macmillan.* 50 *pp.* $2.95. A small princess who feels ridiculously hot even in the coldest winter, has a palace built for her entirely of ice, with pleasant and amusing results. In a surprise ending we learn that the story is based on fact, and that it was a Russian empress who ordered an ice palace to be built for the entertainment of her court. Although this is a fine book for August, when it was published, it will be enjoyable any time of year. Ages 6-10.

We Live in the North. *Written and illustrated by Lois Lenski. Lippincott.* 152 *pp.* $3.75. Lois Lenski has made a unique contribution in her books about how various types of children live; here the three stories are held together by a common setting, the state of Michigan. The children are the offspring of a Polish worker in a Detroit auto factory, of cherry pickers, and of a family that grows Christmas trees. The first story handles the difficulty that some Polish families have with acceptance of their difficult-to-pronounce names. This family discusses quite freely the question of changing theirs. (Once I thought I'd have to change Dalgliesh to Douglas: that *lgl* in the middle paralyzes some people. However, it weathered the gales. . . .) Ages 6-10.

Salt. *By Augusta Goldin. Illustrated by Robert Galster. Crowell.* 40 *pp.* $2.95. There have been two books about salt within the year, both excellent but serving different ages. This is the younger and simpler one, for children about five to eight. Like other Crowell Let's Read and Find Out Science Books, *Salt* is clearly written and colorfully illustrated with pictures and diagrams. There are experiments that can be done easily by children.

The Shape of the Earth. *Written and illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. Rand McNally.* 72 *pp.* $2.95. Jeanne Bendick is a prolific science writer whose clever diagrams and easy, informal ways of explaining things have made her popular with children. This 1965 book slipped behind the others in one of my bookcases; getting ready to move, I found it, and take 1966 space to say that it is competent, interesting, and lives up to the author's high standards. Ages 7-11.

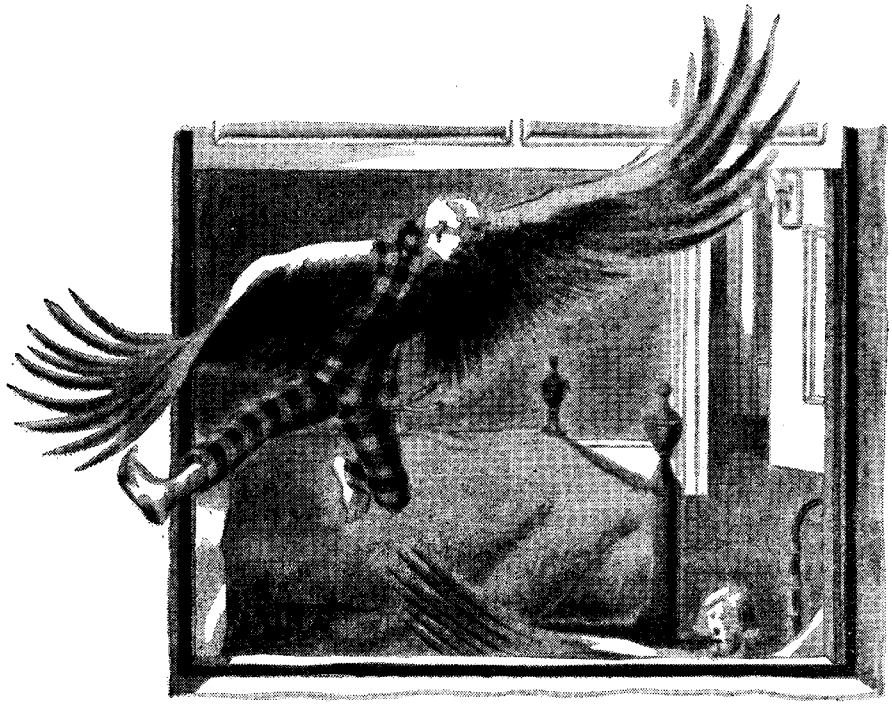
The Place. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Marjorie Auerbach. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 72 *pp.* $3.50. This is a little book with a big idea—and an interesting setting. Ellen is the daughter of an archeologist working on the Yucatán peninsula; Natividad is an Indian girl. For saving her life, Nati shows Ellen the secret of a sacred cave, called by the Indians "the place." Ellen is to promise solemnly, to swear, that she will not tell the secret—and when she finds herself in "the place" she realizes that it is a secret she *must* keep at considerable sacrifice to herself and to her father. Whether the climax of the story will satisfy the average child is a question; above-average children will feel the justice of it. Ages 8-11.

How the Mouse Deer Became King. *By Marguerite Harmon Bro. Illustrated by Joseph Low. Doubleday.* 127 *pp.* $2.95. It is with delight that we read these tales full of laughter from Indonesia. They tell how Kantjil, the little mouse deer, outwitted the larger and fiercer animals and managed to get himself chosen king. Joseph Low has entered into the spirit of it and made the book a carnival of animals. At the end we leave Kantjil calling together the jungle creatures to celebrate peace because of a wise remark made by his doe, "Nobody celebrates peace. Celebrations come at the end of a fight. I never heard of anyone's celebrating because war has not begun."

" 'You are going to hear of it now,' Kantjil said. 'We are going to have a tremendous celebration for peace.' And off he trotted, his happy little tail wig-wagging like a flag." He is quite a character this Kantjil, and so is his wife. Ages up to 12.

Wild Geese Calling. *By Robert Murphy. Illustrated by John Kaufman. Dutton* (1966 Junior Animal Book Award). 96 *pp.* $3.50. It would be pleasant if we could think that any boy or girl reading this book would never shoot one of these magnificent wild birds, the Canada goose. While we do not expect a book to have such an effect on all readers, this one is a strong plea for conservation. Part fiction—the story of a boy who keeps a wild goose through the winter—it also provides interesting factual material about the Canada goose and its migration, as well as the bird sanctuaries and the part they play in helping migratory birds along the way. The whooping crane, presented in a book of its own this year, enters into this one, too. The Canada goose is supposed to have "one of the best brains among birds,"

(*Continued on page* 46)



—*From "The Magic Finger."*

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The Editor Who Wasn't There

***Office Politics**, by Wilfrid Sheed (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 340 pp. $4.95), recounts what happens when the charmingly tyrannical Anglo-American editor of a small magazine is temporarily removed from his domain. Julian Gloag's latest novel is "A Sentence of Life."*

By JULIAN GLOAG

WILFRID SHEED is one of the few writers who can handle American and English characters with equal expertise. In fact, I can't think of any other writer on either side of the Atlantic who can do this, though many distinguished ones have tried. Mr. Sheed has a convincing feel for the emotional and social tone of the two societies, and he has a superb ear for the differences of rhythm and idiom in the languages.

Office Politics, his new novel and his best (which is to say, very good indeed), is really an investigation—amusing, slightly wry, and in some ways sad—of the interplay between these two cultures. The office is that of *The Outsider*, a small magazine of social consciousness with a back devoted to the arts, emanating of course from New York. Its editor is one of those Englishmen who bear every conceivable hallmark of the perfect insider. The rest of the staff is either in a static condition of reflex liberalism or consumed with preposterous ambition—or both. The one exception is a newly hired junior editor, George Wren, who has thrown up a job at CBS at twice the salary to fulfill a long, romantic attachment to this particular little magazine.

When the editor, Gilbert Twining, is removed from the office for some weeks by a heart attack, the complications are many, frightful, and funny. Frightful because, though Twining is physically absent, he is present in spirit all the time.

Gilbert Twining is the outstanding achievement of this book. I don't suppose we'll ever get a truer portrait of that special New York type of professional Englishman, beneath whose proconsular features, bland accent, and condescending but rather touching helplessness with "you Americans" often lies a contemptuous and insular technician, ruthlessly efficient at looking after Number One. Twining is an ageless creature, clever, charming, articulate, supremely in charge; and yet his own superiority is maintained only by subtly forcing his staff into a position of, at first, inferiority and, at last, impotent dependence upon him. He is at heart fixed in a terrible, and typical, state of English boyhood, and to make sure he remains the senior schoolboy he reduces others to the level of obedient and masochistic toadies. He is always saying, sweetly, "But, my dear chap, this simply won't do, will it?" It crumples them. They even begin to talk like him and, when he is taken from them, they edit a magazine which is the perfect replica of his. He has here succeeded in making over the world in the image of his own suave, English aridity.

He is a dreadful creature, and yet he is by no means unsympathetic. He charms everyone, he will charm the reader, he charms himself. When at last the front fails and the tortuous rationalizations of innocence crumble, in the twinkling of an eye Twining moves—as so many Englishmen do and as perhaps England herself is doing—from a fair-headed, perpetually promising youth to a brittle, premature, pitiable, fussy old age.

Office Politics is not all Gilbert Twining. The hero—and I think he is so to Mr. Sheed—is George Wren, a pleasant, intelligent, mild young man. George, who is the only one with strength to match his conscience, eventually emerges as the person who actually is in charge. In some ways the book is a fable of the Innocent American victorious, the ordinary chap coming through. A moral tale.

Perhaps only a moral tale could be so easily humorous, so notably nonvicious, so gently penetrating in its satire, so marvelously ludicrous without being grotesque.

Mr. Sheed's interests are primarily social and his special skill is with "types," which are not left flat but are bodied out with detail and enriched with accurate observation, and yet remain, after all, essentially types. This is no accident, for Mr. Sheed might say, I think, that when all the soul-searching and flip *angst* is over and finished, the main part of what you wind up with is stereotypical. He might be right, at that.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

SIBLINGS, MOSTLY

The family name of each group in the first column is given somewhere in the second column, and the last column provides their origins. Lorraine Wise of Winnipeg asks you to set things straight. Answers on page 95.

D. B., Holden, Phoebe ( )	1.	Compson	A. *The Grapes of Wrath*
St. John, Diana, Mary ( )	2.	Bennet	B. *The Vicar of Wakefield*
Dude, Ellie May, Pearl ( )	3.	Caulfield	C. *The Man of Property*
Ann, Jolyon, James, Swithin, Roger, Julia, Hester, Nicholas, Timothy, Susan ( )	4.	Joad	D. *Sons and Lovers*
John, Whitney, Clarence, Harlan ( )	5.	Primrose	E. *Jalna*
Marcus, Homer, Ulysses, Bess ( )	6.	Lester	F. *Jane Eyre*
Benjamin, Quentin, Candace, Jason ( )	7.	Rivers	G. *The Catcher in the Rye*
William, Annie, Paul, Arthur ( )	8.	Forsyte	H. *Life with Father*
Elizabeth, Jane, Mary, Kitty, Lydia ( )	9.	Whiteoak	I. *Tobacco Road*
George, Olivia, Sophia, Moses, Dick, Bill ( )	10.	Macauley	J. *Pride and Prejudice*
Meg, Renny, Eden, Piers, Finch, Wakefield ( )	11.	Morel	K. *The Human Comedy*
Tom, Noah, Al, Rose of Sharon, Ruthie, Winfield ( )	12.	Day	L. *The Sound and the Fury*

Coming September 24

"A Show of Color"

By Margaret R. Weiss

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A Talent for Tragedy

Dark Places of the Heart, *by Christina Stead (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 362 pp. $6.95), concerns a brother and sister from a North-of-England industrial slum whose own corruption destroys everything they touch. Elinor Baumbach is a free-lance writer and critic.*

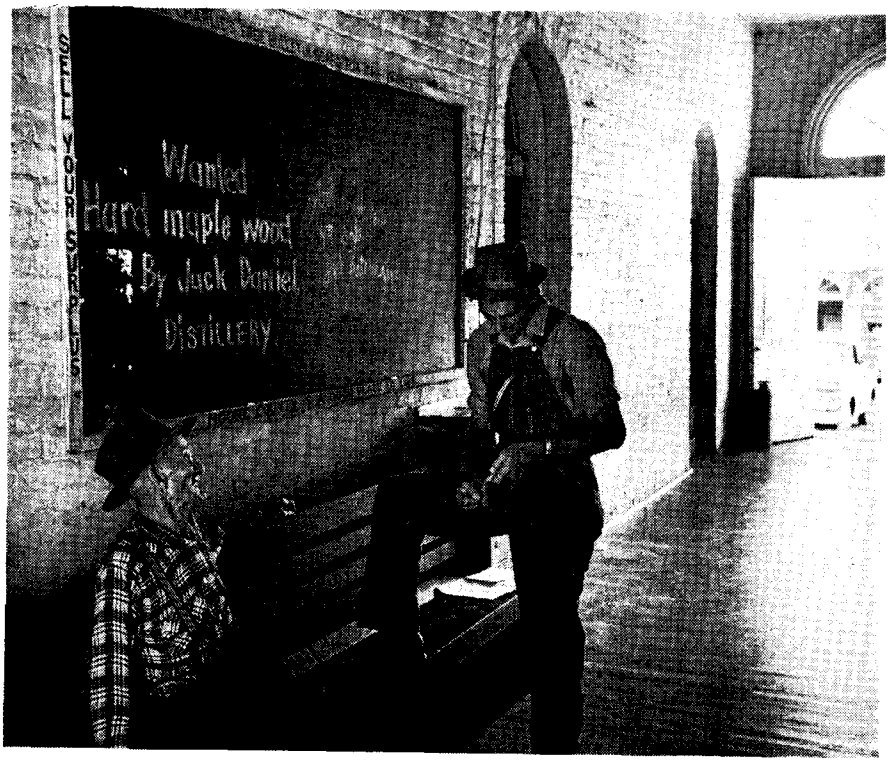
By ELINOR BAUMBACH

CHRISTINA STEAD'S vision concerns itself with the ravages of obsession. Her new novel is directly related to her recently reissued 1940 work, *The Man Who Loved Children,* a large, important book which is rapidly becoming an "underground" classic. It is perhaps beside the point for us to say now that Miss Stead has the gifts of both language and insight. In an introduction to the 1965 edition of *The Man Who Loved Children* Randall Jarrell compares Miss Stead to Tolstoy and Melville. Whether one agrees entirely with this or not, there is no doubt that Christina Stead has written at least one stunningly impressive book.

Dark Places of the Heart, like the earlier novel, is focused on the way families can destroy themselves and how a blindly egocentric personality can blunder almost unerringly into tragedy. While *The Man Who Loved Children* was specifically an American story, Miss Stead (originally from Australia) has here written a very British one. Her ear for the rhythm and music of the language of northern England is uncanny; her working-class appears, to an American eye, to be absolutely authentic. The limitations of this novel, however, are defined by the limitations of the principal characters; they are, perhaps, too perversely disturbed, the limits of their self-knowledge more irritating than moving.

Nellie Cook and her brother, Tom Cotter, have made their way to London from a northern industrial slum. They have been able to shake off the coal dust, but the meanness of their background is inescapable. As a respite from the monotony and filth of Bridgehead life, Nellie had been drawn in her youth into the circle of a local hedonist who mixed intellectual pretension with sexual experimentation. What Nellie and, in turn, Tom learned in adolescence hopelessly corrupts them in maturity; their charming, bright, intelligent faces carry despair and disorder.

The effects of this environment are compounded by the terrible destructiveness of the Cotter home. A roving father, an endlessly martyred mother, a misanthropic uncle, and a mad sister form a



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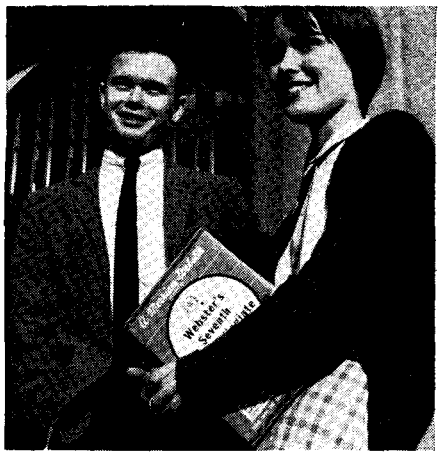

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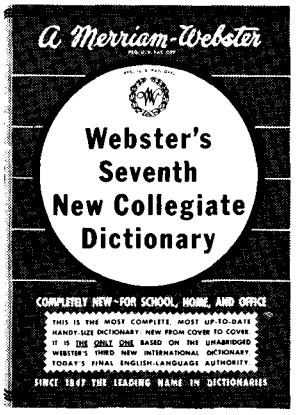
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sort of Bedlam, of which Nellie and Tom seem inevitable products.

For all her charm and intelligence and endless ranting about the joys of her own marriage, Nellie has become masculine. Tom, despite a long succession of affairs, is feminine—almost a child-bride to the older women from whom he seeks affection. In her twisted need to become a center like her father, Nellie destroys Tom's first marriage, literally drives her sister Peggy to the loony bin, steals her husband George from an old friend (but needs both: Eliza divorces George but continues to live with him and Nellie), and finally, in a tremendous assumption of mystic authority, demands a human sacrifice.

NELLIE and Tom wither whatever they touch, but they themselves remain untouched, deluded, obsessed. Perhaps, at bottom, this is where *Dark Places of the Heart* fails. The brother and sister, brilliantly drawn as they are, are not capable of feeling. That is, of course, their horror; but it is the horror of case history rather than art. Miss Stead does handle certain materials superbly and with sure ironic wit: Nellie's fantastically personal career as a labor journalist, the wholeness and authenticity of the minor characters. For all the author's craft, however, in the slow but certain revelation of what Tom and Nellie are, the basic materials remain unfruitful. Nellie is more than she seems, but less than she should be.

At The Frontier

By John Clarke

THE driver kept
the motor running at Canadian
customs,
The Greyhound pawed

at the frontier while, looking
cursorily, they came aboard,
preserving something of an old
ceremony.

But then,
in a breach of etiquette, they
muffled one fellow off the bus and into

their small house (I supposed
to question him). And we went on,
nosing
a dark prairie.

Since then, I've crossed
the border many times, but never
without staring

at that small house
and thinking that they've got him all
right,
still in there.

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No Room at the Asylum

Clement Biddle Wood—"as funny as *Lucky Jim*."

Welcome to the Club, *by Clement Biddle Wood (McGraw-Hill. 246 pp. $4.95), teases an object-lesson in Democracy as conceived by an earnest second lieutenant with the American occupation forces in Japan. Emile Capouya is chief editor of Grosset & Dunlap's Universal Library.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

ANDREW OXBLOOD is nineteen and a half—under twenty, every half counts—and he is doing a man's job as a second lieutenant, Infantry, in our occupation forces in Japan. He is morale officer at division headquarters. As he sees his mission, all his efforts must aim, first, at promoting friendship and understanding with the Japanese and, secondly, at providing them with an informal object-lesson in Democracy. As far as the army is concerned, Lt. Oxblood's function is to see to it that the three Negro entertainers scheduled to arrive at headquarters will not be lodged at the officers' club.

Now, Oxblood has Quaker forebears, and he is full of the old starch. Though he has problems of his own—he is as yet unknown to woman, and weighed down by the fact—as soon as the mists of idealism lift, and he can see that the army means to play it "separate but equal," the lieutenant embarks on his one-man campaign. He has to contend with Machiavellian brass, all the way up to the commanding general. He has to fight Paperwork. Worst of all, he has to struggle against his bemused affection for his special comrades-in-arms, the two junior officers with whom he keeps bachelor officers' quarters. One is a kind of American Cecil Rhodes, capable of organizing an empire in a dog pound; the other hails from the Old Dominion, and his three first names are Robert E. Lee. Both these gentlemen exert themselves to keep their impetuous Quaker friend hobbled and blindfolded.

Against such odds, Lt. Oxblood loses. Or rather, nothing is lost save honor. And, as happens in life, the Negroes know the script from previous rehearsals and are, on the whole, more sane than the other patients in the asylum.

If you turn your mind off, the story is as funny as *Lucky Jim*. Mr. Wood writes most amusingly, his officers and men parody human beings almost as well as their originals in the real world, and his wisecracks remind us that the spontaneous witticism is the only genuine American art form—all the rest having long ago been reorganized as corporations. One hopes that readers will appreciate these good things, and tell their friends, and that Mr. Wood will be encouraged to write another novel.

In which Hiroshima is not the scene of such cute shenanigans. Of course, that kind of irony is not necessarily obscene; with Voltaire's example, we can set up an equation: The Lisbon earthquake is to God's mercy and care for His creatures as Hiroshima is to America's ideal of humane polity. But as Mr. Wood has chosen to tell his story, Hiroshima makes one sick before, during, and after the jokes. As does his choice of conventions respecting sex, and respecting Negroes—for in the author's mind the subjects are intimately connected. Of the three Negro singers, one is an earth-mother who fails to seduce Oxblood but does save an apprentice fairy from the career he has been training for; one is a disdainful African princess with an English accent who is conquered by Robert E. Lee—presumably because he understands colored folks; and one is an ivy-league smoothie who reverts to type and rapes an adolescent Japanese girl. As you can see, all kinds of innocent satisfaction are offered the reader, provided he be white, male, and somewhat retarded. Mr. Wood, on the other hand, seems an intelligent sort. His next book will probably take account of our claim that we are quite grown up now, thank you.

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DOUBLEDAY

George Tames

Children's Books

Continued from page 41

but there do seem to be a few moments in this book when the goose is too all-knowing. Ages 9-12.

Warrior Whale. *By Joseph J. Cook and William L. Wisner. Illustrated with photographs, old prints, and diagrams. Dodd, Mead.* 96 *pp.* $3.25. Many of us seem to be ambivalent with regard to whaling. Stories of whaling are exciting; whaling was a romantic part of American history. On the other hand, we admire the great creatures themselves, and the fighting spirit of the "warrior whales." Here it is the cachelot whale that is portrayed. The book is also a little history of whaling. According to jacket copy, both the authors are fishermen and "strong advocates of conservation." Laws governing the hunting of whales are supposed to preserve the females so that the species will not become extinct. The last part of the book, which tells how almost every part of the big mammal is processed for use, makes rather difficult reading. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know of the many uses, other than oil, that are made of the whale. As for the oil itself, it is surprising to learn that it is still the finest quality for watches, delicate machinery, and airplanes. Age level 8-12 (14?).

Orphans of the Wind. *By Erik Christian Haugaard. Illustrated by Milton Johnson. Houghton Mifflin.* 186 *pp.* $3.25. While this is a rousing and sometimes horrifying sea story, revolving about a motherless boy who is sent to sea at the age of twelve, it is far more than that. The time is during the Civil War, and the hero has ample opportunity to make up his mind about slavery. There are excellent characterization and high adventure, as we have come to expect from this author. The pictures, however, seem rather vague for the reality of the story. Ages 11 up.

The Trumpeter of Krakow. *By Eric P. Kelly. Decorations by Janina Domanska. Macmillan.* 208 *pp.* $3.95. This new edition is an attractive book, which wears the shining Newbery medal on its jacket and promises life for, we hope, another thirty-eight years. It was a happy thought to have Janina Domanska, recently from Poland but now an American, do the decorations in medieval Polish style. Another happy thought was a foreword by Louise Seaman Bechtel, head of Macmillan's children's book department in 1928, when the book was originally published. May this story of the trumpet with the broken note, symbolic of one of Poland's numerous times of crisis, have many more readers. No age level given.

The Long Rampart: The Story of the Great Wall of China. *By Robert Silverberg. Illustrated with photographs. Chilton.* 171 *pp.* $3.95. At a time when we are trying for better relationships with China, it is interesting to have the history of the Great Wall, which took so many lives in the building yet never assured the protection from outside enemies that China hoped for. It is an extraordinary story. Young people.

"Is that so? Your late father thought I was pretty damned funny."

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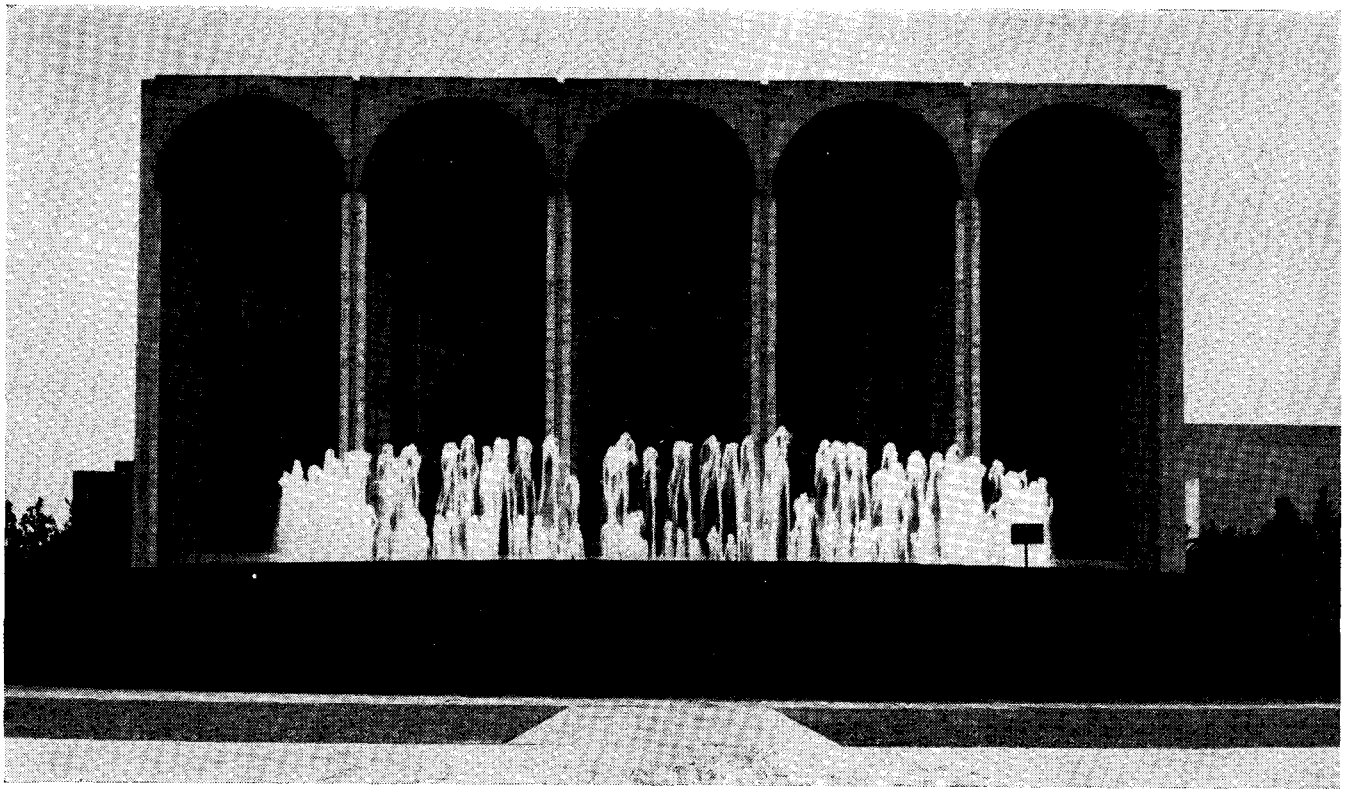

—*Sandor Acs.*

The new Met—"The many enjoy considerations which were formerly reserved for the few."

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

OPERA HOUSE ON THE AMERICAN PLAN

By IRVING KOLODIN

FOR THOSE who have watched the new Metropolitan Opera House on New York's West Side emerge from the ground of Lincoln Center, the principal impression is that it is *new*—new in textures and colors, spaces and facilities. Above all, it is an environment new in conception for a theater of its size and functions which will greet the audience that assembles in it for the first time on Friday, September 16.

It is conventional to say of something that stands as an impressive summation of its purpose that it "looks like a million dollars." Whether the opera building created by Wallace K. Harrison may be said to look like *forty-five* million, seven hundred thousand dollars—the latest quoted figure of its cost—depends on where one looks. In all probability (though no breakdown has been officially rendered) the largest portion of the bill attaches to the features that the audience will only experience, but never actually see—the multiplicity of backstage facilities (main-stage elevators, side-stage wagons, turntable, automated switchboards, giant cycloramas), carpentry, painting and costuming shops, and rehearsal halls, plus, of course, the dressing rooms and other amenities that have been denied to the Metropolitan's performers for decades.

In the portions of the building that concern the ticket-buyers, millions have been spent to purchase an atmosphere of elegance and spatial abundance before the performance begins and during the intermissions; and, while it is in progress, better sight lines than might be imaginable in an auditorium seating 3,800; an orchestra pit that is, in effect, two (for Mozart it not merely contracts, but yields part of its front to extend the stage apron, part of its back area to accommodate an additional row of seats, so that it is, in effect, a different pit); and a freshness of air that may outmode some jokes about sleeping at the opera. A trial performance last spring left optimistic expectations about acoustics which are, however, still to be proved out in a wide range of repertory (some think it may also turn out to be the best concert hall in New York City).

Unlike most predecessors – including the famous one of the same name on Broadway which stands silently brooding its future—it is more than a sea of space surrounding an island of boxes. There are boxes, and handsomely appointed ones, too. But they are one among other areas just as handsomely appointed, from orchestra floor to top balcony. As in other constructions of this century in Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, where the trend has been to better sight lines and fewer boxes, the many enjoy considerations which formerly were reserved for the few.

This spirit reaches its full expression in the Harrison Metropolitan. It is a one-seat house in the direct sense that each of its 3,800 places has been treated as the equal and equivalent of the others so far as the comfort of the occupant is concerned. But it is a one-seat house in the larger, philosophical sense that everybody uses the same entrances and exits, there is no physical separation of any level from any other, and no portion has been added as an afterthought when the preferential conditions of another were satisfied.

For those who will judge by its performances not its promises, the first contact with the interior takes in a wide arc of rings, or tiers, rising over a broad

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area of orchestra floor seating. Given a horse with a foot of a suitable shape, it could be called a "horseshoe." But the conformations which gave rise to that description have been flattened out, recontoured, and amended to suit the concept of it as an opera house on the American plan. When the seat holder closest to the wall in the rear row of the family circle looks around for the first time, he will discover that a full view of the stage is available, even to him. "Partial views" are not in the area of major capacity, but in fractional capacity in a limited number of side boxes. Even here, seating has been restricted to a narrow band at the front of the area, the seats themselves face toward the stage, and in some instances, the rear seats have been elevated to form a "box within a box."

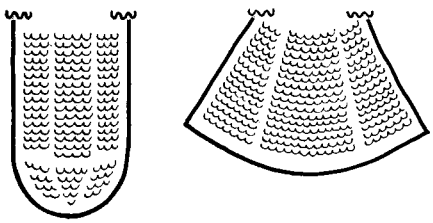
UNLIKE the sight lines in conventional theaters, which converge at a point at the rear of the stage, the vista in the new Metropolitan has been conceived to center at the front of the orchestra pit. This not only assures the view of the stage that is wanted, but takes in, within the same line of sight, a prime personality in the success of any worthwhile opera performance—the conductor. There are those, whose opera-going has been mainly on Manhattan Island, who only know of a conductor by hearsay, rather than sight.

Proceeding to details, it may then be noted that, beyond widening the arc and flattening the curve of Pegasus's horseshoe, the design calls for pulling in the first rise closer to the stage than has previously prevailed. As the proportions are repeated in each rising tier, this brings the viewer from any given seat some 10 feet nearer the stage than previously. The extended capacity creates a larger area of seats under the overhang on the orchestra level than in the previous theater, but compensation has been effected through the acoustical paneling of the sides and rear.

For all the important part it plays in the enjoyment of the opera-goer, this may be the last thing that will draw his attention, after chandeliers (main and satellite), carpets, wall sconces, recessed ceiling, indirect colored lighting, etc. The good reason for this is that the deep rich red tone of the walls appears to be merely another aspect of the decorative scheme, carried out over a broad expanse of surface facing the stage.

Attractive as it appears, eye appeal is secondary to the functional purpose for the ear. For, as familiarity with the auditorium grows, so will awareness that it is, in effect, a paneled "room"—if anything so sizable can be termed a "room"—wood-covered from ceiling to floor. After exhaustive search, favor settled on a product of a West African tree called the Babinga, from which is manufactured a wood known as Kevazingo. It was preferred not only for its texture and promising match for the color scheme of the auditorium, but also for its adaptability to the purpose of acoustical paneling. Remarkably enough, *all* the paneling that meets the eye is the product of the same, single, magnificent specimen, manufactured into veneers over a fireproof core known as Novoply. It is a single element, but a key one, of a chain of provisions (including the flaring proscenium, the recessed ceiling, the angled box fronts with roughened patches and concave undersides) designed to achieve a maximum dispersion of the sound created on the stage and in the orchestra pit.

Allowing for the variations of design detailed above, for a new, better orientation toward the stage (for many), and a new world of creature comforts, the opera-goer will nevertheless find much that is familiar to him. The stage opening, for example, is almost identical with the one to which he is accustomed, and as his eye roams upward it will traverse about the same distance (72 feet) before it encounters the ceiling. Then the houselights have dimmed, the footlights have come up, and a familiar looking gold curtain has swept upward in graceful folds, the visible stage area will be the same as the one that has always spelled "Metropolitan."



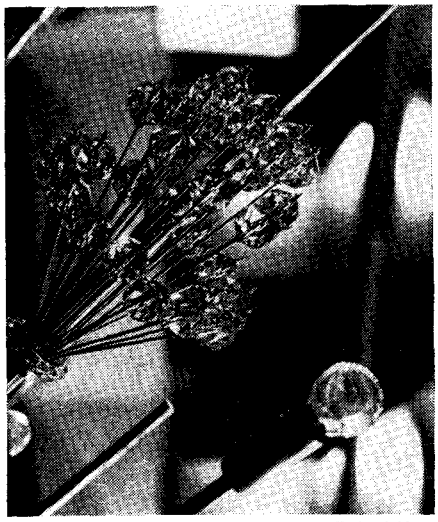
The drawings above were included with an article titled "Zero Hour for Lincoln Center" published in *SR* on April 25, 1959. It was intended to show the difference between an old horseshoe-shaped auditorium, such as the old Met's, and a fan treatment with vastly better sight lines. The auditorium of the new theater is very similar to the figure on the right.

But the *invisible* stage area—that is another and wholly new story. An approximation can be rendered by the statement that in the first Metropolitan, the auditorium occupied two-thirds of all the space in the structure. In Harrison's construction, the auditorium—for all its size and increased seating capacity—occupies only one-third of the total space. The public will quickly evaluate what that means in the areas of its comfort and convenience; but the transformation of the backstage area has evolved into a wonderland of facilities and accessories hitherto unknown to opera in this country.

It is all of these musical, mechanical, and material factors which, together with its spare lines and architectural proportions, characterize the new monumental Metropolitan as an opera house on the American plan. Behind as well as before the curtain it is projected as a prime instance of functional design that will take a place of pride among the famous examples, world-wide, of man-made solutions to a man-made problem.

In many of Europe's prototypes—descendants of the original Teatro San Cassiano built of wood in Venice in 1637—historical data range through such details as when it was built, how much it cost, when it had its fire, and when it was rebuilt. One of the most famous, indeed, is called La Fenice (likewise in Venice) because it has risen, phoenix-like, from the ashes of a predecessor. More recently, wars have taken the place of fires as causes for rebuilding, with the prides of Vienna, Munich, Cologne, Hamburg, Milan, and Warsaw—to mention but a few—newly rebuilt to make good the ravages of bombing.

But, as surely as the physical form rises again, so the lore and legend that cling to every theater rise with it. Whether concerned with *il loggione* of Parma (the "gallery gods"), the denizens of the *vierte* in Vienna (they grumbled, after the reconstruction, about removal of columns that had formerly resulted in "obstructed views" in the top ring being sold at cut rates), or the "standing army" made famous in the days of Caruso's supremacy in the nineteenth-century Metropolitan, they play their parts in the results that accrue. Thus, as the stage is set and the curtain is ready to rise on the Metropolitan of the twentieth and the twenty-first centuries, it is in surroundings worthy of the best on both sides of the footlights.



—*E. Fred Sher.*

A spoke on one of the Lobmeyr chandeliers presented by the Austrian government.

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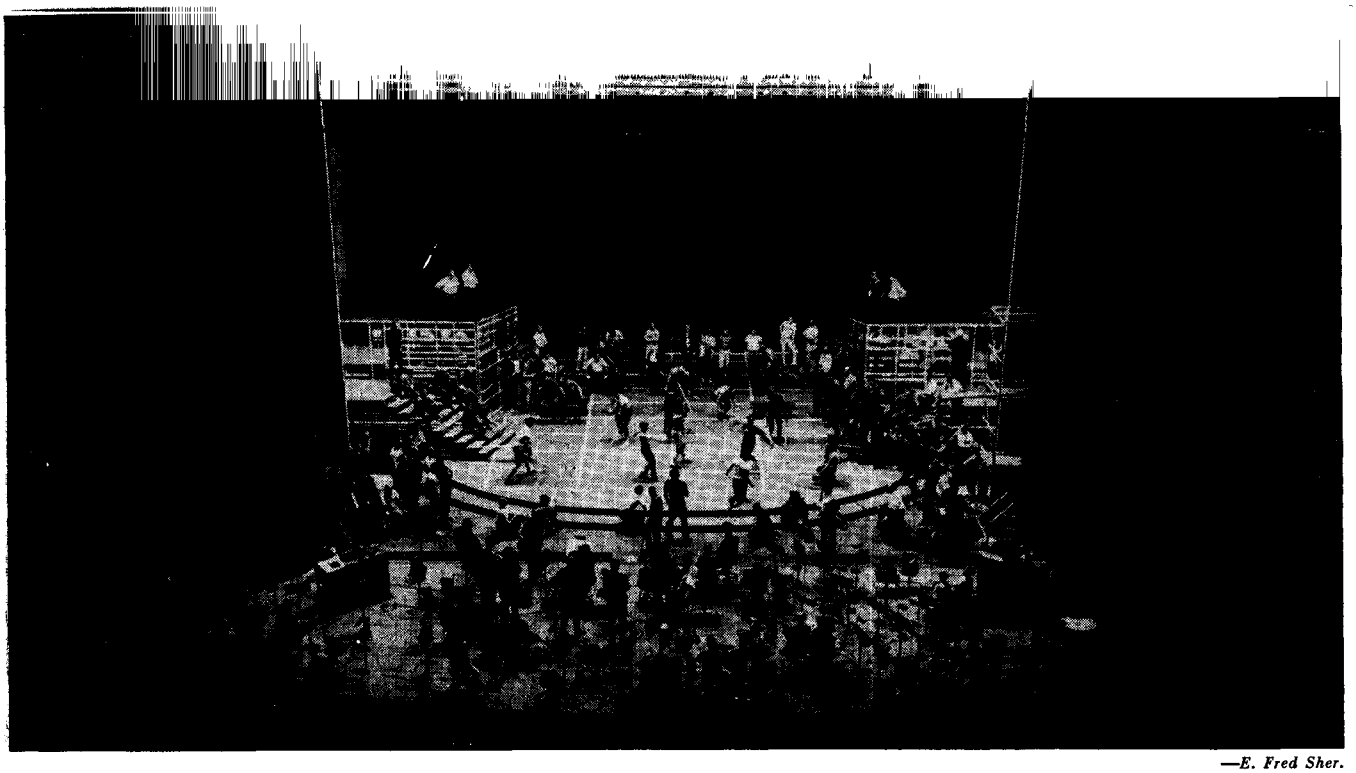

—E. Fred Sher.

A view of the stage during an early rehearsal for *Antony and Cleopatra*. The floor of the orchestra pit has been raised to the level of the main stage to facilitate the work in progress.

Birth of an Opera

By HANS W. HEINSHEIMER

SAMUEL BARBER, whose opera *Antony and Cleopatra* has been chosen to open the new Metropolitan Opera House, is probably the only living composer who does nothing but compose. He does not perform, he does not lecture, he writes neither newspaper reviews nor books, he does not organize music festivals, he is not at the helm of an opera company or a symphony orchestra. He is no professor nor a "composer in residence" anywhere but in his own house in Mount Kisco, New York.

Once, some fifteen years ago, he took conducting lessons and made a few records of his music in Europe. But no sooner had he listened to them than he decided and proclaimed clearly and decisively that he would forever leave the conducting of his works to others. As a young man he had a fine baritone voice, tried (in vain) to get a radio job as a singer and even made a recording of one of his earliest works, *Dover Beach,* for voice and string quartet when he was twenty-one years old. The recording, featuring the Curtis String Quartet and Barber as soloist, was issued by RCA Victor in 1936 and is now a collector's item. The baritone soloist has never sung in public again.

Barber was also and still is an extraordinarily skillful and sensitive pianist whose technique and whose affinity to the piano, matched by few if any of his colleagues, are reflected in the brilliant pianistic writing of his *Excursions,* a cycle of piano pieces written in 1944, his Piano Sonata (1949), and the more recent Piano Concerto (1962). But he never plays the piano professionally anymore, much to the regret of those who remember, among similar unforgettable treats, the first performance of Barber's song cycle, *Hermit Songs,* at Dumbarton Oaks in 1953, when the composer accompanied Leontyne Price in a beautifuly paced, marvelously balanced performance, probably his last public appearance as a pianist.

Barber has chosen to live the life of a composer and no other life, and nothing will distract him. There is scarcely a day when he is not approached with requests to lecture, to attend or conduct a seminar, to teach a master class; but he steadfastly declines any offer to participate in academic musical endeavors ever since, in 1939, he let himself be persuaded to return briefly as a teacher of composition to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. The school is his Alma Mater, where he studied piano, singing, and mostly, of course, composition from the first day the Institute opened in 1924 until 1934 when, at the age of twenty-four, he won the first of many prizes that were to enable him to devote all of his time to composing—a Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship which, combined with his first Prix de Rome, made it possible for him to spend his first creative year abroad.

It would probably have been beyond human endurance to lead and carry on so dedicated a life if it had not been encouraged and facilitated by success. As one looks back from *Antony and Cleopatra,* which bears the opus number 40, to his early beginnings, the steady, sustained success of Barber's musical output is, again, quite a unique feature. There are no *Jugendsünden* respectfully filed away in libraries and never performed. When he was seventeen he brought a few songs to Schirmer, who promptly rejected most of them but published some, among them *The Daisies;* it is still, after almost forty years, one of the most popular art songs in the contemporary American repertory.

Schirmer told him at the same time that they could not possibly afford the expense of publishing his Cello Sonata, but they changed their minds when the New York Philharmonic played a new work by the twenty-one-year-old composer and when, a little later, his First Symphony had its premiere performance in Rome under Bernardino Molinari, an unheard-of achievement for a young,

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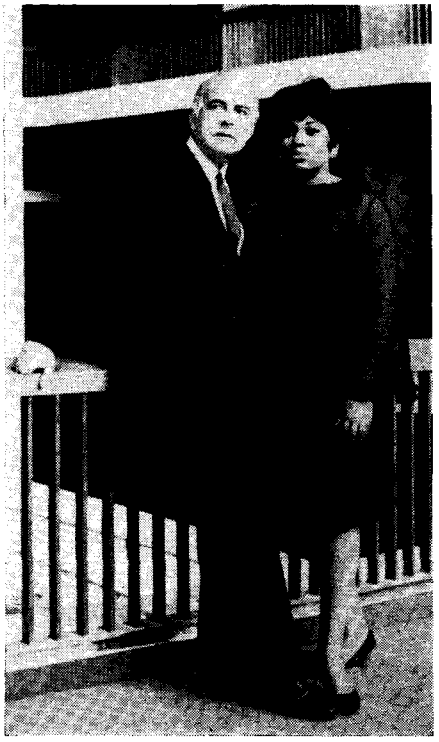
almost unknown American composer. Two years later approval came from the highest court: Arturo Toscanini introduced the by now celebrated *Adagio for Strings* with the NBC Symphony in New York. (The latest Schwann catalog lists eleven different recordings of the piece currently available.) From then on, things grew logically. Among the artists who played Barber firsts were Bruno Walter (*Second Essay,* 1942); Serge Koussevitzky (Second Symphony, 1944, Cello Concerto with Raya Garbousova, 1946, *Knoxville, Summer of 1915* with Eleanor Steber as soloist, 1948); and Vladimir Horowitz who introduced both the piano cycle *Excursions* in 1945 and the Piano Sonata in 1949.

Barber is, of course, pleased but never carried away or, for that matter, even particularly impressed by his success. He doesn't want to hear too much about it. When we show him articles, reviews, letters, programs from all corners of the world he glances at them, gets easily irritated if not bored, usually leaves them behind as he hurries away. He retains a very objective, detached, rather cool attitude toward his work. When, a few years ago, he went through a short period where neither a commission nor a personal creative initiative occupied his mind, he amused himself by making choral settings of some of his most successful songs. He brought them in our office one day, with an almost apologetic, slightly embarrassed smile and asked whether, perhaps, we would want to publish them. Of course, we did—and, again, success came naturally to a man who never seems to seek it; his famous songs "Sure on this shining night" and "A Nun takes the Veil," written in 1937, sold more than 100,000 copies in this choral arrangement, made by the composer almost thirty years later just to while away time between major projects.

A little while ago we had another, even more striking illustration of his attitude of cool detachment, so rare and so admirable among composers (and other creative artists) who usually consider everything they put on paper as an immortal message coming directly from heaven. Barber had come to the office, as he does from time to time, and after we had solved our problems for the day and had refreshed our tired business minds through the brilliant assortment of musical and social gossip that he never fails to bring along, we went to lunch, which he starts most often with a champagne cocktail, a pleasant and perhaps typical change from the traditional Martinis, Manhattans, and J & B on the rocks that are the businessman's lot. The meal, too, is usually chosen along gourmet lines, always elegant (he speaks French, German, and Italian fluently, the latter admirably well), and ordered without much hesitation no matter how huge and confusing the bill of fare may be. Anyway, I found the atmosphere congenial enough to ask a question which I had had on my mind for some time.

"Why is it," I asked, fortified by the second champagne cocktail, "why is it that all your works are successful, that they all seem to stay alive, no matter how old they are—all, that is, with the exception of one, your Second Symphony. This one we just can't get off the ground." There was, again, no hesitation. "The reason is very simple," Barber said. "It is not a good work." He then briefly explained the circumstances under which the symphony had been written in 1944. Barber was in the service and had been commissioned to write a symphony dedicated to the Army Air Force. For several weeks he was flown from airfield to airfield to absorb the feeling and atmosphere of his subject. The result, he now proclaimed freely, just wasn't right.

WHILE such an admission was unusual enough, what followed was even more startling. "Let's go back to the office and destroy it," he said. And this, indeed, is what he did. We went back, got all the music from the library and a few big tubs from the basement, and Samuel Barber, with a gusto that increased our admiration for him from one torn page to the next, tore up all this beautifully and expensively copied material with his own hands. A porter was called, the tubs were carried away and that was the end of Symphony No. 2, opus 19.



—*RCA Victor.*

Composer Barber and soprano Price during a break in one of the rehearsals.

Among the many works in Barber's catalogue, opera did not play any part until the Metropolitan Opera commissioned him to do his first opera, *Vanessa,* and produced it in 1958. Ever since that production the Metropolitan kept asking him for another opera. He was invited to come and see performances, hear singers, watch conductors, be inspired by the multifaceted activities of an opera house in the hope they might be contagious. Several subjects were mentioned, among them *Moby Dick.* "Too much water for an opera," S.B. commented, "and too much wind." The subject was dropped.

Barber went to see plays on and off Broadway, talked to playwrights, read scripts. When the new opera house began to take form on the drafting boards and an opening date—then seemingly very remote—became tangible, the pressure began to increase. Barber, as always, was detached, tried to avoid so enormous a commitment, rejected ideas that were not, so it seemed to him, quite right. He had spoken about *Antony and Cleopatra* once or twice before, and as the pressure mounted he looked at it again.

HOW could the enormous play be cut to dimensions manageable for an opera? What leading parts were there? How could they be cast? Was Antony to be a tenor or a baritone? Which of the many persons of the play could be sacrificed to make room for the music? At last, one unforgettable day, he called to say that he had decided to accept the commission. "I only did it because I realized that none of my friends would talk to me anymore if I didn't," he said in a typical Barberesque understatement.

Soon after, when we visited him in the studio in Mount Kisco, we found the floor, the shelves, the piano covered with books on Shakespeare and his era, on Egypt, and on Rome. After a while it became obvious that cuts alone would not produce a libretto. It needed a different dramatic approach. Verdi had found a Boïto to tailor *Othello* for an opera. Barber realized that he, too, needed help. It came, rather unexpectedly, from the man who was to stage and design the performance, from Franco Zeffirelli. He offered to write the libretto, basing it entirely on Shakespeare's play but cutting and rearranging it freely as a vehicle for the music. The two artists signed an agreement and Zeffirelli departed for Europe, where he was soon swept out of the composer's sight while staging an opera in Paris with Maria Callas, preparing a film for Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, and embarking on other projects, all on a grandiose, time-and-effort-absorbing scale. Barber sat in Mount Kisco, looking at the calendar, leafing through the 1966 pages with the 16th

(*Continued on page* 56)

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Sylvania Products, 1966. Photographed by Joseph Costa.

The two 30x35-feet examples of the art of Marc Chagall which flank the Grand Tier and face the huge windows of the Metropolitan Opera House opening on the main plaza of Lincoln Center have been called murals but are, more properly, paintings in oil. Each was detailed on six rolls of canvas, individually mounted and painted on tapestry frames created for them in the Gobelin Museum of Paris. The twelve sections were assembled, then touched up by their creator and a team of associates when they had been glued to the plaster surface of the walls.

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As they face the viewer, the south (left) panel pays tribute to the triumphal nature of music. Intermingled with images of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Rockefeller Center, and the New York skyline are figures of ballerinas, singers, and musicians. Close inspection will reveal Maya Plisetskaya of the Bolshoi Ballet in a group at top left center, and Rudolf Bing in gypsy garb. The north panel is dominated by associations with Mozart, but Chagall's absorption with themes of love, hope, and peace is also recurrent. The tree of life floats on the Hudson against the towers of Manhattan, King David and Orfeo share a lyre, and a suggestion of Beethoven's Fidelio is also visible.

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Art Works in the New Metropolitan

LIKE much else about the new Metropolitan Opera House building, the plans for the two impressive paintings by Marc Chagall (see pages 52 and 53) came into being as the structure itself evolved. There was, in the very first conception, no such wall space facing the Lincoln Center Plaza. However, as the intricate task of fitting into the same four walls—the massive ones of the Metropolitan house the equivalent of a fourteen-story building—all the elements that were deemed desirable for the multiple purposes of public, performers, and backstage personnel, the space came into being. It was as the result of a sizeable contribution from the Henry L. and Grace Doherty Charitable Foundation, Inc. in memory of Mrs. Doherty and Helen Lee Doherty Lassen (said to be approximately $300,000) that the commissioning of the work to utilize the space became possible.

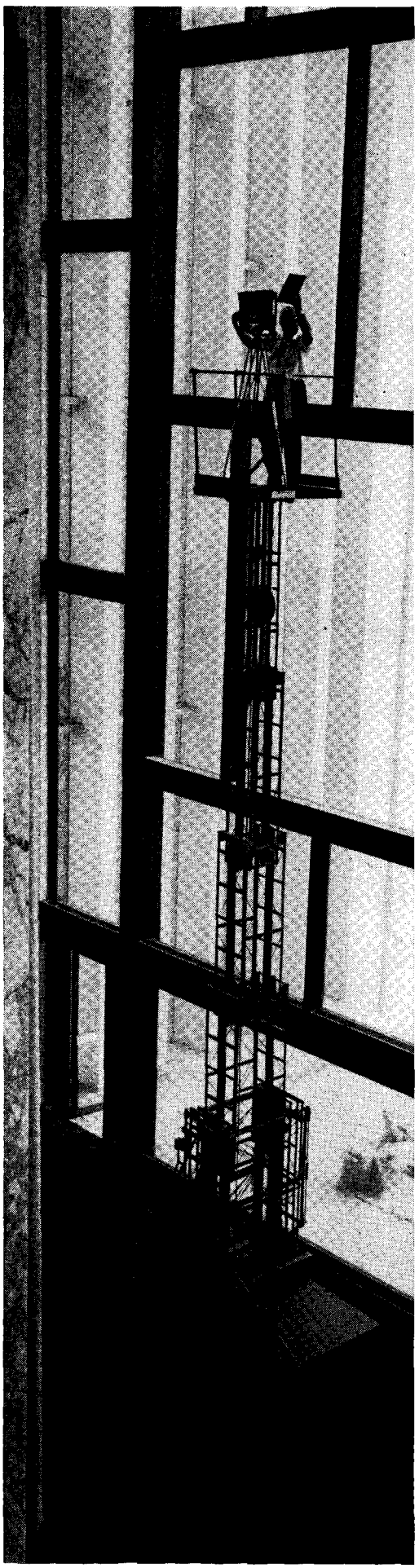
A by-product of the basic project was the creation by Chagall of a 30-by-46-inch poster to commemorate the opening of the new house. Lincoln Center commissioned the Chagall poster as one of a series financed by an Albert L. List Foundation grant. It went on display in New York subways early in September. A limited edition of the poster, which was lithographed in Paris under the artist's supervision, will be offered for sale at a later date.

In addition to the works of Chagall, the new opera house contains a series of Raoul Dufy paintings derived from scene drops from the Gilbert Miller production of Jean Anouilh's *Ring around the Moon;* three sculptures by Maillol; a bronze of Wilhelm Lehmbruck's *Kneeling Woman,* which stands at the head of the grand staircase, as well as many representations of composers and past performers.

—Photos by E. Fred Sher.

The master (left) looks down from the top promenade as the right hand panel (see page 53) is assembled.

Photographer Joseph Costa atop a backstage rig to get an eye level focus for his photographs (see pages 52 and 53).



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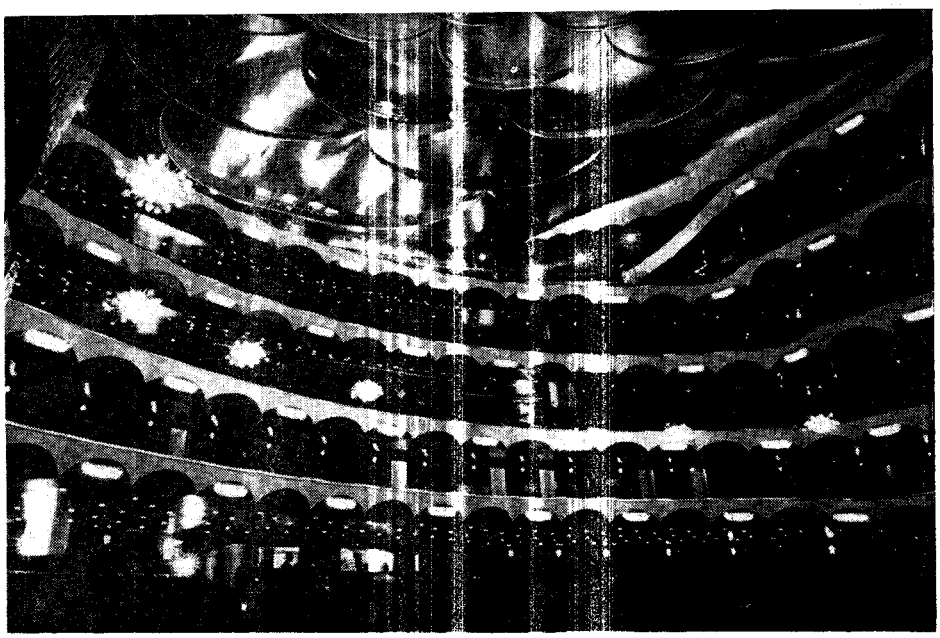
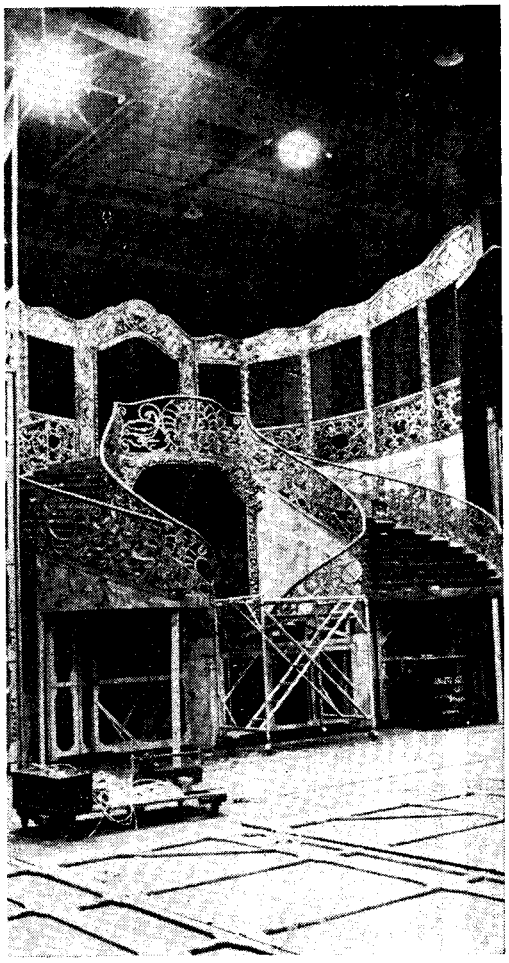


A general view of the auditorium—"a wide arc of rings, or tiers, rising over a broad area of orchestra floor seating.

—Photos by E. Fred Sher.



A staircase for the Cecil Beaton production of *La Traviata* shows the expanse of the side stage on which it can be pre-assembled, then moved into audience view when its turn comes.

Opera

Continued from page 50

of September staring him agonizingly in the face.

Weeks, months passed. No libretto. He probably remembered the long years he had to wait for the completion of the libretto for *Vanessa*. Gian Carlo Menotti had promised it to him and begun writing the first two scenes, which the composer, as eager as he was inexperienced, had at once set to music. The librettist had brought Anatol to the "country home in a North Country," had him announced to the desperately waiting Vanessa, and had put him in a doorway where he stood listening to Vanessa's aria. Then Menotti departed, busy with organizing his summer festival in Spoleto and with writing himself a new opera, and for more than a year Anatol was left standing in that doorway, never moving, and indeed immovable for lack of words. This time, Barber was determined not to be caught without a complete libretto, one that was not in the dreaming but definitely in the on-paper stage. He knew that he could not wait any longer. He had to get his libretto or return the commission to the Met. He proceeded to Italy and went to the little town on the Mediterranean where the elusive Zeffirelli had his villa.

It was now or never and we were waiting nervously for news. Two, three anxious weeks passed without a word. Then a cable arrived, reporting that the visit had been a full success, that the libretto had been completed, and that the composer was returning happy. Later we heard that, after a little initial trouble, he had at last triumphantly penetrated the aura of spectacularity that surrounded the villa, and had succeeded in settling himself and his writer down for many hours of concentrated work day after day. A young lady had typed out page after page in English. Nobody went back to any other *vita* but the one dedicated to the preparation of the libretto for *Antony and Cleopatra*. The draft that Barber brought back from Italy is almost line by line identical with the final version which he set to music.

This was a wonderful point of departure for so painstaking and dedicated a composer. He began writing the first scene with its great choruses, thus setting for himself the mood and the style of the whole work. From then on he jumped once in a while, completing scenes that appealed to him at one particular moment before going back to earlier ones. *Vanessa* had been written, largely, in a studio belonging to the American Academy in Rome, overlooking the city, with a beautiful wooden staircase glued to the old wall of the building leading up to the sun-drenched working room, with all the tempting beauty of Rome at his feet.

Work on *Antony and Cleopatra* was done in the self-imposed retreat of Mount Kisco, in a studio whose picture windows look on the trees and shrubs of Westchester, on a few flowers, and on a little fountain, the only memory of Italy. There is complete stillness, only an occasional bird cry and, perhaps, the very distant drone of the shuttle to Boston. A rigid working schedule was established. Barber would answer the phone only early in the morning or at lunch time. Visitors were discouraged. Mail remained unanswered. His own trips to New York were limited to at best one day a week, a day that would have to cover everything from the den-

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tist to a visit to our office for strategy talks and for the delivery, every few weeks, of another completed scene of the opera.

In a closet built after his specifications he keeps the enormous music sheets, specially printed for him, on which Barber wrote, in pencil, the initial score for piano and voices. By the time he is ready to relinquish a page it is a model of perfection. It is not only checked meticulously for errors, for a wrong or missing rest, for a hemidemiquaver that has a hemi too much or a demi too little —it is also written very clearly in an interesting, original, yet very legible hand and it is completely ready for the copyist and the printer. It is the first, and at the same time, the final and definitive draft of the music.

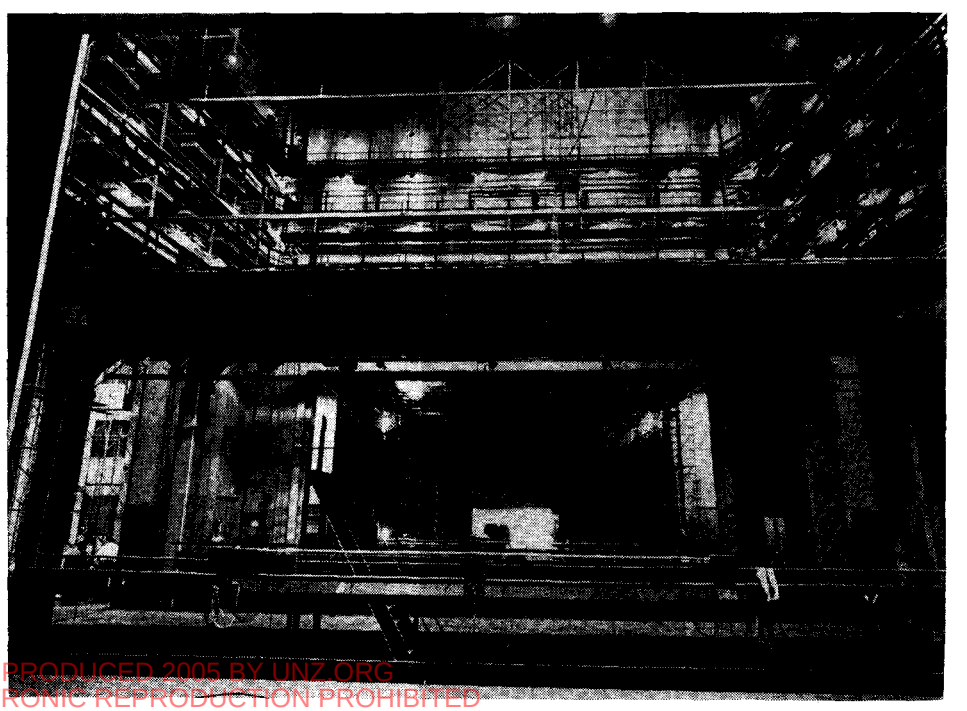
Now that the score is completed, the production mounted, the opera printed and recorded and everything that once seemed so tentative, so full of pitfalls, is here and present, we still thrive on the excitement that filled us for so many months—no, come to think of it, for years. The anxious waiting for the libretto. The music arriving from Mount Kisco, scene after scene, sometimes by mysterious messengers who would leave a carefully wrapped huge parcel during lunch hour on our desk, more often than not by the composer himself who would rush in—always hatless, mostly coatless—and leave the package on a corner table of the office, almost embarrassed, not even permitting us to open and glance at it in his presence, rather talking about other things: the delay in the arrival of the new servants from Italy, a sick dog, a letter he had received from Russia, which one of our editors, a Russian-speaking Czech, was to translate for him, or just a little gossip. And then Mr. Wolf, the immaculate copyist, who is kept in perpetual servitude as Barber's court copyist (and whose revolutionary departure on a vacation between Act II and III of *A & C* caused one of the major crises in the history of opera), arriving to pick up the delivered pages and returning them within an incredibly short time beautifully transcribed in India ink.

Original copy going back to the eagle-eyed composer at last, scene after scene to the Met, to the singers, the designers, the choreographer, the chorus, which was promised the music by February 15 and which indeed had it on February 15. The first run-through of the work by a junior cast at the RCA studios in New York. The first complete rendition with chorus and soloists on the roof stage of the old opera house on Broadway, the old rickety elevator releasing celebrity after celebrity on each of its arduous trips, with Kurt Adler conducting the chorus from an improvised throne, a coach playing the music on an old upright piano, sometimes replaced by the composer himself, and with all the dignitaries of the Met crowding around the piano on dangerously dilapidated chairs.

And then, the publication of the score which we had set our heart on having before the public on opening night. When we mentioned the plan to Barber, about a year earlier, he was horrified: "Don't even talk to me about it—I can't possibly think of publication—I have to write an opera—I'll let you know when I am ready." So word went promptly out to the staff to proceed and everyone was sworn to secrecy. Then, many months later, and many, many months too late to plan and execute the publication had we heeded the composer's dictum, he came in one morning and told us that now, now at last, he would give us the green light to prepare the score for the engraver. "Would you like to see the finished proofs?" we asked him, pulling the completed score from the secret drawer in one of the great triumphs of our life. Barber took it with graceful admiration, smiled, and rushed away.

(Above) A broad perspective of the promenade on the grand tier level. The vista is north, taking in the main staircase and several of the Lobmeyr crystal chandeliers donated by the Austrian government.

(Below) A view through the stage from the auditorium. In the foreground, one of the main stage elevators is at maximum height. In the distance, the sliding panels through which trucking deliveries may be made are open. At left, the south side stage is visible.



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Music on Blue Note

WHEN Blue Note Records was founded twenty-seven years ago, it was one of about three independent labels exclusively devoted to jazz. The company was at first the part-time project of Alfred Lion, together with his associate, Frank Wolff. Its earliest sessions included Sidney Bechet, on recordings that are still in print, and boogie-woogie piano solos by Mead Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons, and Pete Johnson. Those latter recordings are, unfortunately, no longer in print, but it was their popularity which made Blue Note a full-time proposition.

Blue Note recorded guitarist Charlie Christian when Christian was easily the most advanced instrumentalist in jazz. But it was not until 1947, a few years after modern jazz began to reach records, that Blue Note began working with modernists such as trumpeter Fats Navarro, composer Tadd Dameron, and pianists Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk, in sessions that, now transferred to 12-inch LPs, are among the glories of the Blue Note catalogue.

Similarly, the label has approached the new thing, avant-garde music of the 1960s, with a bit of caution. It had an able second-generation modernist, Jacke MacLean, under contract, and when MacLean moved into freely modal experimental areas, Blue Note recorded the results. As the label continued to sign promising young talent, it inevitably recorded the new music as played by younger men such as pianist Andrew Hill, trombonist Gracham Moncur III, vibist Bobby Hutcherson and others. By 1966, however, Blue Note had signed such leaders of the movement as pianist Cecil Taylor and alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman. Coleman's first Blue Note releases, as already noted in this space, are excellent, but so far there are no releases by Taylor.

Three recent Blue Note albums are by musicians directly associated with the ensemble of Miles Davis. *Spring* (Blue Note 4216) is led by Davis's young drummer, Anthony Williams. *Speak No Evil* (4194) is by his current tenor saxophonist, Wayne Shorter. The pianist on both of those albums is Davis's man Herbie Hancock, and on *Maiden Voyage* (4195) Hancock leads the Davis rhythm section—former Davis saxophonist George Coleman, and trumpeter Freddie Hubbard.

But the question of sidemen does not end the matter, for a great deal of this music stems directly and indirectly from the more experimental pieces in the Davis repertory of the past few years, pieces such as "Milestones" (on Columbia CL 1193), pieces like those on the enormously influential *Kind of Blue* LP (Columbia CL 1355) by Davis and featuring John Coltrane, and pieces like those contributed by Shorter and Williams to the more recent (and I think less successful) Davis recording *E.S.P.* (Columbia CL 2350). The familiarity of those Davis records, and the subsequent exploration that Coltrane, particularly, has given to some of their ideas, gives some of the music on these Blue Note LPs an air of *déjà entendu.*

For me, much of it also has the air of calculated experiment without complete artistic success. Wayne Shorter, for one, is clearly Davis's best saxophonist in many years and a dedicated musician, but—at least on records—he has never realized the talent and potential that are clearly implicit in almost everything he does. There is one particularly heartening moment on his LP, however, a slow-ballad called "Infant Eyes," which shows Shorter undertaking a mood that some young saxophonists seem almost afraid of.

There is a great deal to say about young Anthony Williams and I have said some of it in this space before. For now I will mention only that, while still under twenty, he had an astonishing resourcefulness and originality on his cymbals that, in itself, should grant him leadership among jazz drummers. Freddie Hubbard is unquestionably a fine trumpet player, but the most encouraging thing about his performance here is the evidence, asserted most clearly on a piece called "Survival of the Fittest," that he has broken away from his influences and is forming, particularly in rhythm, a personal and truly contemporary trumpet style. Hancock is a skillful pianist, and in the past some of his recorded performances have been conceived with real daring, but I confess that for me the results are sometimes bland. Perhaps in him the "new thing" has found, if not its Ahmad Jamal, then its Billy Taylor.

Anthony Williams—"astonishing resourcefulness and originality."

By far the most interesting of the Blue Note releases under review is *Complete Communion* (4226) by Ornette Coleman's ex-partner, cornetist Don Cherry, with Argentinian Leandro Barbieri on tenor saxophone, Henry Grimes on bass, and Ed Blackwell on drums. The LP offers two long, four-part works, "Eliphantasy" and a more successful title piece, "Complete Communion."

Cherry has used his four instruments resourcefully and imaginatively. Each of the horns, as in Coleman's music, is allowed to interpret even a written passage so that in a "unison" ensemble the enunciation of a theme may be simultaneously varied. Cherry also uses counterpoint, written and improvised; he uses both the bass and the drums melodically, and the players respond marvelously. His themes and his improvised sections change tempo and flow logically one to the next; little phrases from each part of the work echo through the rest of it. The solos are frequent but relatively brief, and some of them do rush toward their climaxes a bit prematurely. But in "Complete Communion," Cherry, one of the prime movers on his instrument in contemporary jazz, has offered one of the new music's most interesting efforts at extended composition, a work of many delights, indicative, I hope, of more delights to come.

So far I have been speaking of recording from a label which has maintained its independence for over a quarter of a century. But it was recently announced that that independence has come to an end and that Blue Note has been bought by the expanding West Coast label, Liberty. Blue Note insists on its continuing autonomy in policy. One therefore can hope for the best, the best being that it does hang onto Coleman and Taylor and the others, and record them as they wish to be recorded. For, some day, the results will probably be among the established glories of the catalogue, just as those mid-Forties modern sessions are now.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Opera in Chicago

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THE HISTORY of operatic performance in Chicago could be made the subject of a first-rate book: the story is long and very rich. It was the subject of three earlier publications: Karleton Hackett's *The Beginnings of Grand Opera in Chicago* (1913); Edward C. Moore's *Forty Years of Opera in Chicago* (1930); and C. J. Bulliet's privately published, undated pamphlet, "How Grand Opera Came to Chicago." One description can cover them all. As reading matter, they are crammed with colorful data and opinions awkwardly and insufficiently dealt with; as reference books, they are all but useless because of insufficient or non-existent indexing and other editorial machinery. To them now is added Ronald L. Davis's *Opera in Chicago* (Appleton-Century, 393 pp., $12.45).

And, alas, the description fits this book, too.

Thirty-eight pages suffice Mr. Davis for the entire history of operatic performance in Chicago prior to the inauguration of the Auditorium Theater on December 9, 1889. Thereafter, in 228 pages he writes about seventy-six years of opera in that wonderful theater and the less wonderful Civic Opera House on Wacker Drive. The result is more like the skeleton than the fleshed, living body of a history.

Davis's tone, much too often jocular and doggedly "sophisticated," is set by his fourteen chapter titles, which are infuriating because they are unhelpful and egregious. Used as running-heads, such chapter titles as "A Cat Came Fiddling Out of a Barn" and "Humpty Dumpty Had a Great Fall" occupy space that certainly should have been used for telling the reader what season or year he is in. Dates are much, much too few. Short of thumbing through the book and looking carefully, one cannot, therefore, locate—in a history—a season or a year.

Accuracy in factual detail seems blessedly high (though one is astonished to find Gladys Swarthout of Deepwater, Missouri, referred to as "a young Chicago girl"). What has faltered is judgment, particularly in the matter of proportion. Many lines given to smart chitchat should have been devoted to real history, information, and insight. From page 271 to page 383, Davis has supplied a list of all operas presented by resident Chicago companies from November 3, 1910, through December 8, 1965—with last names only of conductors and casts (most of whose first names are nowhere in the book). And then (pages 384-393, with no more than 600 entries) comes what ought to have been the most useful part of the book, but is next to useless: the index, even more skeletonic than the text. The information and guidance not to be found in it are precisely what most users of such a book need and seek.

Without doing work that Davis should have done, it is impossible to learn from his book, for example, during what seasons an opera was presented, or which of a composer's operas have been sung at all. The names of composers, in fact, do not occur in the index. It seems inconceivable that the index to a history of opera in Chicago should not mention Giacomo Puccini, Richard Strauss, Giuseppe Verdi, or Richard Wagner, but this index does not mention them. Worse, if one cannot recall the name of the opera by Vittorio Giannini of which the Lyric Opera gave the world premiere, the fact that Giannini's name is not indexed prevents one from locating it—or him—in the text. The indexer (prejudiced against sopranos?) offers us "Antoine, Joseph" for Josephine Antoine and—my personal favorite—"Jeritza, Mario" for Maria Jeritza.

THOSE who remember the Chicago opera companies' genuinely glorious past (which during my university days meant a widely comprehensive repertoire, including the French, and such singers as Chaliapin, Garden, Muzio, Raisa, and Schipa) and who have envied Chicago much of what the Lyric Opera has been offering it in recent years, will want to put *Opera in Chicago* on their bookshelves despite its irksome lacks and flaws. But the report has to be that for the fourth time a unique opportunity has been reached for and fumbled.

The Glorious Past

Amelita Galli-Curci in "Dinorah."

Auditorium Theater—seventy-six years of opera in 228 pages.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Count Basie: *Inside Basie Outside*. Basie, piano, with 15-piece band. VSP-12, $2.49; stereo, VSPS-12, $2.49. Frank Sinatra: *Sinatra at the Sands*. Sinatra, vocal; Bill Miller, piano; Count Basie, piano, and his band. Reprise 2F-1019 (two records), $9.96; stereo, $11.96.	The VSP is one of the best of that label's many reissues from the Verve catalogue. All the arrangements except one are by Ernie Wilkins, whose work for Basie was somewhat overshadowed at the time by the greater popular success of Neal Hefti. Well recorded and played, the performances show how admirably Wilkins's thinking suited the Basie band. The slow "Blues Inside Out," with a long, colorful clarinet solo by Marshall Royal and telling muted trumpet by Joe Newman, is particularly attractive. The first side, recorded at Newport in 1957, introduces Lester Young, Illinois Jacquet, and Roy Eldridge in "One O'Clock Jump," the Basie theme that recurs frequently—and briefly—in the two-record Reprise set. Sinatra sings his hit songs and delivers overlong monologues before an idolatrous Las Vegas crowd. Conducted by Quincy Jones, the Basie band accompanies with apparent enthusiasm, and is even permitted a couple of instrumentals—"Makin' Whoopee," (featuring Al Grey's plunger-muted trombone) and "All of Me."
George Benson: *It's Uptown*. Benson, guitar and vocal; Ron Cuber, baritone saxophone; Lonnie Smith, organ; Jimmy Lovelace or Ray Lucas, drums. Columbia CL 2525, $3.79; stereo CS 9325, $4.79.	Benson was formerly to be heard on several Prestige records by Jack McDuff and on one under his own name (7310). This album, with his own new group, surpasses any of them, and not merely because of the greater freedom afforded by leadership. Although the organist is a wildly exciting musician, and Ron Cuber a vigorous, driving baritone saxophonist, the leader's guitar is always the heart of the matter. It is perhaps not too much to claim that Benson's is the most vital new talent to emerge on his instrument since Charlie Christian's. He improvises imaginatively and swings intensely in a straight jazz vein, but his flamenco-like work on the evocative "Bullfight" is also extremely impressive. Even more significant is the way the group manages to synthesize jazz tastefully with the rhythmic patterns of rock-'n'-roll. A performance like "Jaguar" should enchant both camps.
Nat "King" Cole: *The Vintage Years*. Cole, piano and vocal; Oscar Moore, guitar; Johnny Miller, bass. Capitol T 2529, mono only, $3.79.	A welcome companion to *Easy Listening* (T 2311), this set includes such famous hits as "The Frim Fram Sauce" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." They suggest that ultimately the trio will outlast all those best-selling vocals in gaudy Hollywood settings that diverted Cole from jazz. The combination of piano, bass, and guitar is far more rewarding musically than the more common one of piano, bass, and drums. The singing remains agreeable twenty years later and so do the relaxed, cheerful solos by Cole and Moore. Like many other new albums, this one contains only eleven numbers instead of twelve. Could shorter long-playing albums be a temporary, "wartime" measure?
Dexter Gordon: *Gettin' Around*. Gordon, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Barry Harris, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Blue Note 4204, $4.79; stereo 84204, $5.79.	Although he later came under the influence of Charlie Parker, Gordon was originally a disciple of Lester Young, and his references to the latter account for some of the set's best moments. On "Manha de Carnaval," he plays confidently, with relaxed lyricism and a refusal to be hurried by anything. This is followed by yet another dire version of the lachrymose "Who Can I Turn To?" but an interesting revival of "Heartaches" completes the side. Frank Foster's "Shiny Stockings," which opens the second, is altogether better in terms of material and tempo, the pretty chords underneath seeming to summon Gordon into an easier and less contrived form of expression. The accompaniment is generally sympathetic, and there are several fine solos by Barry Harris, who ought to be making records under his own name.
Richard "Groove" Holmes: *Living Soul*. Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; George Randall, drums. Prestige 7468. Brother Jack McDuff: *Walk On By*. McDuff, organ; Red Holloway or Harold Ousley, tenor saxophone; Pat Azzara, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums. Prestige 7476, mono and stereo, $4.79. Big John Patton: *Got a Good Thing Going*. Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Hugh Walker, drums; Richard Landrum, conga. Blue Note 4229. Larry Young: *Unity*. Young, organ; Woody Shaw, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Elvin Jones, drums. Blue Note 4221, $4.79; stereo 84221, $5.79.	Forgetting for the moment such acknowledged leaders as Wild Bill Davis, Jimmy Smith, and Shirley Scott, these albums provide a kind of cross-section of where the real action is in "soul" music. The level of playing in groups of this kind has risen considerably, although the emphasis continues to be placed on a strong beat and excitement. Whether or not one likes the organ's sound, it is inescapable that this is where frenzied swinging is still at a premium. The context is also agreeably productive of interesting guitar players. McDuff has not found an entirely adequate replacement for George Benson in Azzara, but he and drummer Dukes maintain a good foundation throughout a surprisingly varied program. Richard Holmes, on the other hand, has a very capable musician in Gene Edwards, and Grant Green is at his formidable best on Patton's album, which is basic, but musical, and full of movement. Young's set is more diffuse rhythmically, but altogether more adventurous. Some of Henderson's wilder flights are worthy of the avant-garde, although his typhonic approach to "Softly As a Morning Sunrise" has its points. Easier to live with is "Monk's Dream," which Young plays with accompaniment by Elvin Jones only.
John Lee Hooker: *And Seven Nights*. Hooker, vocal and guitar; with unidentified piano, organ, guitar and drums. Verve-Folkways FT 3003, $4.79; stereo, FTS 3003 $5.79.	It is customary to differentiate between those who sing and those who shout the blues. Hooker really does neither, and might well be described as a blues chanter. Nearly eighteen years have passed since he made his first records in Detroit, but his intimate, half-conversational delivery wears well because of its manifest sincerity. An individual guitar style, allied to a resolutely simple—but equally individual—drop beat, still contains lessons for the average jazz performer, who increasingly neglects dramatic coloring and dynamics. The eleven songs, all by Hooker, include "Waterfront," which is a kind of blues reverie possibly inspired by, but harmonically unrelated to, "I Cover the Waterfront." Verve-Folkways is remiss in not identifying the able accompanists.
King Oliver: *King Oliver in New York*. Oliver, trumpet, with nine- and ten-piece bands. RCA Victor LPV 529, mono only, $4.79.	Selected and annotated by Martin Williams, the sixteen titles in this set were made in 1929-30 when King Oliver was in New York. It was a transitional period in jazz, the New Orleans idiom and instrumentation which he had done so much to make famous being already superseded in public favor by those of the big bands. The arrangements and larger group Oliver now used were a form of compromise, but the records ill deserved the neglect awaiting them. Some of this was due to the uncertainty, which still obviously prevails, as to the identity of the trumpet soloists. Trouble with his teeth and gums caused Oliver to rely on such players as Bubber Miley, Red Allen, and Dave Nelson, all three of whom are heard here. The happiest track and tempo for Oliver is "New Orleans Shout," where he is heard both open and muted.
Jabbo Smith: *The Trumpet Ace of the '20s*. Smith, trumpet, trombone and vocal, with trio, quartet, and Charlie Johnson's 12-piece band. Melodeon 7326 and 7327, mono only, $4.98 each. (Obtainable from Spottswood Music Co., Box 7102, Arlington, Virginia 22207.)	Jabbo Smith was Brunswick's answer to Okeh back in the days when Louis Armstrong was the latter label's hottest property. Smith modeled his style on Armstrong's, but he was a much less consistent player. All nineteen of the issued titles that he made for Brunswick are included here, plus two with Ikey Robinson's quartet and two with Charlie Johnson's band. Some nine numbers by groups under the leadership of Alex Hill and Lloyd Smith have also been unaccountably included, for the trumpeter does not play on any of them. The main interest therefore attaches to the tracks by Jabbo Smith's Rhythm Aces, particularly those on which clarinetist Omer Simeon and the Hines-inspired pianist, Cassino Simpson, are heard. There is no trombone, except where Smith demonstrates his versatility on "Lina Blues," but otherwise there is a striking resemblance to Armstrong's Hot Five, even down to the absence of drums. The transfers are good, and in all but one case they have been made from clean 78s. The notes are very informative and contain much original material. —STANLEY DANCE.

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The Works of Marx

By KENNETH REXROTH

IS MARX a classic? Today most modern economists and sociologists, including many serious Marxists, consider the theoretical system of Karl Marx, as a scientific structure, either a failure or no longer relevant. Yet more people live under Marxism as official state-established doctrine than live under all other orthodoxies put together. More men live in Marxist states today than had lived in all organized states from the Neolithic era to the birth of Marx.

The number of adherents to a doctrine do not make its basic documents classics. We do not consider the multiplication table or the metric system classics. Where Marx competes with mathematics, history—to which he made his appeal—has proved his axioms, propositions, and assumptions false as a coherent system. In the economically more advanced capitalist societies the material misery of the working class has not increased. The workers have not become more revolutionary. Economic crises of ever-increasing frequency and severity have not occurred for a generation. *Laissez-faire* has disappeared, and even minor economic relationships are subject to government and corporation planning. The more industrially advanced societies have been, the less their labor movements have been influenced significantly by Marxism and the more rapidly they have moved away from class conflict.

The economic interpretation of history or of current events has been successful only when so qualified as to no longer be the comparatively simple tool Marx and Engels imagined they had forged. The simple triadic structure of the Hegelian dialectic has been abandoned by all but the most naïve dialectical materialists. Even orthodox Marxists obviously think pluralistically, polyvalently, and then cast their ideas into the grammar of dialectic. In the Marxist states the working class has not established the dictatorship of the proletariat. On the contrary, its workers have less influence on government than workers do in the United States.

It is true that there are Marxist arguments that explain away each of these dilemmas separately. If only one or two points were apparently false, the entire system might be saved by doctoring them. But when all have become so evidently dubious to the unprejudiced observer, the structure has obviously disintegrated. Marxism is not classic in the sense that the works of Darwin, Newton, or Euclid are classic. Yet Marxism is not only enforced by law over a third of the earth's surface, but is passionately believed in by millions who are subject to no coercion whatever.

I suppose a classic in the common sense of the word is a literary work that is universally accepted for its esthetic merits, moral insight, relevance to the human condition. It is in this stricter sense that *Das Kapital* and *The Communist Manifesto* are classics. Significantly, as brute facts moving in the course of history have invalidated much Marxist economics as science, the defense of Marxism has shifted to the writings of the young Marx, particularly to the *Economic and Philosophical Notebooks of 1844*. As critics have pointed out that the socialization of production and distribution in the Communist countries has not done away with alienation, but on the contrary seems to be increasing it even over that which prevails in the capitalist countries, the defense of Marxism has shifted to the doctrine of alienation itself.

The Communist Manifesto is far from being a practicable program for today. As a friend of mine once said, Hitler immediately realized all the emergency programs of *The Manifesto*, and, in addition, made May Day a legal holiday. *The Manifesto* is relevant because it is a symbolic criticism of values. Its appeal is of the same nature as a poem or play. It is a dramatic objectification of conflicts and dilemmas and denouements which are interior. The irreducible structure of the Marxist myth is self-evidently that: a myth, a final eschatology—the Fire of Revolution, the Judgment of Proletarian Dictatorship and Terror, the Second Coming, when the Golden Age of primitive communism will return unimaginably glorified in a new kingdom of brotherly love and divinization of Man.

One of the characteristics of organized Marxism is its melodramatization of life: The faithful live in a state of subjective apocalypse, an interior vision, which transforms all exterior reality, so that Man seems to be, in the most trivial affairs, in boring and inefficient meetings and humdrum tasks, an active participant in the conflict of immense metaphysical entities incarnated in himself, his comrades, and their enemies.

It is impossible to understand the literature of the Capitalist Epoch without understanding the alienation which is characteristic of it and which is shared by all its major writers. Marx, Nietszche, Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky deal most explicitly with the alienation which finds symbolic expression in Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Henry James.

The young Marx started with the assumption that all labor is alienated and that genuine self-activity, liberated by revolution, would be a manifold esthetic creativity ultimately surpassing, for every man, that of the greatest artists. On the eve of the 1848 revolutions he dropped the term because of its Hegelian metaphysical connections. From the

(*Continued on page* 98)

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Whither Cable TV?

IF YOU PURCHASED an all-channel television receiver during the past two years, it is capable of tuning to eighty-two different channels. Yet even if you live in New York City or Los Angeles you can receive only seven stations. Why are seventy-five channels wasted?

The Federal Communications Commission is promoting the growth of ultra high frequency (UHF) stations in the band of channels above No. 13, but even under optimum economic conditions only a few more UHF channels could be added in each television "market area." A more dramatic way of achieving full set efficiency is Community Antenna Television (CATV), also known as "cable" or "wire" TV [see "The Coming Cable TV War," *SR*, June 11]. A CATV system operator merely lengthens the wire from your tuner to your antenna to reach a whopping big master antenna atop a high hill in your vicinity, where he pulls in, off the air or by microwave relay, or even by other wires, the signals of stations that you can't receive adequately. The signals are free of distortion, fading, ghosts, etc., the color is superior and more stable, and you pay for this maintained service an average installation charge of $25, plus an average monthly rate of $5.

Viewers first began paying for such CATV service in Lansford, Pennsylvania, in 1950. Now, one survey estimates there are 1,950 CATV systems, with 2,500,000 subscribers, and these systems earn an annual revenue of $153 million. Investment bankers are eager to supply capital funds to new entrepreneurs entering the CATV field. And the state of the art has advanced to the point where the Jerrold Corporation, the nation's leading manufacturer of CATV system equipment, supplies twelve channels, is reported ready with twenty channels, and predicts the feasibility of systems offering as many channels as the public may desire.

Commercial broadcasters welcomed CATV as a supplementary service in its early period. It magnified the size of the audiences that individual stations could deliver to sponsors. But as the appetites of viewers grew, broadcasters saw a danger and became alarmed. If viewers can watch more stations, the audience may be fragmented, sponsors may drop stations from their advertising schedules or pay stations less for their smaller audiences. Moreover, CATV, born and developed in smaller communities, is now reaching into the larger cities—the so-called "top 100 markets." If big-city viewers take to CATV as their town counterparts did, the revenue from metropolitan CATV, say the broadcasters, is potentially so great that the wire operators may eventually outbid the off-the-air distributors for programs. The parasite (CATV), feeding off the host (broadcasting), may itself become the host, with the broadcasters eliminated or relegated to a minor position, supplying rural areas where the density of homes is not great enough to support a CATV system.

What has been the Federal Communications Commission's position?

Like everyone else, the FCC failed to measure CATV correctly. In 1959, the commission refused to accept jurisdiction over the system, its responsibility being limited to over-the-air television. Now it claims jurisdiction, and it has asked Congress to pass a bill confirming its authority (the bill is in the House of Representatives now, with little likelihood of its being passed at this session of Congress). CATV interests hope to delay it, and fashion it closer to their wishes, while they try to "awaken the viewers to the bill's intrusion of the public's rights."

The bill essentially protects local stations from distant, big-city signal competition, and halts CATV at the threshold of the top 100 markets, where 90 per cent of the TV homes are located. At the same time, provisions are being written into the new copyright law that will require CATV operators to bargain with program owners for distribution rights in competition with conventional broadcasters. The FCC (as all regulatory agencies tend to do) appears to be protecting the status quo and seeks to keep CATV, at least for the near future, as a supplementary service. The commission asserts it is not against change, but wants to make sure the change is "orderly." The industry itself is split over CATV's future. Leading broadcast groups, including the networks, are scrambling for CATV properties. All smell the coin and are hedging their bets to be there if and when the action happens.

The FCC makes much of the necessity of preserving "local service," but CATV people promise local service in a big way—a multiplicity of channels available not only for mainstream enter-

(*Continued on page* 100)

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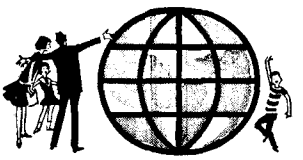

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Inglese Spoken Here

(Horace Sutton is on vacation. His column will be resumed in the issue of October 1.)

NOW THAT ENGLISH shows every sign of becoming an international language, most Americans see before them a brave new world of travel ease. They grow ecstatic as they picture an English-speaking waiter in every restaurant, an English-speaking driver in every cab, and an English-speaking direction-giver on every street corner. Not I. The whole prospect fills me with dismay. No good can possibly come of it.

It's not that my linguistic accomplishments put me in a class apart. On the contrary. I know only classroom French, Late-Late-Show German, Dante's inscription over the gates of hell, and the words to *La Cucaracha*. Yet I never have the slightest difficulty getting along in any foreign country, except when I run afoul of someone who "speaks English."

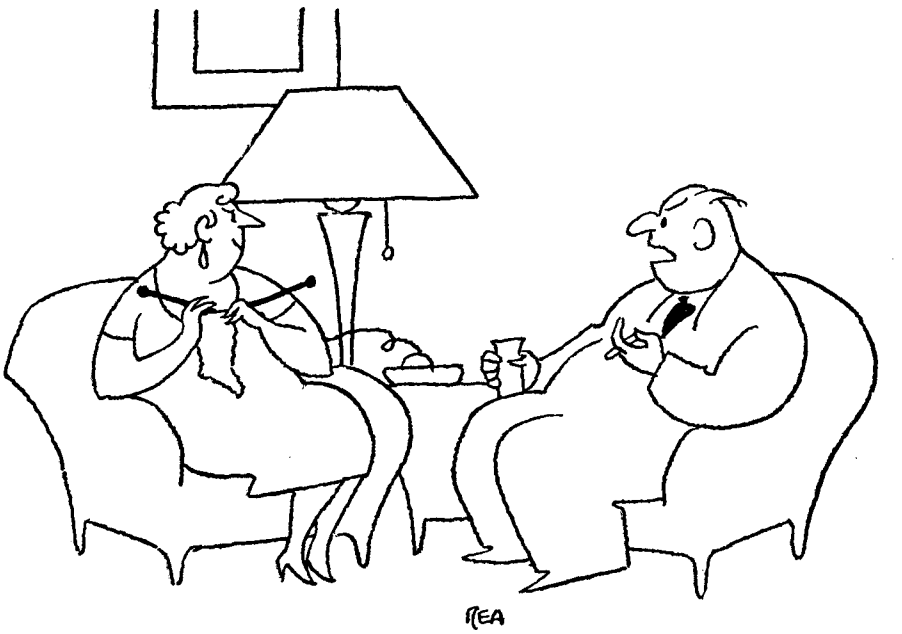
My first memorable English-speaker was a cab driver in Mexico City. He picked me up in front of my hotel—one famous for its drip-dry facilities and sterilized lettuce. Before assisting me into the taxi, he wrung his cap and inquired if I would mind if he "paracteesed Eengleesh" for me "wile we rod." I said I wouldn't mind a bit, and all the way down the Reforma he "paracteesed."

It warmed my heart to hear him tell of his ambitions to better himself by becoming a "geed to show the sights of the toureests." At the end of the trip, I gave him an extra big tip to encourage him in his studies.

I was still glowing from this human little hands-across-the-border experience when I took the same route back to the hotel. This time I had a morose driver who sucked a toothpick and uttered not a word during the trip. At its conclusion, by holding up fingers and adding the word *pesos*, he communicated the amount of the fare—exactly half that which the linguist had charged.

Now I don't mean to imply by this that only people with larcenous intent learn English. Not at all. Many of the English-speakers are kindness and honesty itself. One Sunday morning after having tramped through the Sacré Coeur-Montmartre area, I stood panting at the top of the long flight of stairs leading toward the rue Lepic. While resting, I opened my *Guide Michelin* to check the address of the restaurant I had picked out for lunch. When I looked up, I saw a little old lady in black hobbling toward me.

"You are lost," she stated, a smile



"It's not just my own secretary either. All the secretaries at the office think you don't understand me."

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flooding her wrinkled face. "I help you. I speak English."

"Thank you," I said, "but I'm not lost. I was just looking up the street number of the restaurant where I'm going for lunch."

"You want the lunch? You go to the Place du Tertre. Many restaurant there. Many artist paint. The tourist like."

"I've just come from there, thank you very much. I'm going to the rue Lepic now."

She frowned. "Oh, no. Place du Tertre is not with the rue Lepic. It is in the just different direction. Come. I show you."

She clamped her small hand upon my wrist and pulled me in the just different direction from where I wanted to go. To my each sound of protest she replied warmly, "It is no trouble. I am happy to to help the lost tourist."

Of course, the most English-speaking breed of them all are the waiters. Not satisfied with the classic "Is good?" and "Ice cream?" the majority of them plunge recklessly into the shark-infested depths of the language. After insisting that you order in English, they nod and smile and say "OK" and then bring you a meal totally unrelated to what you asked for. Or, even worse, they turn your dining experience into a private Berlitz session. Once, in Toulouse, at the end of a long August day of competing for train seats with French vacationists, I wanted nothing more than a quiet dinner and ten hours of sleep. I had been in the country for a month, and was by that time fairly well able to cope with restaurant French. Therefore, when I expected the ordering ritual to begin with "*Un apéritif?*" or "*Madame désire?*" I was taken aback to hear flowing from the waiter's lips a language which bore no resemblance to any French I had ever heard. At first, I thought he might be speaking Languedoc or Basque, but as he kept repeating the phrases, each time louder and slower, it finally came through that he was speaking English.

"I learn without book or school," he explained. "Tourist my teacher. *You* my teacher. You teach me English words."

I nodded dumbly.

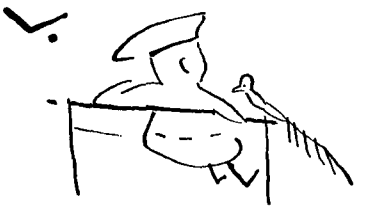
"Thees," he began, pointing to *foie gras* on the menu, "How you say?"

"Goose liver."

"Gooze leever," he repeated carefully. "You want gooze leever?"

Again I nodded.

We continued in this way through the whole menu. I found myself helplessly ordering all the things he wanted to learn how to say in English. When he brought each dish, he hovered over me, firing questions so rapidly that I could hardly manage to squeeze in a bite between answers. After bringing the main course, he kept repeating a phrase that I couldn't make out at all. When finally I was able to decipher it as, "For to be good, you mus eat wile varee ot," it was too late.



My strength was ebbing fast by the time the dessert arrived. The English lesson had forced upon me a rich *crème de marron*, of which I could eat only three spoonfuls. When the waiter took the still-full plate away, he said sternly, "You are not grade-A." A pretty rotten remark, I thought, considering all the words I had taught him at the cost of enjoying my dinner.

The expression on my face must have conveyed my feelings, for he nervously began to elaborate. "You are not grade-A. You do not eat so much. Not grade-A, not grade-A," he repeated, making fast motions and sounds of eating.

"No, tonight I am not greedy," I said, smiling feebly in appreciation for what must have been intended as a compliment.

At last the coffee came. The cup had its own little filtering apparatus on top, which I started to remove.

"No, no," he said hurriedly. "Is not ready. *Il faut attendre.*" He frowned. "How you say in English *il faut attendre?*"

"You must wait."

He enunciated with particular care. It came out, "You must sweat."

"No, no," I said, "You . . . must . . . *wait*. Here," I took his pad and pencil and wrote out the words.

He read them, and, smiling triumphantly, said, "Oh, I see. Yes! You must wet!" And off he went to the cashier's desk to share with her the latest linguistic coup with which he would impress all future American customers.

Although these experiences are quite bad enough, the place in which I have encountered my greatest difficulties with "English-speaking" people is the British Isles. There, *everyone* is convinced that he speaks English and proceeds to do so, rapidly and with utter disregard for the listener.

No, although I admit that English is a quaint and colorful language, I dread the day when it becomes completely international. When I travel, surround me with people who speak only some obscure Serbo-Croatian dialect and don't even know how to say "OK." With them I know I can communicate.

—Margaret Bennett.

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An Explorer's Guide To England

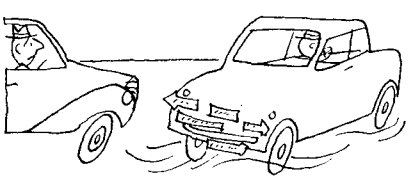
IN PLANNING *your safari to* England, you might profit from a few pointers on how to make your visit to this remote and scenic island more meaningful. The British are a proud people, with an impressive tribal history, and they do not suffer criticism lightly. Centuries of colonialism have left them with an incurable superiority complex. Not that one need fear for one's physical safety. Headhunting has not been practiced in the island since 1649. Still, demonstrations have become commonplace, and one would do well to avoid anything that might cause an uprising.

When in doubt about what to say (*i.e.*, aspersions about plumbing, central heating, etc.), best say nothing. Silence is the *lingua franca* of the country. Shortly after the last Continental war, visitors to Britain found that waving dollar bills was an effective way to pacify the natives. Sophistication has set in, and such tactics today would be considered crude, if not downright inflammatory.

The island has many festivals and fiestas. The biggest one, known as Mods and Rockers Day, is held annually on Bank Holiday in August at the seaside resort of Brighton. Here elaborately festooned young men, costumed in the colorful plumage of their competing tribes, meet for a mock battle, an informal puberty rite in which their womenfolk, clad in heraldic regalia, lend enthusiastic moral support. Guy Fawkes Day, in early November, immortalizes an ancient hot head, and provides the country's yearly substitute for central heating.

Another event, cherished by the youth of the country, is known as Return of The Beatles Day. A moveable feast, marked by great spontaneity, it is celebrated each time the island's leading young warriors return home from a triumphal tour of conquest abroad. It is customary for all followers of the foursome to greet them in matching costumes, similar in style to raiment worn during the reign of Victoria I, beloved tribal goddess of the nineteenth century.

Certain cultural facilities also are available, if one knows where to look. Decorative arts in the island, for exam-



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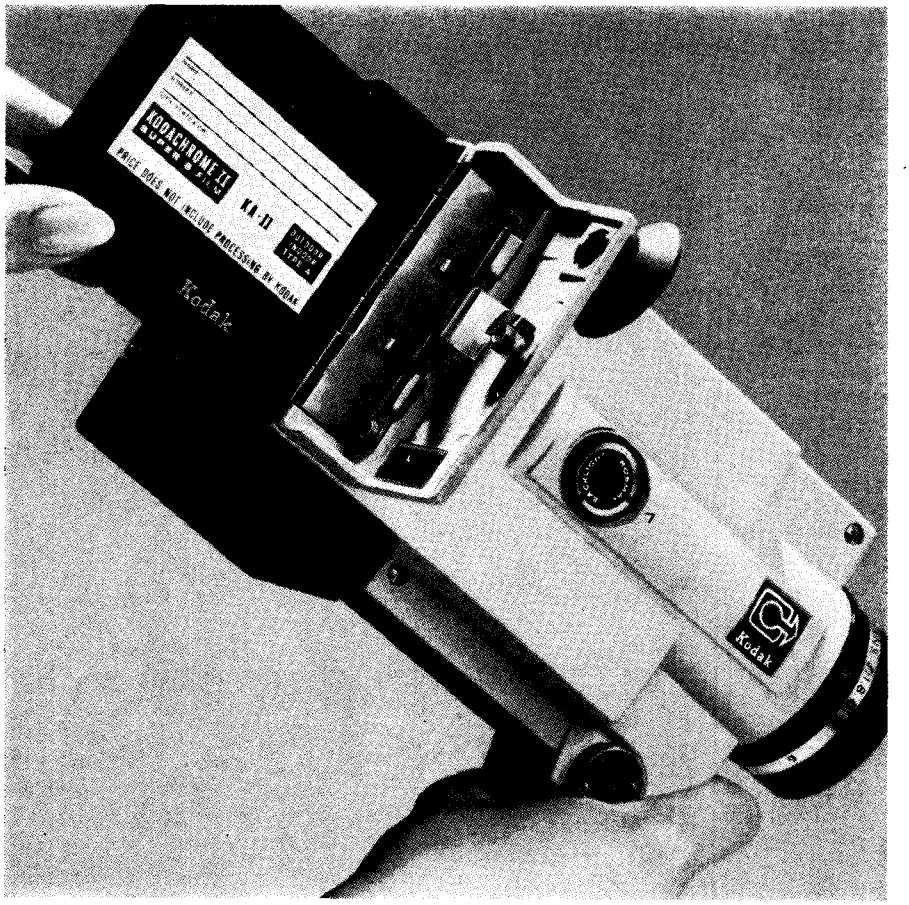

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ple, have always intrigued tourists, who generally are fascinated by the charming naïveté of Royal Doulton and Staffordshire craftsmen. While no cave paintings have yet been unearthed (scholars argue that the caves must be found first), there are a few portraits of village or *barrio* headmen of ancient times. Such portraits may be seen in the headmen's wickiups, known locally as castles.

The island tribes show little inclination toward music as we know it. The older folk, in fact, spend considerable time of an evening listening to the chirping of crickets, while the younger generation prefers strange sounds that issue from bushy-haired young men who play drums and electric guitars. Theater, however, is a popular diversion for the masses, though the curiously archaic language makes it difficult for a foreigner to comprehend the dialogue.

London and nearby hamlets are full of significant sights. In addition to the famous burial mound, Westminster Abbey, one may visit the grave of soothsayer Ian Fleming, also known abroad as James Bond. Not far from London is Hampton Court, the pleasure palace-cum-harem, built for the great chieftain, the Eighth Henry. Stonehenge, prehistoric astrological observatory, is also worth visiting. Members of the Shakespeare sect will want to make the pilgrimage to the Stratford shrine, where the saint's effects have been sacredly encased in amber and Olde Englyse. This brief list of sights may be augmented endlessly by a visit to your cheerful neighborhood British Travel Association.

For three-quarters of the year, the climate approximates that of southern Newfoundland. But spring brings the monsoon season, causing local poets to exclaim, "Oh to be in England, now that April's here . . . at last." When it is not actually raining, a dense fog descends.

Barter has given way to a complex system of coinage, designed by xenophobes in the Exchequer to frustrate foreigners. Due to language and mathematical barriers, it will do you no good to ask, "How much is that in dollars?" You will be better advised to improvise. The simplest way to determine how much to tip your cabbie, for instance, is to ask his age, multiply it by five, subtract his license number, and then give him all the loose silver in your pocket.

Food is more palatable than one might have been led to expect, particularly after viewing the dark, mossy kitchens in which it is prepared. It is customary to soak all edibles in boiling water for at least an hour as a hygienic precaution and to extract all existing flavors, which are believed to be debilitating. If the boiling fails, the food is then piled into pastry tins and buried beneath mortar cases called Krusts, baked, and subsequently allowed to settle several days before eating.

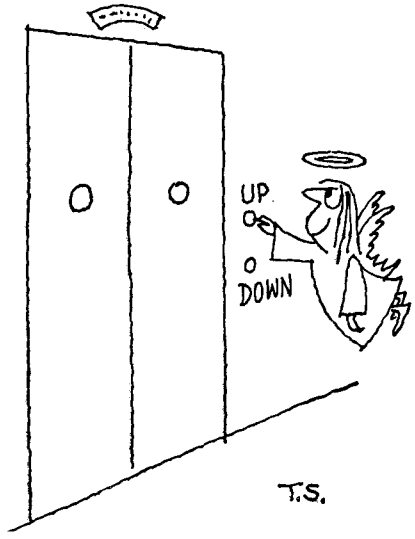
Of late, some of the natives, trained and educated abroad, have opened European-type restaurants, most of which may be found in the foreign compound known as Soho. This is a popular sporting area for tourists (it is Open Season year-round) and for those Britons who have freed themselves of tribal taboos.

For many years Britons assumed the protective coloration of the landscape, a reaction, no doubt, against the days when they painted themselves blue and thus were easy targets for Continental marksmen. Oldsters still cling to their woodsy tweeds, tufty checks, belted jackets, and oxfords. A severe fabric crisis seems to have affected the younger generation, many of whom may be seen making-do with hip-length mini-skirts or various garments of vinyl and other plastic, giving rise to a popular guessing game: He or She?

There are several popular varieties of lodging. In London, you may rent a room in a large hotel for a little less than the cost of the entire building. Or you may choose a rooming house, euphemistically called a B & B (for Bed & Breakfast, or is it Breakfast in Bed?). In the provinces you will want to sample a country inn, which differs slightly from our own motor inns. To qualify as a *bona fide* inn, the establishment must, according to the Bureau of Standards of the National Historic Innkeeping Trust, British Clichés Division, be at least fifty years old but look 100; have at least one set of creaky stairs, preferably in the center hall; perform the tea ceremony punctually each afternoon before a crackling fire in the oak-mantled fireplace; and have on the premises, either as innkeeper or wit-in-residence, one full-time Droll Eccentric.

Bear all this in mind, and there is no reason why your sojourn in this sceptered isle, this blessed plot, this England, should not be a cheery one.

—Patricia Brooks.



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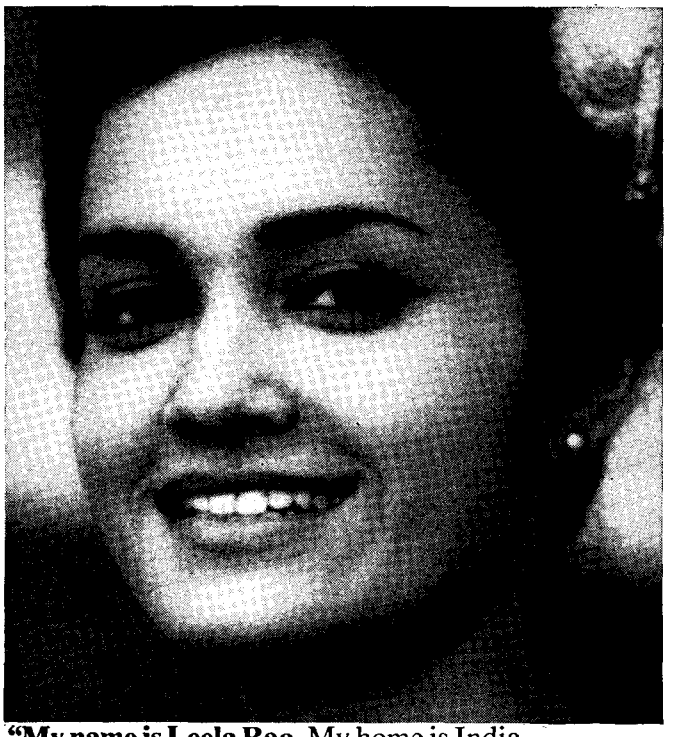
"My name is Messeret Debebe. My home is Ethiopia. I am a tour guide at the UN"



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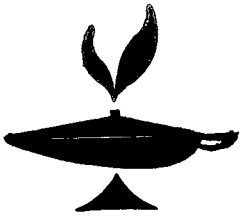

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National Assessment

THE START of the academic year seems an appropriate time to ask just how well our schools are doing. How much do our citizens—the products of public, private, and parochial schools—know about science, mathematics, literature, art, or music? How clearly do they understand the principles of American government and the history of democratic institutions? How many of them can read with understanding and express themselves with clarity? Has their knowledge and understanding improved or deteriorated over the past ten, twenty, or forty years?

The answers to these questions are not at all clear. The widely used standardized tests, including college entrance examinations, offer some clues, but the results are not reported in such a way as to provide a basis for educational planning and reform. Most of the tests are given only to selected populations and are intended for purposes other than that of assessing the outcomes of education. When it is charged that "Johnny can't read," that "Swiss schools are better than ours," or that children are not learning history, the result is endless debate because no one has persuasive evidence based on a nationwide sampling of children and adults, in school and out. It is entirely possible that the facts would astound the critics and provide educators with a sound defense for their schools. But even if the facts should prove discouraging we ought to know what they are.

A well conceived and properly executed assessment could give the nation a better understanding of the strengths and weaknesses of the American educational system. It might provide a more accurate guide than we now possess for the allocation of funds. Eventually it might make possible international comparisons and comparisons over the years.

Such an assessment is no longer an idle dream. Two years ago, the Carnegie Corporation, in cooperation with the U.S. Office of Education, set up an "Exploratory Committee on Assessing the Progress of Education" with Dr. Ralph Tyler, director of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, as chairman. Since that time the committee has held conferences in various parts of the country with school superintendents, teachers, and school board members, and has come to the conclusion that assessment of the progress of American education is desirable and feasible provided that it is done wisely and that it covers the whole range of educational objectives. Plans have been made, and instruments are being developed in seven fields: reading and language arts, science, mathematics, social studies, citizenship, fine arts, and vocational education. On February 12 of this year the Fund for the Advancement of Education made a grant of $496,000 to supplement the $442,900 previously provided by Carnegie.

Although it might be expected that educators would welcome the prospect of having reliable data on the results of their endeavors, many of them have expressed angry opposition to the assessment program. One, writing in the *Educational Forum*, called it a "Recipe for Control by the Few." At the White House Conference on Education of 1965, William Carr, executive secretary of the NEA, in response to the question, "Should there be periodic assessments of American education?" replied, "Yes, and

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this is being done every day by those who should continue to do it, the teachers in the classroom. We should not substitute a national assessment for this." Spokesmen for the Council of State School Officers, the American Association of School Administrators, and the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development have expressed fears that national assessment will lead to a national curriculum and federal control of education.

Such fears indicate a failure to grasp the distinction between probability sampling and every-pupil testing. "This is not a national testing program," says Dr. Tyler. "It is an effort to develop an inventory of educational progress roughly comparable to the Gross National Product, a concept which economists have developed to assess the growth of the American economy. Furthermore, it is not an effort to impose national standards on American education, because we are not engaged in giving marks to individual students, teachers, or school systems. Unlike achievement tests, the instruments we are trying to develop are designed to tell us what proportion of a given age group has mastered certain knowledge or skills that thoughtful educators and lay citizens believe are important for children to learn."

"Because of the absence of dependable data," continues Tyler, "public opinion about the schools is based largely on personal views and popular impressions. This situation will be corrected only by a careful, consistent effort to obtain valid data about the progress of American education."

To obtain such data, the committee plans to assess the educational achievement of a sample of four age levels—nine, thirteen, seventeen, and adult, in four geographic regions—Northeast, South, Midwest, and Far West. In each region the individuals selected will be drawn from urban, suburban, and rural areas and from two socio-economic levels in each community.

Though some of the assessment, particularly that of adults and of adolescent dropouts, will need to be done outside of school, the work of the committee will progress more easily and economically if school facilities can be used. Unfortunately, some administrators already have indicated that they will not cooperate and will not allow members of their staffs to do so.

It is obvious that we need better information about the outcome of our vast educational program. The dangers that the proposed assessment will lead to a national curriculum or to federal control of education seem remote. All that is planned is a collection of evidence to provide a better basis for making educational policy. We should not be afraid to learn the facts. —P.W.

Letters to the Editor

Too Dangerous A Subject?

SOME TIME AGO *SR* published a summary of a forthcoming book *The Historian's Contribution to Anglo-American Misunderstanding* ["History Is a Dangerous Subject," by Ray Allen Billington, *SR*, Jan. 15]. I immediately ordered an advance copy because I felt that it would be one of the important books of the year.

I was so intrigued with its possible influence on teachers that I showed the article to my colleague Hervey Brackbill, who is book editor of the Sunday *Sun* (circulation 343,564). He shared my enthusiasm and requested a review copy. He selected Dr. Stephen E. Ambrose of Johns Hopkins University, who is considered one of the ablest in this field, to review it. He gave him permission to use all of the space he needed. The favorable review was given top billing on the book page.

I purposely have waited before confirming my most dismal feelings about the book's influence upon the teaching profession. I surveyed Baltimore's three largest book outlets—one with five branches and the others with three branches. Except for mine not one book had been ordered.

Yet the Maryland State Teachers Association, whose office is fifty feet from one of our largest book stores, claims a membership of 28,050 out of 34,872 teachers in Maryland. Out of these Baltimore City has 6,894 teachers and 432 teach only history. These figures do not include colleges or private schools.

And this was the crowning blow: Edwin Castagna, director of the Enoch Pratt Free Library and twenty-four branches in Baltimore City, did not see fit to order a single copy, yet he is custodian of 1,761,023 books.

I am now convinced that people would rather be wrong than right. And to think the book is only $3.50, the price of a good Maryland crab cake dinner!

A. AUBREY BODINE,
The *Sun*.

Baltimore, Md.

Points for the Home Team

I READ WITH INTEREST the article, "How the British Score on Us," by Monroe Whitney [*SR*,Aug. 20].

We need to study what is being done in other countries and compare this with our way.

Mr. Whitney does miss the point of the need, in any educational institution, for a department of physical education. The members of this department can provide the leadership for an activity program designed to provide maximum benefits for the student.

EDWARD T. DUNN,
Associate Professor of
Physical Education,
Head Football Coach,
Springfield College.

Springfield, Mass.

I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE that *SR*'s critical articles, whether or not I concur with all or any of their representations, evolve from some depth in experience, observation, research, and reflection. But the article, "How the British Score on Us," undermines my confidence in the authority of text dealing with subjects outside my knowledge.

The institution of intercollegiate athletics, with paid coaches, by its very existence is bound to give rise to abuses. To err is human: it's as simple as that. But Monroe Whitney too readily confuses the incidence of abuse with the essence of the establishment. Quoting the Carnegie Corporation on American college athletics, he states one side of the case only. A scholarly approach to this theme (as one might expect from an American Master, Fettes College, Edinburgh) would have included a contemporary defense of college athletics against a blanket indictment by the Carnegie debunkers. This whole piece strikes me as a purely academic exercise, timed to the season, unworthy of *SR*.

Is my own prejudice showing? I concede. If, years ago, a paid coach hadn't thought I could help win some football games for the college he represented, I probably would not be a reader of *SR*. That, for me, would be a pity.

D. C. GRANT.

South Bend, Ind.

Conformists Wanted

PAUL WOODRING STATES in THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF [*SR*, Aug. 20] that "academic men are relatively free to be idiosyncratic in matters of dress." There are, alas, exceptions to this ideal.

At a "red brick" teachers' college, now a university in name only, the president recently invaded a classroom to denounce the professor before his students, because the president (formerly football coach there) didn't care for the cut of the teacher's trousers. During the same term this president called a faculty meeting to demand that professors take no part in political campaigns; they were interfering with his success in obtaining legislative appropriations.

Later he released a statement that "nonconformists" are unwelcome on his mid-south campus, and he confirmed this by letting out the athletic director who was willing to accept Negroes as basketball players. At least five other "non-conformist" professors were beaten by students last spring; no disciplinary action was taken.

His community stoutly backs this academic giant, just as it approves of police protection for the Ku Klux Klan when the Klansmen parade wearing illegal masks. After all, he built up enrollment to 15,000 "students" by accepting applications without regard to the applicant's record and by

(*Continued on page* 93)

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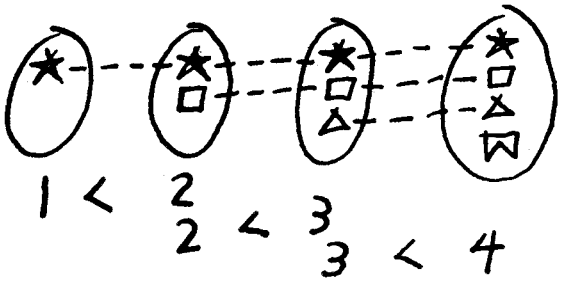
A quarter of them are in their second year at least.
These veterans are well prepared
for the down-to-business tasks of first grade
such as this statement in modern math:



[The notation at the left is read "1 is less than 2, 2 is less than 3, 3 is less than 4." It helps children to see that the numberness of a "set" can be represented by a numeral. Next comes realization that 2 is 1 and 1, not in terms of a "problem," but by understanding that that's the way this universe is constructed.]

School-experienced first-graders absorb learning.
They don't know that it is supposed to be hard work.

Ten years from now most three-year-olds may be in school,
and all the better for it.
The bill for elementary and high school education
would then be higher than the $26 billion it is now,*
when 50 million of the 200 million Americans are in school
in the care of $2^{1/2}$ million educators.

But if our children aren't trained to solve harder problems
than you and I had to solve,
where will we all be?

*About what we spend for recreation.

As education takes new directions
we at Harper & Row willingly accept
responsibility for preparation of
instructional materials that meet
the standards of dedicated educators.

Harper & Row, Publishers
1817 *New York Evanston London*

The editors will be pleased to send, with their compliments, an enlarged reprint of the above statement, on heavy stock, for bulletin-board use. The address is Harper & Row, Evanston, Illinois 60201. Please specify Reprint #1, since this is one of a series.

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—*Photos by George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).*

Class at the Free University—"Subjects include Marxism, the Cuban Revolution, and 'the authentic sexual experience.'"

THE FREE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

"Society's Just Got to Go—We All Know That"

During the past year dissident groups of intellectuals—students and others—have established "free universities" in several of the major academic centers of the United States. In certain respects these ventures represent contemporary variations of the utopian communities—Brook Farm, New Harmony, and others—of the nineteenth century. Some are clusters of the New Left and other forms of radicalism. But all of them stand for rebellion in education. The following article is a profile of one of these "free universities" and of the people who run it.

By RICHARD MATHEWS

THE FREE UNIVERSITY of New York on 14th Street has been called an anti-versity, a counter-versity, a school for draft-dodgers, and a hot bed of red subversion. People talk a lot about Marx and Mao in the warehouse rooms there, and a lot about Cuba and Vietnam and Santo Domingo too. Politics is, indeed, the chief subject taught, but other things are offered. At the door IMPEACH LBJ buttons go for 25 cents, tickets to a Progressive Labor forum for $1. A seminar entitled "The Search for Authentic Sexual Experience, Part II" costs $24, courses on Marxian economics and the Cuban Revolution the same. A mural in flaming reds and oranges depicts Fidel Castro leading the Cuban masses to the millennium. There are little signs on the walls that say such things as "Get Out of Vietnam" and "No More War." There is a version of the famous enlistment poster in which Uncle Sam points and says, "I want you!" but in this case his head is a sadistic-looking skull. There are woodcuts with Spanish captions showing Yankee jackboots crushing the people of Venezuela, Santo Domingo, Panama, and Nicaragua.

What is this warehouse place that calls itself the Free University of New York? At a recent meeting of the students and faculty there, Allen Krebs, the founder, guiding spirit, and janitor of the place (as well as its first line of defense against a hostile fire marshal, building inspector, and press), posed the question to the sixty or seventy people gathered.

"What we've got to decide," he said, "is what the Free U. is going to be. Where are we going, what are we doing? There are three definitions people have put forth. Some look at us as a counter-versity. The universities of the Establishment are brothels. They're run to instill certain reactionary ideas. Hence a lot of subjects are left untaught. These are the ones we offer—left political studies, drugs, sex."

As Krebs speaks, he gestures with his arms and has to keep pushing a thick thatch of black hair out of his eyes. His language is half academese, half hipster, which leads him to produce sentences like: "The contradictions of decadent imperialism have the objective effect of augmenting the poverty of the non-Caucasian peoples; you dig, man?" He is short, intense, good-looking. Perhaps because of his dress—jeans, a blue work shirt, woodsmen's boots—he looks much younger than his thirty-two years. A Marxist, Krebs is the product of a solidly middle-class background. He has a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan. Until last year he taught sociology at Adelphi University, but was fired after a visit to Cuba. He is married and has a small child.

"Others think of us as a school of the New Left," he continued, "a school for radical politics. These people think all the stuff about sex, drugs, poetry, and dance is a trivialization in a nation fast becoming Fascist where we may all be in camps within a few months.

"Finally, there are those who think Free U. should be a school for political

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activists, a tactical training school for organizing a movement. Now what are your opinions on what Free U. should be?"

Every chair and table in the room is occupied, and people stand, or sit on their haunches. They are young people, for the most part; about a third of them are women. There are pale girls with long straight hair, bearded young men in turtle-neck sweaters. A few, but not many, are Negroes. There is a sprinkling of old radicals of Thirties vintage, and of conservatively dressed intellectuals with thick glasses, cultured accents, and intelligent things to say.

"We've got to define ourselves politically," says a young man. "We've got to have a definite platform and let it be known exactly where we stand."

An ample, motherly woman, who has great ceramic loops hanging from around her neck, rebuts: "That's exactly what we shouldn't do. We shouldn't tie ourselves to a rigid platform like a political party, but define ourselves by the courses we offer, by the kinds of people who come here to teach and study."

Len Ragozin, a Harvard graduate and Progressive Labor member who teaches a course on Marxism and supports himself by gambling, is called on. "I think we ought to keep our definition general. I'd put it this way: Free U. should be dedicated to the notion that anything should be fostered which would help people to relate meaningfully to themselves, to others, and to the world." He pauses a moment, then adds, "It should be a place where people can come and shop for leftist ideas, find out about other groups, and maybe join them."

THE next speaker on the subject is Will Inman, a poet-radical who for nine years belonged to the Communist party in the South. "You know," he says, "this interchange we're having, this interaction between people, this dialogue—this is what's great about Free U. We're getting to know each other, appreciate each other's points of view, trust one another. There's one hell of a difference between this free, open discussion and a C.P. [Communist Party] meeting. They're like night and day." He reflects a minute and adds, "We've got to keep Free U. politically radical because society's just got to go. We all know that."

The subject now turns to tuition—which is $24 for the first course, $8 for each additional one; welfare recipients are exempt. Miss Betty Enfield Smith is not happy with the tuition fee but insists it be retained because it is the only source of untainted funds. "We can't accept any endowments, gifts, etc.," she says, "because these would tie us to certain points of view."

Len Ragozin then suggests that each student be left to decide for himself what he can afford. "If he can pay $100, fine; if he can't pay at all, okay too."

Aaron Frishberg, an expatriate from New Jersey suburbia just out of high school, and Free U.'s bursar, is incensed. "How the hell can we pay the rent if we allow each guy to decide what he can afford to pay? Most of them would decide they couldn't afford a damn thing."

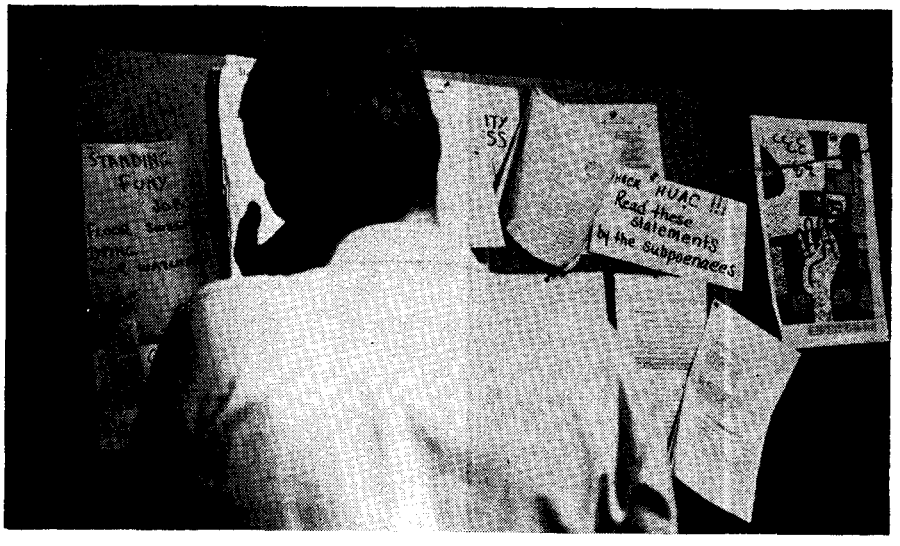
No decision was reached on tuition, as none had been reached on an acceptable definition of Free U., but at least people had thought about the matter and exchanged ideas. Perhaps the coordinating committee, a sort of executive group made up of five students and five faculty members elected at general meetings such as this, would make the final decisions on these questions. By 11 p.m. the gathering split up. Small groups congregated around a keg of beer, bought to celebrate the beginning of the new semester, and discussed the dismal weather outside and the politics of revolt.

THE Free University of New York, now in its third semester of operation, has no entrance requirements, gives no credits or grades, grants no diplomas or degrees. There are upward of 200 students, thirty-five teachers, and as many courses. These courses deal with a wide variety of subjects. Some titles picked at random from the catalogue are: "History of American Civil Liberties"; "The American Dream: A Tragic Illusion"; "Imperialism and Anti-imperialism: the Ideological Question in Vietnam"; "The Literature of the Vietnam Liberation Fronts"; "Foreign Activities of the AFL-CIO"; "Hallucinogenic Drugs: Their Uses and Social Implications"; "The Sexual Revolution"; "World Fallout: Literature as Insurrection"; and "Literature vs. L.B.J."

One of several ventures—there are

Allen Krebs—"Founder, guiding spirit, and janitor of the place."

others in Berkeley and Chicago—the Free University was created to provide a forum for radical politics and underground ideas which, in the minds of its founders, could not find expression in the universities of the Establishment. Free U. is necessary, says the prospectus, "because American universities have been reduced to institutions of intellectual servitude." Their students have been "systematically dehumanized and deemed incompetent to regulate their own lives, sexually, politically, and academically." Nor are the Establishment teachers any better off; they are "underpaid and constantly subjected to investigation and purge"; they exist as "servant-intellectuals" who are obliged to "promote points of view in harmony with the military and industrial leadership of our society." "The American university," the prospectus concludes, "has been emasculated, its intellectual vigor, exuberance, and excitement have been destroyed. What remains is a dispassionate and studied dullness, a façade



Free University bulletin board—"Little signs say 'Get out of Vietnam' and 'No More War.'"

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of scholarly activity concealing an internal emptiness and cynicism, a dusty dry search for permissible truth which pleases none but the administrator and the ambitious."

Given this position and tone, the Free U. has become a combination of two elements which are only partially miscible. The first element is preoccupied with left wing politics, generally with the *isms* suffixed to the names of Marx, Lenin, Mao, and Castro. To this element, composed of serious, often highly intelligent people, the United States has become a decadent, vicious, capitalist power which dehumanizes its people at home and enslaves whole nations abroad. The Vietnam situation is a good example of the latter, the view holds, and the fact that the United States is trying to crush the Vietcong, a force which would liberate the country, is nothing more than a logical consequence of our oppressive system.

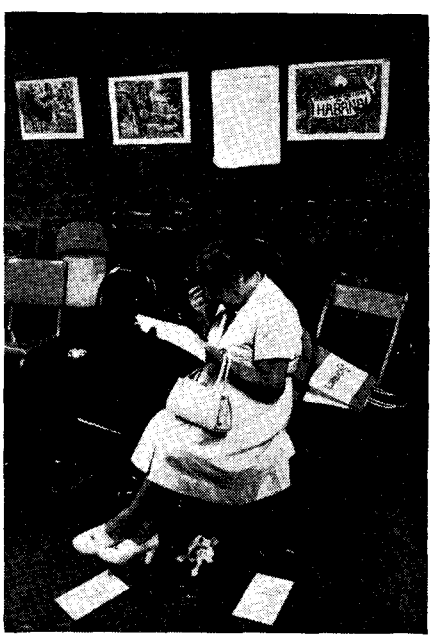
FOR the political radicals the only honest and courageous response is personal political activism. Free U. provides an avenue for this in the courses taught and taken that deal with Marxian economics, Negro movements, community level political organization, and the Cuban Revolution. The universities of the Establishment – an ever-recurring and always pejorative term at Free U.–are interested only in preserving the status quo; hence they proscribe such points of view, which, for those who hold them, are the truth. Free U. can expound such truth because it is outside the Establishment without ties of money or common interest with it.

The second element at FUNY is cultural bohemianism. Usually frowzy and bizarre, the people who make up this element are generally in revolt against conventional society more for reasons of personal than political alienation. They come to Free U. because it's offbeat, and because it doesn't cost much in money or effort. They are attracted to the courses on sex, drugs, and mysticism, and are an object of concern to some of the "politicals" who regard them as a trivial and frivolous distraction.

Of the "politicals" Allen Krebs is a good example. His background is bourgeois; his father is a well-to-do real estate operator who votes Republican. He graduated from the Great Neck, Long Island, High School and entered Cornell where he planned to study medicine and "become an upstanding member of the Jewish middle class." He hated dissecting cats, however, so he switched to sociology. Finding Cornell too "parochial," he transferred to Northwestern, which was "terrible," and then to the University of North Carolina, which was "even worse–really dead." Krebs's aversion to the conventional campus is thus a good deal older that his interest in a free university. He received his doctorate in sociology from the University of Michigan. With his wife Sharon, an attractive woman he met while she was studying Russian at Northwestern, he then set off for a teaching post at the American University of Beirut. "I taught Marx to the Arabs," he recounts, "and they really dug it. But the Midwestern Protestants on the faculty didn't. And they didn't like it that I hung around with evil native types and smoked hashish, either." He remained in good standing with the institution, however.

"Students and faculty are young people for the most part . . .

After two years the Krebs returned to the States. "I hate this country," he states, "but I'm a product of its contradictions and I have my maximum effectiveness here." He wanted to be near New York City (which, "despite its macabre terror is the best place there is in this country"), so he accepted an instructorship at Adelphi University on Long Island. They liked his work there; after the first year he was given a raise and made director of the graduate sociology program. During the summer of 1964 he visited Cuba, which impressed him very much. This visit caused considerable alarm to the Adelphi administration. On the first day of the fall term a long series of harassments began, culminating in December with a letter from the dean telling him not to return the next semester.



. . . about a third of them women; pale girls with long straight hair, a sprinkling of old radicals of Thirties vintage, and of conservatively dressed intellectuals with cultured accents."

THE idea of establishing a free university was Krebs's from the beginning. After he was fired from Adelphi he spontaneously suggested to a reporter who was interviewing him that what he really ought to do was establish a school where his views could get a hearing. He didn't think much more about the idea until he began receiving letter from the newspaper's readers expressing interest and support for it. He talked the idea over with friends such as Staughton Lynd, the Yale history professor who visited Hanoi in January, and James Mellen, a Marxist instructor at Drew University who has since been fired for publicly stating that he favored a Vietcong victory. Interest spread.

A group of people who wished to teach at the proposed Free U. (a term coined by the Sproul Hall demonstrators of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement) contributed $30 each and a Harvard student donated $500. The present loft was rented for $225 a month. In the past it had been a gypsy tearoom, a storeroom, a darkroom and a Chinese restaurant–so it had to be completely renovated. Interested volunteers did the job. FUNY opened its doors in July 1965, after an extensive advertising campaign by handbills. About 300 students showed up, a large percentage of them on summer vacation from established universities.

Since this time Krebs has devoted most of his waking hours to the place, teaching ("Marxism and American Decadence," "Revolutions That Failed"), keeping the three warehouse rooms in some kind of order, mimeographing notices and propaganda, mailing out catalogues, answering inquiries, conducting the general meetings on Thursday nights, and a thousand other matters.

Krebs is an unapologetic *révolté*. In his view the United States is a sort of modern Rome, rich and decadent, surrounded by a world of vigorous barbarians who are very poor. "U.S. cap-

(*Continued on page* 94)

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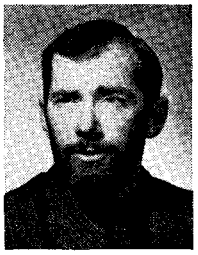

Paul Shepard

PERSONAL OPINION

The Virtues of Anonymity

On this page, each month, an educator, writer, or critic of education is given an opportunity to express his views on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed by the writer may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By PAUL SHEPARD, *Lecturer at Smith College.*

AMONG the numerous explanations for the rebellions of college students is that the system reduces them to ciphers, professors do not know them as persons, and machines are depriving them of individuality.

This complaint has become a convention. Large student bodies and large classes, mechanization of record-keeping, professors' preoccupation with their research, mass feeding, and housing seem to create a brave new world of personal nonentity.

As a convention it is readily exploited by viewers with alarm. Like most conventions it is a stereotype for a limited perspective. As a college teacher with experience in large and small institutions, I am convinced that numbers and machines are not the causes of student dissatisfaction, nor are they necessarily bad.

Most parents have no idea what they want a college to do for their children. Schools and children are so different from when they were young that they are wholly at sea when it comes to picking a school for Sarah or Johnny. They talk of academic excellence and well-rounded educations, but the truth is that they fear what Sarah will do when she is on her own.

Small colleges have exploited that anxiety for years. They deliberately created an image of the institutional family. The president is the daddy and the dean of students is the mommy. Teachers are friendly uncles or big brothers.

During the past two decades, some colleges have perpetuated that image to their sorrow. Most of them are internally divided about the extent to which they should be substitute moms and dads.

But the damage has been done. There is now a large generation of adults who remember, with misplaced though profound sentiment, the intimate atmosphere of their college classes and kindly old Professor Warmheart who took a personal interest in each of them.

Who are the students who want old Warmheart's attention today, and why? And why does he give it to them? My experience is that three out of ten students bring to him problems that are not even superficially academic. These problems old Warmheart has no business meddling in; they should be left to parents, professionals, or even friends of the students. Five out of ten are exploiting the opportunity for attention. They may keep the talk on Warmheart's special field of Mesozoic worms, but privately, and perhaps unconsciously, they are simply going through the motions of getting their money's worth. Two of the ten need his knowledge of worms, his scholarly advice, and the benefits of his experience.

And why is old Warmheart putting himself through all this? Surely he can distinguish the scholars from the neurotics and the ego-feeders after all these years?

He can. But he has his own problems and his own ego. If he has given up serious research or scholarship he has a big gap to fill. He is clever, articulate, and possibly self-deluded. The easiest, most deadly downhill road for the scholar is becoming a buddy to the students.

Fatuous and fatheaded Warmhearts, whose speciality is bull-slinging at an intimate level, are common though not limited to small colleges, which make a "thing" of small classes and individual attention.

As a teacher, I know that small classes are better than large classes—for certain subjects at certain times. But once a class enrolment exceeds seminar size—perhaps fifteen—it might as well be 1,500. As a student, I much prefer to hear a brilliant lecture in an auditorium than to participate in a windy discussion around a table. The place for small groups is in advanced courses and laboratories. My guess is that the proportion of these is as great as it ever was, in schools of all sizes.

What is missing in all the complaining about mass education is recognition of the virtues of anonymity. The Warmhearts, cosy social planning, and the familial aspects of academia add up merely to frippery. The opportunity to pursue the subject of Mesozoic worms to the limits of one's capacity, to stay up all night reading poetry, to experiment intellectually, socially, or sexually, have nothing to do with whether or not somebody is known to the institution and its functionaries as Sarah Tanner or as "74790."

What is so bad about being known in the registrar's office and the professor's book as "74790" instead of Sarah Tanner? We can readily imagine a stone-age student at good old Neolithic U. complaining that she was no longer confronted as an individual because she was represented by symbols spelling her father's occupation: Tailor, Shepherd or Tanner; then, later, at Medieval Tech., the young Tanner girl, bitter at the depersonalization forced on her by the addition to her name of one of a limited number of biblical names.

Names composed of letters now have ten centuries of literary-astrological superstition behind them. Number symbols for people have no such mystique going for them.

There are, to be sure, real problems in mass education, such as educationist puffery, pockets of decaying scholarship, administrative inertia, the entrenchment of uncritical thinking, and standardized tools. There are a few professors who do not want to talk to students—sometimes for justifiable reasons. But most professors, in institutions of all kinds, are deeply conscientious and sympathetic. Students must learn that their offices are not perpetual open-houses. But I have never known a teacher who was vitally engaged with his subject to refuse to help a serious student—at a personal level.

Unless he has succumbed to fuddyduddyism, the teacher gets very sharp at recognizing fakers and seekers for parental surrogates. He knows that the student out to master a subject is too busy to waste time at pseudo-dialogue, in parading personal problems, or worrying about whether the college computer thinks of him in letters or numbers.

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WHY DROPOUT CAMPAIGNS FAIL

Americans have apparently decided that every young man or woman should complete twelve years of school, and that—in most instances—the youngster who leaves school before graduation represents a social failure—a person likely to become a delinquent or a welfare problem. Whether or not this belief is accurate, it is clear that the economy and contemporary technology demand higher levels of training than ever before. Therefore, many communities, as well as national agencies, have mounted well publicized campaigns to keep young people in school, or to induce dropouts to return. The following report raises sharp questions on how effective—and how sincere—they really are.

By BERNARD BARD, *education writer for the New York Post.*

TWO YEARS ago the U.S. Office of Education spent a quarter of a million dollars in twenty major cities to identify dropouts, and to persuade them back to school. Some 30,411 dropouts were identified, of whom 10,015 agreed to come back. To this date, no one knows how many of those ten thousand stayed until graduation, and how many dropped out again. "There has been no followup," said Leroy V. Goodman, information director for the Office of Education. "School districts operated on their own."

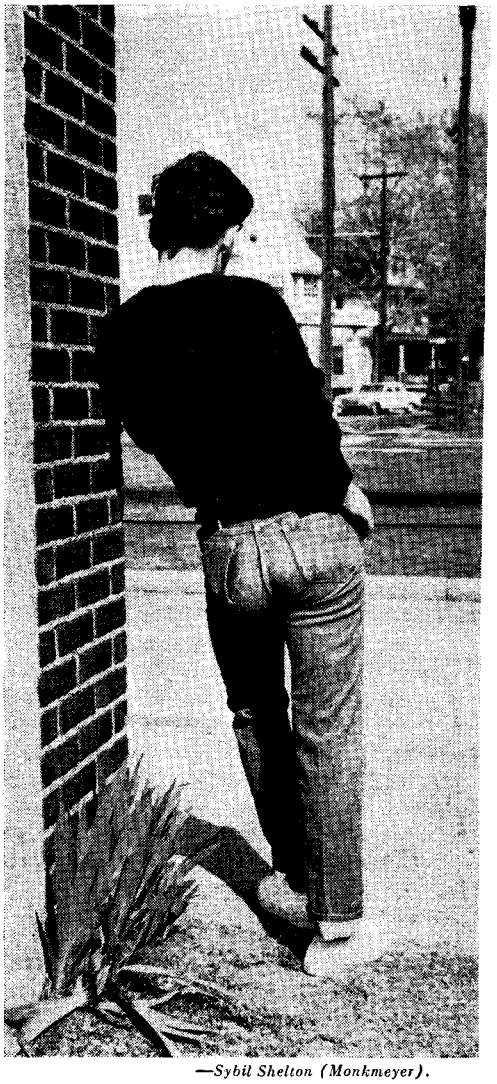
The information gap about the fate of the ten thousand typifies much that has been said, written, and researched (or not researched) about the multiplicity of anti-dropout drives in progress across the nation. On the whole, there has been no systematic evaluation of their success or failure.

The campaigns come in many packages, from the rehabilitative Dropouts Anonymous to the humanitarian Operation Second Chance to the mundane Stay-in-School. Virtually all suffer from the same basic weaknesses. The school officials who mount these efforts are often more concerned with the image than the reality of their dropout drives. And, in many major cities, while the bus placards warn marginal students not to chuck it all, principals are chucking them out of school by the tens of thousands. Often the school districts are either unable or unwilling to follow up on their own propaganda. The returning dropout may be confronted with red tape, hostility, and constant reminders that he failed once and no one in authority expects much more from him the second time around.

Washington, D.C., persuaded hundreds of dropouts to come back in the fall of 1963, but didn't know what to do with them once they got there. At Spingarn High School, overcrowding was so severe, ninety dropouts were shoe-horned into a room. Some sat on radiators or stood in the rear. Other classrooms were overloaded with fifty and sixty students. At McKinley and Eastern High Schools, the dropouts were assigned to the same schools they had quit, depositing them, in effect, into the same environment of failure. Six out of ten quit again.

A premise of the anti-dropout mechanism is that getting the victim back to school is most of the battle. It is wrong, if nothing significant has changed about school to keep him there. And, as a rule, nothing has been changed. A growing body of expert opinion among youth specialists and sociologists holds that working on the dropout problem via the dropout is rather phony. Such an approach assumes the dropout is at fault, when actually he may have made his own shrewd appraisal of what school and the high-school diploma is worth in terms of his own future. Negroes and Puerto Ricans know that their diploma is often useless on the job market. Statistically, there is practically no difference in the unemployment rates of minority-group youngsters who finish high-school and those who drop out.

Dr. Abraham Tannenbaum, a consultant to New York's Mobilization for Youth and an associate professor at Teachers College, Columbia University, says, "Society is resorting to the Big Lie and using a convenient excuse when it employs the label—'the dropout problem.' We tell youngsters to stay in school so they can earn more money. This is all very well if you're talking to a white kid, but for the Negro it will only make a little bit of difference, not much. By conning the sixteen-year-old to stay in school for another year or two, we know or should know that it's not going to make a great deal of difference in his chances. This is baloney; it's like putting a Band Aid on cancer."



—*Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).*

"Conning the sixteen-year-old to stay in school for another year is like putting a Band Aid on cancer."

The scope of the dropout problem dulls the senses. The statistics are already a cliché. Of the 3,800,000 Americans who reach age eighteen every year, at least 1,200,000 will be dropouts. Ten per cent will be chronically jobless. A year ago, the number of jobless youths between sixteen and twenty-one stood at 730,000. In five years, if present trends hold up, the figure will more than double.

What schools are doing about it—while often irrelevant—covers a wide

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range of approaches. Galveston, Texas, organized a Dropouts Anonymous, with groups meeting once a week. When a member shows signs of defeatism, a group leader talks him out of dropping out again. Of those participating, there is an 85 per cent holding-power. Denver runs a Metropolitan Youth Education Center, which arranges a flexible work-study program. Potential dropouts can proceed through school without grades, and without time limit. Houston has a Talent Preservation Program; Albuquerque a Lincoln Project; Memphis a Youth Corps; and Chicago an EE (Education-Employment) Program. The list goes on and on, but what does it add up to? Frequently, nothing.

At the root of the so-called dropout problem, of course, is this statistical indictment—schools in the big cities spawn far more dropouts than can be salvaged. The nation's five largest cities, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, and Philadelphia, have a combined average dropout rate of 24 per cent. (Philadelphia is the champ, with a whopping 46.6 per cent.) In general, the larger the city, the higher the dropout rate, according to the NEA. Even the job of compiling dependable dropout statistics is made next to impossible by the duplicity of some school districts. The NEA, in its dropout project, found that some school officials only keep dropout records on a nine-month basis. Since about 25 per cent of the dropouts occur over the summer, the nine-month casualty list is artificially depressed.

Some other systems compute the dropout percentage against the "total school population," which means first grade through high school. Since few pupils are precocious enough to call it quits in the third, or fourth, or sixth grade—even if compulsory attendance laws allowed them to—this approach is a statistical lie. To obtain accurate dropout percentages—measured against high-school enrollments—the NEA found it had to throw out figures supplied by many districts and work instead from raw U.S. census data. The same schoolmen who are in part responsible for the dropout tried, in other words, to camouflage the number of victims.

How great is the distance between what school officials say and what they do concerning the dropout? The case of Laura M., from the files of Mobilization for Youth, suggests the disparity. She became pregnant, and dropped out of Washington Irving High School in lower Manhattan. After she had her child, she tried to go back under Operation Return, a city program aimed at the 27,000 city students who quit school each year. At first, she was told by an assistant principal at Irving to try another school. She did. The new school sent for her records, but weeks elapsed before their arrival. Meanwhile, Laura was advised to seek counseling for one of the maze of agencies working on dropouts. She selected MFY, which bombarded Irving with phone calls in an effort to obtain her records. Finally, as a last desperate act, a project director called Board of Education headquarters, and was told: "Laura is not acceptable because of motherhood status." MFY had never heard of such a regulation. A check with the Bureau of Attendance produced the information that it did not exist. "In fact, we encourage them to come back," said a functionary. "No one can take that right away from her."

Laura's rights had been taken from her, of course. Her enthusiasm for school had long vanished, crushed by the "get-lost" attitude at her old school and the inertia of the record-keepers. She abandoned the idea of returning to high school, and became a dropout statistic.

The biggest stumbling block is the school principal. In Harlem, a youth worker reported that "ninety-nine times out of a hundred the principal won't take the kid back." Similar conclusions were reported by the NEA in connection with its Project: School Dropout, despite the assertions of the official propaganda issued by various boards of education. Daniel Schreiber, former director of the project, found the prevailing attitude among principals to be one of hostility and suspicion. "The principals were most afraid the dropout would become a discipline problem," said Schreiber. "Their biggest worry was that the dropout might endanger the education of the others if he came back."

What about the dropout who doesn't drop out a second time? Does his perseverance pay off? Rarely. Pittsburgh recently inaugurated a month-long course for dropouts on how to get and hold a job. Ten Negroes signed up. At the windup, only one found employment. This, despite the fact that the course was planned by Pittsburgh businessmen who said they would help place the dropouts. School officials decided it would be cruel and pointless to bring dropouts back for more of the same.

The business community is ambivalent toward the dropout. On the one hand, hundreds of the nation's leading firms are cooperating with work-study programs aimed at luring him back to

(*Continued on page* 95)

"While the placards warn students not to chuck it all . . .

. . . principals are chucking them out by the thousands."

BOY.

Drop out of school now and that's what they'll call you all your working life.

To get a good job, get a good education.

Education is for the birds.

(The birds who want to get ahead.)

To get a good job, get a good education

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DIGGING "THE MAN'S" LANGUAGE

By FRANK RIESSMAN, *Professor of Educational Sociology at New York University, and* FRANK ALBERTS, *professional writer.*

EVERY reader of *Saturday Review* has at least one second language he or she didn't learn at school. It may be the *lingua franca* of executive committees ("Let's finalize this."), of cocktail party analysts ("His trouble is, he's a latent heterosexual."), perhaps of *belles lettres* ("It was a Hemingway meal.").

Whatever its derivations, the second language is clearly understood by its educated middle-class users to function as an additive to their primary language. And that primary language—the customary English of our schools, more or less standardized in pronunciation—is one of the principal distinguishing marks by which the user is recognized and accepted into the middle class.

What happens, however, when one of those languages that the middle class regards as secondary—in this case, the dialect of the school-age child from one of our nation's disadvantaged urban areas—is discovered to be functioning as a primary language? More pertinent, how is a teacher charged with instructing these children in standard English to perform her task with any degree of meaningfulness?

The answers to these questions, both of pivotal importance in any educational attempt to work with the poor, are exemplified in the following story about a teacher in a grade school in a disadvantaged area.

ONE day after class, as she was putting on her hat to leave for the day, one of her students approached her with the compliment, "That's sure a tough hat you got on."

The teacher, who had heard enough Hip spoken among her charges to be with it, tried the time-honored approach to correcting the boy: "Don't say 'tough.' Say 'pretty' or 'nice.'"

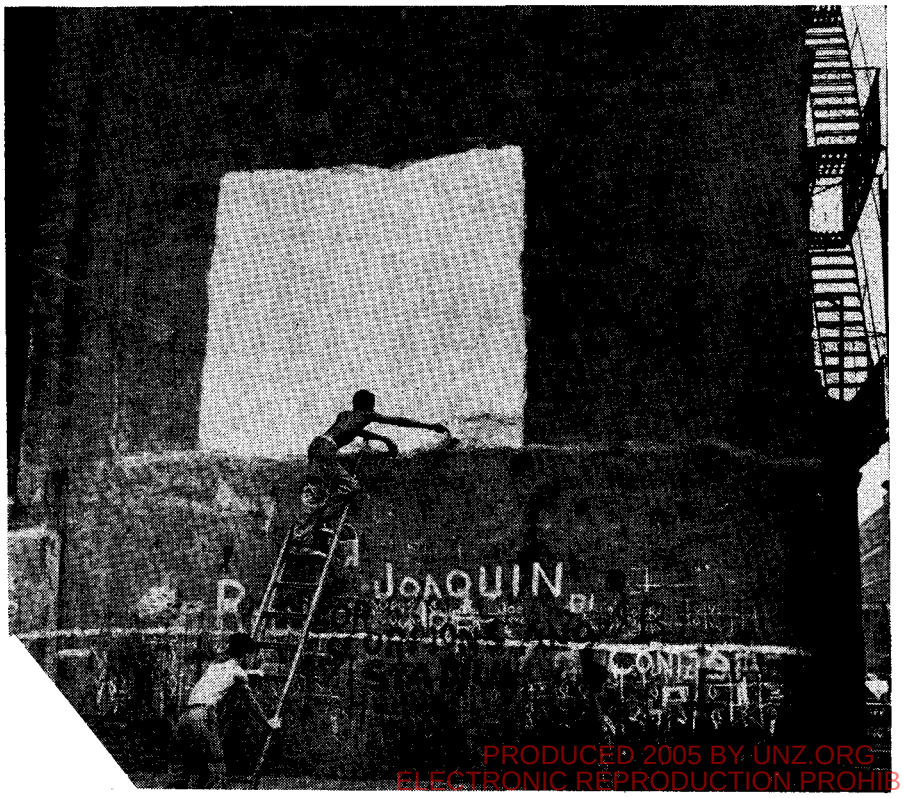
The boy thought about that a moment, then concluded: "Okay, but that pretty hat sure is tough."

That might have been the end of this particular story except that this particular teacher also gave some thought to the exchange.

First, she realized that she had come up against a case of linguistic inversion—a social situation in which a dialect was the primary language.

Back-alley literature—"One's primary language is not to be denied lightly, for it is, in very basic ways, part of one's own self."

—Merrim (Monkmeyer).



Second, and most important, the teacher recognized that by attempting to correct her student's speech in the conventional way, she had confused him about the nature of the avowed teaching objective. Worse, she had antagonized him. To the student's mind, the teacher had been asking him, not so much to learn something, but to reject something—his primary language, the slang, the non-standard Hip spoken in his home, on his street, among his friends and neighbors. The result was hostility—a determination by the student to *not* learn—expressed, with just the necessary touch of humor, in the put-down phrase, ". . . that pretty hat sure is tough."

In short, this teacher had hit on a truth fundamental to the fact of language: One's primary language, because it is primary, is not to be denied lightly, for it is, in very basic ways, one's own self. Asking the disadvantaged child to suppress the language he brings to the learning situation is equivalent to demanding that he suppress his identity, and all the defenses that go with it—in Hip parlance, to require that the child "blow his own cool."

Cognizant of this truth, the teacher assayed a new approach to the business of teaching her students standard English. She made a game of it, the Dialect Game. Taking a term she had often heard her students use among themselves—the word "cool"—she asked them to explain its meaning in *their* language. After some understandable hesitation, she got the following examples:

"Well, you know—like, you dig this cool sound."

"You play it cool."

"The fuzz falls by—you cool it." (Laughter)

Then the teacher asked her class how the same thing might be said in the language the students heard on TV or radio.

"Calm," "casual," "collected" were some of the answers she got, to which she added the more formal "nonchalant."

As the lesson proceeded, the students —who usually all but fell asleep during formal English classes—relaxed, their interest increased. They became aware that they were playing a game, digging the teacher's jive. They were picking up new words, new ways of expression in a context which did not demand that they reject their own language. In

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short, they were learning standard English as they might learn a foreign language, a second language.

They were also learning about language itself, its forms and the social roles it plays. In their discussion of the word "cool," for example, they learned not only the denotative synonyms for the word in "The Man's" language, but also that standard English really possesses no perfect equivalent of "cool," no term with its rich connotative content.

The same is true, the students began to realize, of many of the Hip words and phrases that make up their primary language—"far out," "hung up," "cop out," to cite a few. The students were becoming familiar with a basic fact of language—the concept of nuances, the age-old bane of translators. By being asked to approach standard English as if it were a foreign language, the students became aware of the essential untranslatability of much of language *per se*.

This, in turn, led to their understanding why words and phrases foreign to every primary language are incorporated in that language intact, without translation – for example, *coup d'etat* and *leitmotiv*. In much the same way—and with far more psychological impact—the students learned that many of the Hip words and phrases that make up their primary language have been accepted for usage in standard English conversation. Knowing this, they were in the position to equip themselves with a basic sense of linguistic style, which can be simply defined as the ability to choose among words and phrases according to their social appropriateness.

The key ground rule of the Dialect Game—for both teacher and teaching situation—is acceptance of the students' nonstandard primary language. The instructor who makes clear to his pupils that their primary language is not something to be denied or suppressed, but is in fact a linguistic entree to that other language which, in more formal circumstances, can produce more effective results, is building firmly on positive grounds. The importance of this teaching method in assisting the disadvantaged to gain entrance to our nation's Greater Society has nowhere been more dramatically stated than by Negro author Ralph Ellison, when he wrote:

> If you can show me how I can cling to that which is real to me, while teaching me a way into the larger society, then I will not only drop my defenses and my hostility, but I will sing your praises and I will help you to make the desert bear fruit.

There are a number of simple adaptations of the Dialect Game that fit a variety of special teaching situations. For example, one of the authors recently employed a "Hiptionary" in a completely systematic and formal way in tutoring a disadvantaged high school student in standard English. The "Hiptionary," or "Hip workbook" to be more accurate, was based in large part on the unpublished *The Other Language* developed by Anthony Romeo at Mobilization for Youth. Among the Hip words and phrases employed were:

bug	to disturb, bother, annoy
ace	best friend
fuzz	police

The rather immediate result of this approach was that the student—in this case, a teen-age girl—learned a great many standard English words for the Hip words with which she had long been familiar. She derived genuine pleasure from and pride in her growing facility to use "big words."

The important point about teaching standard English to disadvantaged students equipped linguistically with Hip or nonstandard dialects is that the process is additive—the teacher *builds on* what the pupil brings to the teaching situation; he does not *take away from* the pupil. In this way, the students' sense of language—all language—grows, and with that growth can come a love of language and its literary forms.

The implications of this positive, additive approach to the teaching of standard English is strikingly exemplified in the case of another disadvantaged group, the Puerto Ricans. The usual classroom approach in the United States is to require that these children speak only English, not their native Spanish, usually on the grounds that this is the best (with the implication that this is the *only*) way to learn standard English.

This may be a perfectly acceptable way of teaching a new language to an adult, but it plays psychological havoc with a child from a minority culture. In his mind, the teacher's insistence on "English only" is equated with "no Spanish here," an outright rejection of the culture associated wtih his home, family, and friends. One more rejection has been added to the many he has experienced in the society to which he has been transplanted.

The result is resentment, a dragging of the feet in matters linguistic—in no way alleviated by the fact that, while the other children in the class already know a good deal of standard English, the Puerto Rican is automatically in the inferior position of having to acquire that language.

The Dialect Game can be varied for this situation, too. Instead of emphasizing the need for Spanish-speaking chil-

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Other Language

THE LANGUAGE of the streets is constantly changing, and it varies from place to place. Yet the choice of word often reveals a great deal about the attitude toward the thing or the activity that the word describes. The brief glossary below is taken from *The Other Language*, compiled by Anthony Romeo for Mobilization for Youth, 214 East 2nd Street, New York, N.Y.

ax	musical instrument, horn
bad	stylish, nice, in vogue
burn	to shoot, cook food, smoke marijuana
cop out	to avoid conflict by running away
crib	house, apartment, residence
diddy bop	member of a gang, usually a hostile or aggressive gang
fair one	to fight another person alone, neither opponent receiving help
far out	not comprehensible, not desirable, outlandish
gestaps	the police
gray boy	Caucasian
hang ups	problems
lay up	relaxing
mink	girl friend
mother	salesman of illegal drugs
paddy	Caucasian
sky piece	hat, fedora, beret
splib	Negro
teach	male or female who bears a resemblance to school teacher because of the authority he or she may have, usually used in a derogatory sense
vacation	to be in jail

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WHY NOT YEAR-ROUND SCHOOLS

A number of school systems have, in the past, attempted year-round operation. Public objections were always raised, however, and the plans always failed. But today a growing number of colleges are adopting programs that operate throughout the year, and summer programs at the elementary and secondary level are taking on many of the characteristics of the regular school year —more often giving bright students an opportunity to pursue their academic interests, rather than merely providing remedial work for those who have failed. Therefore, year-round operation of the schools has again become a possibility. Here SR explores some of the benefits that might accrue from such a plan. The author is a freelance writer who has worked actively with a new organization, the National School Calendar Study Committee, that is devoted to stimulating discussion and study of the idea.

By JERI ENGH

FIFTY YEARS OR MORE AGO the nine-month school year made sense. Both teachers and pupils, in many communities, were still tied to the land, and the seasonal demands of an agrarian economy made education take second place to survival. Too, the necessity for formal education was far less acute, and the waste of letting a simple school building stand vacant for three months out of the year was small.

Today, obviously, the story is different. The problems and needs of the schools in contemporary America demand reappraisal of established practices. In communities where school enrollments are rising rapidly, classroom shortages are generating serious problems. And even in areas enjoying reasonably stable populations, the rigid calendar of another age tends to block development of educational opportunities.

Year-round operation of elementary and secondary schools, with students attending three out of four quarters on a rotating basis, offers a possible solution. In effect, existing school capacity would increase by one-third—a school built to handle 600 students could handle 800—or a school overcrowded with 800 students could have its enrollment "reduced" by one-fourth. Such a plan would drastically cut construction needs.

But the saving in tax dollars is not the only motive for embarking on a four-quarter schedule. Primarily the plan opens the door to an improved learning environment that expands educational opportunities.

Just what does a child get out of a rotating four-quarter operation that our traditional system doesn't give him?

First of all, he gets the benefit of flexibility. Children would enter kindergarten four times a year, with one-fourth of them entering at a time. And as the children move upward through succeeding grades, each would have more opportunity to move at his own pace. If Algebra I has him stymied, for instance, he is not subjected to falling hopelessly behind and having to repeat the entire course—he can simply repeat the introductory quarter. By the same token he can speed up by skipping a quarter, often more desirable than skipping a full grade. And if he wants to explore a wider range of subjects than possible under the nine-month plan, he has the pick of the curriculum during his vacation quarter, when regular school is still in full swing.

Such flexibility creates an atmosphere free from the restrictions of the present lockstep parade through high school and would help to increase the holding power on potential high school dropouts. Newark, New Jersey ran some of its schools on a four-quarter system for twenty years, and demonstrated the possibilities. The city's all-year schools, located in an industrial area and drawing from the low-income groups, graduated 22 per cent more students than its nine-month counterparts. A professional analysis of the program firmly concluded that "Newark's all-year program held in school many slower pupils who would have been dropouts in regular schools."

YEAR-ROUND schools would offer varied activities that are not now possible. In the summer a child could learn to grow his own tulips or lettuce; he could enjoy gym class outdoors in a swimming pool; he could study nature on extensive field trips. School sports and activities would be spaced around the year; students could participate whether or not they were on vacation.

Such a set-up can help to combat juvenile delinquency. The end of the school year today assumes the proportions of a mass jailbreak. Last year the schools released 46,000,000 children onto the streets at once. This explosive situation would be eliminated if three-fourths of the young people were always in school, and the vacationing fourth still involved in school sports and activities—or more able to find jobs, when the teen-age labor market isn't flooded.

The four-quarter system would also affect the teaching profession significantly. The present nine-month system gives teaching a part-time-job flavor; year-round operation, on the other hand, provides professional prestige and pay. The schools of Rochester, Minnesota, find that extensive summer sessions giving year-round employment to teachers contribute to higher professional standards and attract "a more competent teacher to the classroom."

In spite of the advantages presented

—*Tharpe (Monkmeyer).*

Existing school capacity could be increased by one-third —"A school built to handle 600 could handle 800."

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by year-round operation, the idea meets with resistance. One argument, for example, holds that teachers need the summer for rest and recuperation; another insists that summer isn't conducive to learning. There is virtually no evidence to support these claims, and a good deal to counter them.

During the twenty years the Newark schools operated year-round, no evidence of mental exhaustion or impairment of health was found among year-round teachers. On the contrary, year-round employment was found to stimulate many teachers.

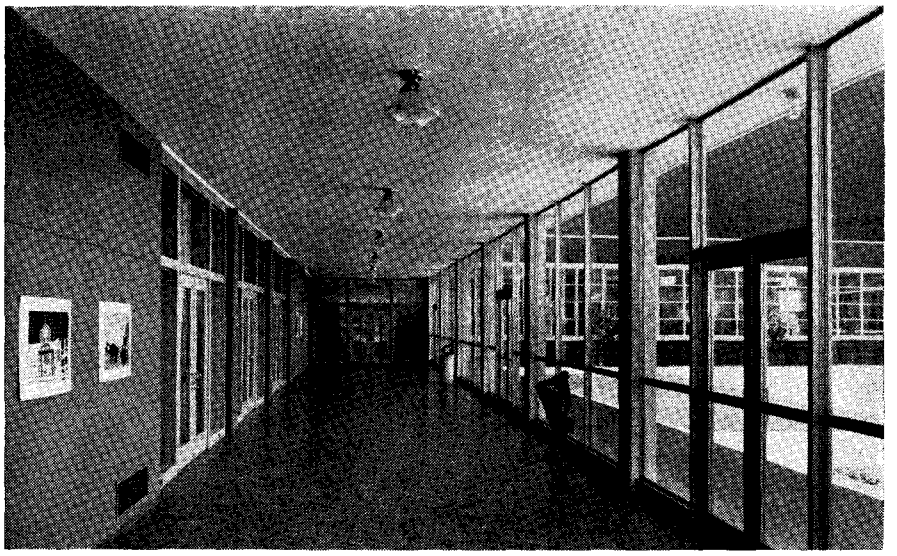
TWO other early experiments with all-year school, at Ambridge and Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, arrived at the same findings (both operated year-round for ten years in the Twenties and Thirties). Aliquippa's principal reported, "teachers in our nine-month schools applied for positions in the all-year schools, and we received more applications from teachers outside the district than ever before." And when the Rochester, Minnesota, schools offered the city's teachers a choice between year-round or nine-month employment, 91 per cent chose the year-round contract.

What about summertime learning? Precise studies at Newark point to summer as "not only an adequate period for study, but an excellent time." Ambridge found "the per cent of failures in the summer quarter was lower than any other quarter." After a five-year analysis, Aliquippa found that its summer quarter ranked first in attendance. The quarter of "lowest attendance and most failures was the second quarter, October to January"—the period we usually consider most appropriate for school.

Keeping the schools in good repair without the empty summertime looms as another frequent objection. But other institutions—businesses, hospitals, theaters, restaurants, libraries, stores—do not find it necessary to close up shop for months to accommodate a maintenance program.

A more valid objection, perhaps, is that teachers need the summer for study. But actually, only 10 to 15 per cent of our teachers presently use the summer for study. And periodic sabbaticals incorporated into the year-round plan would present comparable study opportunities. (Four twelve-week quarters of year-round operation would still give teachers four weeks of vacation a year.)

Running a school all year does pose administrative problems, but would they render year-round operation unworkable? Administrators themselves say no. Modern digital computers can make more curriculum and scheduling calculations in one hour than a colosseum full of administrators could make in a man's lifetime. Schools can invest in their own machines (some already have them) or farm the job out to a computer service.



—Phil Fein (Monkmeyer).

"Shutting down multi-million-dollar buildings for three months every year is a waste."

One of the major roadblocks to the year-round idea has, historically, been public resentment against vacations during seasons other than the summer. A Ford Foundation study found that the early year-round experiments returned to nine-month systems chiefly because of public "vacation pressure." In the world today we're actually missing the boat by letting the nine-month system restrict us from new vacation opportunities opening up in every season of the year to our more mobile, more affluent society. How many of us have thought in vain that it would be nice to visit a spot during the uncrowded off-season, or have passed up a ski-trip because we couldn't take the children out of school? Winter sports in the northern areas of the country, and vacations in the south during the winter are more available than ever before. And it doesn't take summer weather for children to enjoy museums or libraries, savor the excitement of theater, opera, or symphony, or visualize history at Gettysburg, Valley Forge, and Williamsburg. Many of our national parks are open all year, and many more, such as Yellowstone, open at the beginning of May and don't close until the end of October.

UNDER a four-quarter system, vacations could be rotated rather than arbitrarily assigned. Every child would have his vacation scheduled for a different season each year. All the children in one family (and in one neighborhood) would be assigned the same schedule. During twelve years of school each student would have three vacations in the spring, three in the summer, and so on, plus all the usual Christmas and Easter holidays that he has now.

But rotating vacations would affect the fabric of American life in other ways as well.

One businessman speaks for many when he says: "Such a plan would be just what my company needs." Employee vacations would be spread out, rather than crammed into one ninety-day period when the schools close. With

Or You Can Divide by Three . . .

Although a four-quarter plan of year-round operation seems to lend itself best to country-wide application, the idea is not the only alternative to the present nine-month system. Two schools in Florida have operated since 1963 on a trimester system; in each the school year runs for eleven months, split into three terms.

The schools—Nova High School at Fort Lauderdale and the University School at Tallahassee—are public, but admit students on an application basis, without regard to district residence regulations. Students at Tallahassee may attend two out of the three terms, and can choose which two; at Nova, students attend classes the full eleven months, with the traditional Christmas and spring vacations, and four weeks off in August. (The program is popular with Nova High's 1,750 students; Nova elementary school, which opened last fall to match the high school, was flooded with more than 4,000 applications for the 780 available places.)

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only one-fourth the number of graduates hitting the labor market four different times a year instead of the present once-a-year onslaught, business could more readily absorb them.

Young people today are forced to scramble for the limited number of part-time summer jobs; work would be more available if just one-fourth the teen-agers were on vacation at a time. Business benefits again with part-time help available the year-round, and better positions would open up for teens—four students on different vacation rotations could hold one full-time job, relieving each other through the year.

Colleges, also, could absorb new students more easily. The notion that quarterly high school graduates wouldn't mesh with college schedules is obsolete in the light of the year-round college trend. In recent years the number of colleges and universities operating on a year-round basis (as distinct from ordinary summer sessions) has increased from half a dozen to more than seventy; and others are considering year-round plans.

THE most immediate justification for year-round operation however, is the alleviation of overcrowded classrooms and the reduction of construction needs.

Stillwater, Minnesota, for example, recently approved a bond issue for more than $3,000,000 (which involves almost half again that amount in interest), to build classrooms that will be bursting at the seams by 1970. Since only three-fourths of the enrollment would be attending school at any one time, a four-quarter plan would eliminate overcrowding in Stillwater's schools until well beyond 1970—without the building of a single new classroom. (The schools, now filled to capacity with 5,600 students, could take care of almost 2,000 more without crowding.)

Air conditioning would go along with keeping the schools open all year. For just a fraction of the *interest* Stillwater will have to pay on its unnecessary $3,000,000 construction project, the district could air condition the existing schools. New air conditioned schools are already being built—not only in Texas, Florida, and Kentucky, but also in New Brunswick, New Jersey; Kimberly, Wisconsin; and White Bear, Minnesota. Recent studies find that air conditioned schools are less expensive to build, operate, and maintain than conventional schools.

Recent public school studies of the year-round idea are divided on the question of operating economy. Fairfield, Connecticut, for example, reported that air conditioning its existing schools and operating them year-round would be less expensive than an otherwise-needed building program. Atlanta, Georgia, found the exact opposite. Despite the need for further study and experimentation, however, certain basic principles seem clear.

The Flexible System: *An Economic Analysis of Advantages of the Quarterly Calendar in Public Schools,* by W. Scott Bauman, examines in greater detail the possible advantages of the year-round system. Several tables help to clarify the data and a bibliography offers other sources for those who are still not completely convinced. The publication is available free of charge from the Business Research Center of the University of Toledo, Toledo, Ohio 43606.

► Year-round operation eliminates the waste of shutting down multi-million-dollar buildings and equipment for three months every year—and whatever eliminates waste reduces cost.

► Much of the school budget is already on a year-round basis: administration, insurance, maintenance. These constant overhead expenses can be spread over the larger number of students accommodated by the year-round school.

► Any increased administrative or maintenance expense can be balanced against the accompanying construction savings. For instance, Los Angeles figured in 1963 that year-round school "would save more than $200 million in building costs during the next ten years." Further, the city wouldn't have the expense of operating, maintaining, staffing, and equipping $200 million worth of superfluous buildings. When eventually the community *would* need new construction, the buildings would be smaller, since year-round schools handle one-third more students than conventional schools. This would save additional hundreds of thousands of construction dollars and interest, and the new schools would require fewer equipment purchases.

► By cutting enrollment one-fourth, the four-quarter plan likewise cuts equipment, textbook, and teacher needs by one-fourth. Teachers' salaries make up the heaviest continuing cost of education. Year-round operation would neither raise nor lower it, since only three out of every four teachers required by the nine-month system would be needed; it costs the same to pay three teachers a higher, year-round salary, as it does to pay four teachers on the traditional program. Some savings would appear, however, in the area of teacher retirement funds: One-third to almost one-half of retirement benefits—it varies from state to state—come from public taxation.

Year-round operation isn't a cure-all. While it solves some problems it creates others. In some states year-round plans can't be adopted under present school codes and state-aid statutes; some schools would be too small to divide classes into a rotating-vacation system efficiently; major review of curriculum and classroom procedure would be necessary. But for many it promises improved education at fairly substantial savings.

DISCUSSION of year-round operation is burgeoning. The Educational Committee of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce has advised communities to investigate it; the U. S. Office of Education continually receives inquiries about the four-quarter system from businessmen across the country. And many of the nation's leading educators—among them C. Taylor Whittier, Philadelphia's Superintendent of Schools, and John W. Gardner, present Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare—are campaigning for extended use of our schools.

Debate about year-round operation of the schools will doubtless continue. Yet economic pressure, coupled with certain clear educational advantages, is likely to produce increasing interest in the idea. In every part of the country more schools are operating summer programs. From that point it is not a large step to acceptance of a full-year program. "I believe," said an educational administrator recently, "we're rapidly approaching a point where the American taxpayer is going to tell school administrators: 'No more money until you better utilize those facilities which you now have.'" The end of the summer hiatus may be closer than we think.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

The recently formed National School Calendar Study Committee (2015 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55405) provides a national clearing house for information about year-round school programs. A non-profit educational organization, the NSCSC distributes materials and provides speakers for interested groups across the country. "Our purpose," says George M. Jensen, former president of the Minneapolis Board of Education and NSCSC organizing chairman, "is to provide unbiased research on the question of year-round operation from every possible angle, and to stimulate nationwide public and professional discussion."

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Voices in the Classroom

The Secret World of Kidcult

IN THE swinging juvenile world of the hot rod, the surfboard, and the Beatles, the message is suspended maturity and undirected rebellion, the teachers are young men with long hair and levis, and the anti-hero is Alfred E. Neuman, the idiot-genius on stilts who recently lost his pants on the cover of *Mad* magazine. Happiness is the twang of an overamplified electric guitar, a dropout's success story, and parental confusion. There are lessons in love and lipstick, there is morality in deft dating, and there are esthetic principles in rhythm, hair styles, and hand-made sandals.

The underworld of the American adolescent constitutes the biggest in-group in America. What turns them on turns older people off. In this exclusive universe of kidcult and teencult, there are distinct mystiques to block adult understanding, and it's the mystique that counts. The logic is in non-logic. The appeal is spinal, visceral, and satiric, a multi-billion-dollar fantasy of records, magazines, clothes, cars, and talk, complete with grey-eminences, rising heroes and fallen idols, and a network of anxiety whose chief terrors are loneliness and pimples. Conceivably kidcult is not education, but everywhere education and educational institutions are ridden and affected with it, everywhere school teachers and principals pretend it doesn't exist, knowing all the while that often it is more significant than the whole formal educational enterprise put together. At the least it's anti-education, and it may be considerably more.

Unlike Horatio Alger and Tom Mix and all the other characters that earlier ages foisted off on their younger generations, the new universe of kidcult represents mores and power only vaguely linked to the adult world. It is an independent union, lovingly nourished by publishers and advertisers, by record pitchmen and disc jockeys, and by a tremendous commercial market that draws about $12 billion annually from the well padded purses of American adolescents. (Total expenditures for all elementary and secondary education in America stand at about $20 billion.) Sustained by the confused horror of the official custodians of juvenile life, kidcult appeals to what the admen analyze as "a finely developed pack instinct," "emotional unsureness," and a "desire for aeceptance." It is generally reactive (not reactionary), sometimes cute, sometimes rebellious, but it always attempts to provide sources of loyalty and identification, a place where the kid customer can stand and breathe without excessive interference by parents and teachers. In *Teen Life*, Mark Lindsay, who performs with a group called Paul Revere and the Raiders, confides (probably in the words of a press agent) that after being a lonely, hard-studying boy, he changed his ways:

> I gave my teachers a lot of grief. Finally I got kicked out of school and then got back in again. I just had become too belligerent and wasn't studying and just goofing off in class. All of a sudden I noticed that people began looking at me and the more attention I got, the better I liked it. All the kids would say I was a good Joe and that I'd do anything. Maybe they were laughing more at me than with me, but at the time, of course, I didn't know it. I really thought I was something.
>
> This was a very tense period in my life between myself and my parents. I didn't get along with my dad at all. He was a school teacher and was teaching at the same school, so this made things at home a little rough for me. Can you imagine his embarrassment at the things I had done?
>
> When I turned sixteen, I met Revere and I quit school to join the band. I finished high school through a correspondence course. I'm not sorry I quit except for the social life I missed. But I did learn something important: you can't goof off without hurting yourself and those who love you. . . .

The final sentence is a commercial for the Establishment, but the moral is clear. There is a place for everyone in the world of kidcult, and if you think you should be in a hurry to make good on the accepted scales of ambition and conformist upward mobility, forget it. (Or, at least, postpone it.) It will make you lonely, tense, and shy. Gosh, everybody has trouble with his dad, and if dad also happens to be a school teacher, then it's trouble in spades. After all, how square can a person be? You can derive acceptance and happiness from sources other than the College Boards and the Student Council, and from that premature rush to adulthood. Take Herman of the Hermits, for example. This swinging young priest of rock 'n' roll recently declared, also in *Teen Life:*

> I'm having the time of my life at the moment. But that doesn't mean I don't take my career seriously. I do. But I like fun too. People of my age (eighteen) want fun. We don't look a long way ahead. As long as tomorrow looks good, everything's okay. Of course I have plenty of serious thoughts, but I prefer to face growing up tomorrow. It will come soon enough—and I don't want to rush it.

That's the message. Don't rush it. Growing up can wait. True, the sociology isn't up to Edgar Z. Friedenberg in *The Vanishing Adolescent* or to Paul Goodman in *Growing Up Absurd*, but the sentiment is with them. In fact, adolescence hasn't vanished at all, despite all the pressure. It's merely gone underground. If maturity means carrying a briefcase up to an air-conditioned cell of paper pushers and a monthly mortgage payment, then bring on the Beatles. Tell us how Jane Asher is getting on with Paul McCartney, or how Lennon furnished his new pad. Let's erect some walls. Let's stop trying to become something and, for a while, *be* somebody.

Like Alfred E. Neuman. Neuman says "Join the War on Poverty: Increase My Allowance," and "In Case of Atomic Attack, the Federal Ruling Against Praying in the Schools Will Be Temporarily Suspended." The response to the acne scare? "Epoxy Can Be Cured." (Seventy-three per cent of adolescent boys, according to the Gilbert market survey, have "skin complexion problems.") *Mad's* line is so totally anti-Establishment that it leaves nothing sacred except ironic distance from the higher world:

> See the nice passengers.
> See them reach for their air sickness bags.
> They are all violently ill.
> Choke, gagg, urrp!
> Have they just eaten that nice airline food?
> No.
> Is the plane flying through a storm?
> No.
> Is it a bumpy flight?
> No.
> Then why are all the passengers sick?
> Sick, sick, sick.
> Oh, oh. Look at the movie screen.
> Now we know.
> The airline is showing another Doris Day movie.

Clearly *Mad's* irreverence represents a special sector of the world of adolescence. *Teen, Seventeen, Teen Life, Teen Set* (a record-company promotion magazine), and all the others, exude serious

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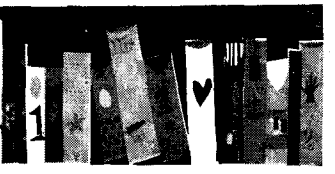
tones of juvenile buddyship and counsel —parental voices, that is, but much more understanding than parents—of which *Mad*'s satire is free. *Mad* is saying that all adults are crazy. The others suggest only that adults are less sympathetic to the needs and wishes of kids than they ought to be. Some attempt to provide a transition between the fantasies of the child's world and apparent reality: "If You Like Foreign Men," says *Career Girl*, "Get a Job at the U. N." Others merely try to provide models acceptable to both kids and adults, offering counsel based on the two major premises of the market people, premises based on research that has never been undertaken by teachers and school administrators:

> Acceptance by their peers is primary.
>
> Acceptance by adults is also important, but secondary to group acceptance.

Most kids probably have the two worlds well under control. They can live in both of them, using one as a retreat from the other. Certainly the kids are also hard working, have taken the Boy Scout oath, hold jobs, help old ladies across the street, like to read adventure stories written for them by adults, to travel, to get good grades and succeed in school. But in the lower recesses of kidcult, there is a cluster of worries and fears, of ambition and fantasy, that reflects, but often shares only dimly, the aspirations of the higher culture. They may not know much physics but they are being taught to fix "any part of any car," and to "build your own rugged rod—$75 and up." A vast industry, well financed and well staffed, is helping to educate young Americans outside of school, but no one really knows what they're learning. *Zow, that Coke is great.* Now, as school opens, let's stow away the surfboard, put on that new record by the Monkees, and get with it. This kidcult—it's the grooviest. It's mysterious to adults. But it turns the kids on. It is, for the moment, their best defense against the aggressive incursions of older people. —PETER SCHRAG.

the Editor's Bookshelf



Homogeneous grouping is a misleading term. It ought to be dropped from the vocabulary of educators because no matter how children are grouped for purposes of instruction, each group will be heterogeneous in most respects. As it is commonly used, the term refers to the regrouping of children of similar age on the basis of intelligence test scores, thereby reducing the range of intelligence within each group. But even when this is done, each class will include individuals who differ greatly in size, maturity, and physical skills as well as in readiness for learning.

The fact remains that children must be grouped in some way, and many educators are convinced that differences in intelligence provide a sound basis when the activities to be engaged in are intellectual in nature. They point out that all schools group children on the basis of some criterion assumed to be related to capacity or readiness for learning. In most schools the grouping is by age. Six-year-olds are not placed in a class with ten-year-olds because the older children are capable of learning different things, or at a different rate. But when all children enter school at the age of six, and are promoted a grade each year, the differences in learning capacity become more pronounced as they become older. By the time they are twelve or fourteen, some are ready for serious literature and advanced mathematics while others still are learning to read and are having trouble with simple fractions. The teacher finds it impossible to make an assignment or initiate a class discussion that is appropriate for the entire group.

The strongest opposition to ability grouping comes from educators who believe the schools should stress social and emotional development rather than academic learning. The opponents contend that the classification of children by either intelligence or academic talent calls attention to differences in such a way as to increase the feelings of inferiority of the slower group. And they deny that ability grouping results in improvement in learning on the part of either fast or slow learners.

Though a great deal of research has been done on the subject, most of it has not been sufficiently definitive to persuade those committed to either view to change their minds. Both sides have been prone to select from the evidence and say, "research proves we are right."

The research is well summarized in a new book, ***The Effects of Ability Grouping,*** *by Miriam L. Goldberg, A. Harry Passow, and Joseph Justman,* (*Teachers College Press,* 254 *pp.,* $7). The authors also report on a new study of ability grouping that involved 3,000 children in eighty-six fifth-grade classes in New York City schools. The account of the research design and the report of statistical findings are too technical for the general reader but the conclusions are of interest to parents as well as to educators. The authors interpret their evidence to mean that, "in predominantly middle-class elementary schools, narrowing the ability range in the classroom on the basis of some measure of general academic aptitude will, by itself, in the absence of carefully planned adaptations of content and method, produce little positive change in the academic achievement of pupils at any ability level."

THE key phrase, of course, is that which begins, "in the absence of. . . ." It should be obvious that any teacher who accepts a class selected on the basis of ability, and then fails to make carefully planned adaptations of content and method, has missed the whole point of ability grouping, which is to make such adaptations possible.

Educators who have contended that grouping is damaging psychologically will find no defense for their views in this report: "The study found no support for the contention that narrow-range classes are associated with negative effects on self-concept, aspirations, interests, attitudes toward school, and other nonintellectual factors. Therefore, at least in schools similar to those included in this study, various kinds of grouping and regrouping can probably be used effectively when they are designed to implement planned variations in content and method."

The general conclusions which the authors draw from their findings are cautious and seem at first to be neutral, but turn out to be highly favorable to properly planned programs: "Ability grouping is inherently neither good nor bad. It is neutral. Its value depends upon the way in which it is used. Where it is used without close examination of the specific learning needs of various pupils and without the recognition that it must *follow* the demands of carefully planned variations in curriculum,

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It's back-to-school!
Make sure your students
are taking these
3 required courses...
breakfast, lunch and dinner

Are her meals as well planned as her curriculum?

Summer's haphazard schedules and on-the-run eating are over. It's back to sensible eating habits for the whole family with well-balanced meals that include plenty of milk and other dairy foods: cheese, ice cream, butter.

To make sure you're giving your family the nourishing meals they need to help keep them fit during busy fall days, plan each meal around the Basic Four Food Groups. All the known nutrients are in the Basic Four and they provide a foundation for a balanced diet. The groups are: (1) Milk and Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads.

You can put new flavor excitement into every meal with mouthwatering combinations using these basic Four Food Groups. The variations are endless. Let your imagination go!

To get your FREE copy of "Family Feeding For Fitness and Fun," which describes the Basic Four Food Groups and explains how to use them to create more nutritious meals, write to the Public Relations Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

Well-balanced meals are just one of the essential elements in keeping your family fit and healthy. Your family also needs adequate exercise and plenty of rest. You see, fitness means an ability to work with vigor and pleasure, without undue fatigue, with energy left for enjoying hobbies and recreational activities.

For more information on how to set up your own family fitness program, write to the President's Council on Physical Fitness, Room 1031, GAO Building, 441 G. Street NW., Washington, D.C. 20203.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association
20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

A Trip to New Delhi

Black-and-white winner:

A Trip to Madrid

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.
Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review.*
Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.
Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now. Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

SR'S 1965 CONTEST WINNERS

Gaylord A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.

Arthur J. Heiser, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.
5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures can be submitted by any one entrant.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

DLINE OCTOBER 1, 1966 *Saturday Review* 380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

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grouping can be, at best, ineffective, at worst, harmful. It can become harmful when it lulls teachers and parents into believing that because there is grouping, the school is providing differentiated education for pupils of varying degrees of ability, when in reality that is not the case. It may become dangerous when it leads teachers to underestimate the learning capacities of pupils at the lower ability levels. It can also be damaging when it is inflexible and does not provide channels for moving children from lower to higher ability groups and back again either from subject to subject or within any one subject as their performance at various times in their school career dictates.

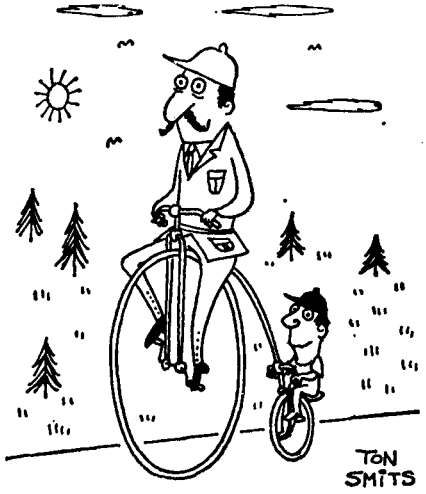
"However, ability grouping may be used effectively when it grows out of the needs of the curriculum and when it is varied and flexible. Pupils can be assembled for special work, whether advanced content or remedial instruction in a given subject. Teachers can more easily carry out specific plans appropriate for one ability level without having to provide for other pupils for whom the particular content may be inappropriate. Pupils at all levels can be freed to participate more fully without fear of derision either for being 'too dumb' or 'too smart'."

The growing militancy of public school teachers has made it necessary for school boards and superintendents to reexamine their views on the rights of teachers to bargain and to negotiate. Traditionally the boards have made policy, superintendents and their assistants have administered the schools, while teachers have been expected to confine their activities to working with children. But the older generation of teachers, many of whom were submissive individuals who took orders without question and accepted whatever salary was provided, are being replaced by a new breed that demands a part in policy-making and wants to bargain for salaries instead of accepting the first offer.

The legal basis for negotiation between teachers and school boards, and the various possible approaches to joint decision-making, are discussed in two new books, ***Professional Negotiation in Public Education,*** *by T. M. Stinnett, Jack H. Kleinmann, and Martha L. Ware* (*Macmillan,* 309 *pp.* $6.95) and ***Teachers and Unions,*** *by Michael H. Moskow* (*University of Pennsylvania, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce,* 288 *pp.,* $8.50). The authors agree that meaningful negotiation is possible only after an organization has been designated to represent the teachers. The authors of the first book, who are staff members of the NEA, give most of their attention to the activities of that organization. Moskow stresses the fact that the two major contending organizations take different approaches. He says, "The strongest advocate of collective bargaining for public school teachers is the 110,000-member American Federation of Teachers, affiliated with the AFL-CIO. On the other hand, the 950,000-member National Education Association objects to collective bargaining and instead advocates 'professional negotiations'." He concedes, however, that the similarities between the two approaches are much greater than the differences. Both favor a system of local-level co-determination that includes most of the elements of private-sector bargaining.

The older view—that while teachers may make proposals only the board may make decisions—is no longer acceptable to teachers. "Professional negotiation," according to the authors of the book by that title, "must mean something more than the right to be heard. Most teachers associations have had this right for years. The right only to be heard might be simply an annual supplicatory pilgrimage to the board of education, resulting only in warm expressions of gratitude and good-will by both parties. This routine could consist of a polite presentation by the teachers, blank stares from the board, and a polite 'thank you.' Then follows an interminable wait by the teachers; finally, reading of the board's action in the local newspaper or via the superintendent's bulletin, with any connection between teachers' requests and board action strictly coincidental. This, of course, is not professional negotiation."

There seems to be little doubt that true professional negotiation, based on a series of orderly procedures, officially adopted by the school board and the recognized local association, are necessary and are becoming more common. In many cities teachers already have voted on an organization to represent them. In most of the large ones—New York, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Cleveland—the majority of teachers have indicated a preference for the local unit of the AFT. But in Milwaukee, Tulsa, and the great majority of smaller cities, the choice has gone to the local unit of the NEA, often by very large majorities. In Manchester, Connecticut, for example, the vote for the professional organization was 367 while the AFT got only 8 votes. In Bellingham, Washington, the vote was 183 to 5 in favor of the NEA affiliate. These figures, and those for many other cities, are reported in Moskow's book.



The choice of an organization to represent them determines the actions that teachers will take when negotiations break down. The AFT, which had a no-strike policy until 1963, now accepts the strike as a legitimate weapon even though its use by public employees is illegal in thirteen states. The NEA prefers to speak of "sanctions," a word borrowed from the old League of Nations which used it to mean either economic boycott or the withdrawal of recognition. As it is used by NEA, "sanctions" is a vague word with many interpretations—the authors of *Professional Negotiations* devote an entire chapter to the subject without defining the term. It seems that a sanction is any coercive measure used to persuade the opposing party in a dispute to come to terms (the Lysistrata theme provides an excellent example). But to most people outside the NEA the threat of teachers to withhold their services until specified conditions are met sounds very much like a strike.

Whether the strike is a proper weapon for teachers is an issue on which the NEA seems somewhat undecided. Stinnett *et al.* say, "Two issues with which the teaching profession must deal directly are those of compulsory membership of some type and the right to strike." They conclude only that "What is required is a more systematic study of and airing of the issues." But the National School Boards Association has taken a firm stand in a resolution which reads, "The NSBA is opposed to sanctions, boycotts, or strikes, or mandated mediation against school districts and does not consider them to be proper remedies for use in problem situations. The authority of the board of education is established by law and this authority may not be delegated to others."

It is true that the role of a school board differs substantially from that of the board of an industrial corporation that must decide what proportion of the profits are to be passed on to the workers. The school board represents the people of the community and is responsible for the education of the children of that community. It has no profits to divide; it must work within the limits of the budget provided by the com-

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munity and the state. But it can, if it wishes, delegate some of its authority to a professional group. As pressures mount it may find it increasingly difficult to avoid such delegation. At any rate there is nothing inherent in the relationship between boards and teachers that precludes the possibility of negotiation.

The laws governing negotiations differ greatly from state to state. Some of the laws pertain exclusively to public school personnel while others are more general in scope and apply to all public employees. A valuable appendix to *Professional Negotiations* cites the applicable laws in California, Connecticut, Florida, New Jersey, Oregon, Washington, Alabama, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, and Wisconsin. Other appendices contain statements concerning the roles, responsibilities, and relationships of the board, superintendent, and staffs and the resolutions of various national organizations on staff relations.

Although there is considerable duplication of content in these two books, both deserve the attention of school board members as well as of those who are to represent the teachers in negotiations. Both are factual and objective and offer a considerable amount of legal interpretation and historical data that is not widely known. —PAUL WOODRING.

The Explosion in Clinton

***The Children of the South,** by Margaret Anderson (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 208 pp., $4.95), is a teacher's account of the impact of school desegregation in a Tennessee town. The reviewer is a former headmistress of Shady Hill School in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

By KATHERINE TAYLOR

THERE ARE THREE interwoven stories in this book. One is the vividly narrated series of experiences of a gifted teacher, a teacher who displayed unfailing awareness, compassion, and devotion, during seven years among Negro and white children in the high school in Clinton, Tennessee. Another is her reflection upon the origins of what she encountered there, through her knowledge of the history of the rural and small-town South. Ralph McGill, in his eloquent foreword to the book, testifies from his own experience to Margaret Anderson's interpretation of educational conditions in the South and to her convictions about what must be done.

The third story concerns what occurs within Margaret Anderson herself, her growth during those years in insight, resourcefulness, and power to act convincingly in the field of education. She had grown up in a quiet Kentucky community entirely committed to the Southern tradition. "The white people of the community were always kind to the Negroes, and the Negroes to the white people. At least, this was what I felt." Her childhood was a time of unquestioning innocence. Later, studying at two state universities, she recalls, "Never once can I remember that a professor mentioned the remote possibility that one day those of us in training to be teachers would have Negro children in our classes."

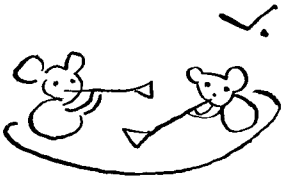
And then came Clinton, ordered to desegregate in 1956, only two years after the Supreme Court decision. As twelve Negro students were enrolled, there was the inevitable apprehension, but no movement toward violence until, just before school opened, the hate-monger came in from the outside, whipping up the latent fears and prejudices of the whites. And then the whole tragic story: the threats; the cursing, jeering mobs; the coming of the Ku Klux Klan and other hate groups; the destruction of the school building by dynamite; the departure of two-thirds of the teaching staff for positions elsewhere. But Margaret Anderson stayed. She worked through the ensuing years, and is still working, to bring about tolerance and understanding among children, teachers, and parents, to sustain the courage of the Negro children under hostile and humiliating experiences, and constantly to expand and deepen for herself and others the meaning of what it is to be a teacher.

She found among the white children, so strongly influenced by parent attitudes, three elements: radical segregationists; those with tentative tolerance; and some who one day spontaneously surrounded a group of Negro classmates to protect them from a threatening mob. She found among the Negro children, despite their times of fear and despair, a quiet courage and a determination to see it through and get an education. She worked indefatigably to find opportunities for them in colleges or vocational training. She was deeply moved by the ways in which the Negro children stood by each other, helped each other. One boy, a natural leader, spent many hours tutoring and counseling his friends. "He had ways of reaching the children—ways I could not fathom."

This boy, a fine basketball player, was permitted to try out for the team, and qualified. But "sixteen boys lined up for their uniforms. Fifteen uniforms were given out. Robyn was the sixteenth. The white boys bowed their heads in shame." The hostile attitudes of competing teams had convinced the school that the risk of harm was too great. "How could I explain [to Robyn] something that was contrary to everything I believed in?" He listened in silence, but "I am sure he saw through all of us quite plainly." One wonders, were the white boys and the faculty still so confused and benumbed by the total situation that they dared not speak up?

Having experienced turmoil and having witnessed violence, Margaret Anderson is convinced that young Negroes now should quietly pursue their education, in order to contribute effectively to American society. She pleads with them to avoid radical leadership and to leave the protest movements to older Negro and white adults who can "weigh experiences and situations and who know the dangers of a revolutionary atmosphere." We are, however, in the midst of revolutionary change. Despite the current explosions of uncontrolled violence, this is a time when many young people, white and Negro, feel that they must stand up and be counted, that they must act. The long patience is understandably exhausted. Numbers of them are involved in well-planned demonstrations and constructive activities, and for them this is a maturing and educational experience. The young cannot stand on the sidelines at this time.

The public school teacher, Margaret Anderson thinks, is in a strong position to help Negro children to secure their rights and opportunities. She deplores the slowness of progress toward this end among professional organizations and in teacher education. What she urges for teachers and their education is to the point not only in the South, but everywhere: that teachers must learn to deal with their own prejudices, to be aware of how circumstances and life conditions affect children, to respond to children's critical needs, to help them to realize their potentialities, to "let them know that you care." The Negro children of Clinton, she says, "have taught me a little of what I had to know about myself, about the South, and about America," and, one could add, about the educational needs of these times.



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Advice for the Brave

A Guide for School Board Members, *by Gloria Dapper and Barbara Carter (Follett, 169 pp., $2.95), is an examination of school board problems and responsibility, written especially for new board members and others who want a better understanding of the role of local school boards in American education. The reviewer is president of the board of trustees of the Unified School District, Palo Alto, California.*

By AGNES C. ROBINSON

EVERY year in the United States, 50,000 newly elected members take their places on local school boards. As a rule they know little about the mechanics of their jobs and nothing about the history and philosophy of public education in this country. Consider what happened to one of them. I joined my board of five members on the first of July, 1962, and by August 10 had to accept responsibility for a $15,000,000 budget. Within the last three years, our board has campaigned for a tax election for operating expenses; dealt with a group that opposed discussion of controversial issues in school; is currently working to pass a bond election for new buildings; struggling with merit pay for teachers; and last and most important, making daily decisions on what kind of curriculum to offer to whom under what circumstances.

A Guide for School Board Members would have been most welcome to me three years ago and should be in the hands of every incoming school board member. It starts a person off on his job by giving him a general awareness of what will be expected of him, what he ought to know, and offers an appendix, "Sources of Information," to help him further his own education. The authors are too wise to offer answers, even though the book is called a "guide," because there is no correct solution to any given problem faced by any one school board. Instead they provide information: historical, philosophical and practical. The chapter "How Did We Get Where We Are?" is historical; "What Do Our Students Learn?" involves philosophy of education; "Getting And Keeping Good Teachers" and "Dealing With The Public" are practical. The chapter on federal aid to education is important and timely. The discussion of the board member's role and the personal characteristics that make for successful board participation are excellent.

There is one omission which concerns me. The authors state that "the schools are confronted with two major social problems—integration and automation." Later on they quote John Fischer, president of Teachers College, Columbia University, as saying: "Virtually every innovation in American schools during the coming decade will be influenced by two strong currents of change. One of these is the growing effort to improve relations between the races. The other is the increasing insistence of teachers on the right to express their views on school policy matters." While a good part of one chapter covers negotiations with teachers, there is no further discussion of automation and integration. The new school board member has to consider them. Integration is on his doorstep, and automation is waiting around the corner, about to influence every aspect of the curriculum. If, indeed, public education is a major force for social change in this country, all school board members must concern themselves with both. The new member no longer has the proverbial first term in which to learn. Were there another chapter to this book, it might be entitled "Problems Society Expects the Schools to Solve."

Other omissions are minor. One such is mention of the new law in California, the so-called Winton Act, which provides for a negotiating council through which teachers' organizations negotiate with the Board. It has already proved useful in our district. I take issue with the authors only where they place school libraries under "auxiliary services" along with student transportation, health, attendance records, etc. To me the library is the core of the schoolhouse and the heart of any teaching problem. The cost of room and librarian is minimal in terms of value received by students.

The final chapter contains some well-chosen comments on "How Can Our Schools Be Better?" which should give both seasoned and new board members considerable pause for thought. As the authors rightly say at the beginning, school board membership is "a job for the brave"—and I must add, the well-informed. The authors cannot supply the bravery to the new board member but they make a fine contribution to his necessary fund of information.

"Nonsense!—A man of your standing has several good bankruptcies in him!"

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New Books

A Community of Scholars. *Edited by Frank Tannenbaum. Praeger.* 177 *pp.* $5. A series of essays by distinguished scholars—such as Albert Hofstadter, Paul F. Lazarsfeld, Margaret Mead, among others—on the development and achievement of the Columbia "University Seminars," which were founded by Columbia professors as a protest against the fragmentation of knowledge. The seminars bring together specialists—scholars and practitioners, from within and without the university—that they may learn from one another.

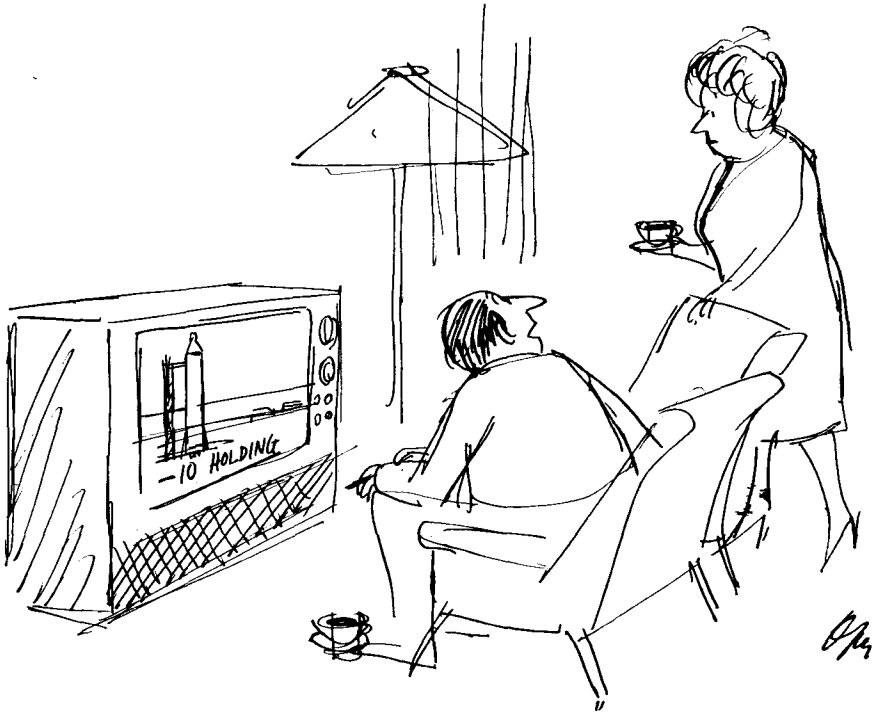
The Bible and the Schools. *by William O. Douglas. Little, Brown.* 65 *pp.* $3.75. Justice Douglas discusses the reasoning behind the Supreme Court decisions regarding religion in the public schools.

Pickets at the Gates: The Challenge of Civil Rights in Urban Schools. *By Estelle Fuchs. The Free Press* (60 *Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.* 10011). 205 *pp. Cloth,* $5.95. *Paper,* $2.95. Two case studies: 1) a principal's efforts to acquaint his staff with their students' underprivileged backgrounds resulted in accusation of prejudice and demands for his dismissal; 2) the massive school boycott against de facto segregation in New York City in 1965.

Guide to Support Programs for Education. *Education Services Press (Visual Products Department, 3M Company, St. Paul, Minn.).* 160 *pp.* $12. A comprehensive listing of the major sources of financial assistance—the federal government, foundations, and business—from which educators can seek support for their needs regarding plant and equipment, research, development and demonstrations, and staff training. Explains who is eligible to apply, possible projects, benefits, and restrictions. Includes a section on "How to Cut Red Tape."

Automation, Education, and Human Values. *Edited by William W. Brickman and Stanley Lehrer. School and Society Books (Division of the Society for the Advancement of Education,* 1860 *Broadway, New York, N.Y.).* 419 *pp.* $7.95. A collection of essays on the effects of modern technological change on all phases of human life.

New Universities in the Modern World. *Edited by Murray G. Ross. St. Martin's Press.* 190 *pp.* $5. Case studies of the establishment of new universities in the United States, England, Nigeria, Australia, Canada, India, and Pakistan. Each contributor describes the origin of his university, the development of its character, staff recruitment problems, initial difficulties, subsequent changes in objectives, and what he would do differently if he could do it again.



"Walter Cronkite is caught in a traffic jam."

Catholic Education: A Book of Readings. *Edited by Walter B. Kolesnik and Edward J. Power. McGraw-Hill.* 512 *pp. Cloth,* $5.95. *Paper,* $4.50. A compilation of essays, each reflecting *a*—not *the*—Catholic point of view, on problems that confront education generally and problems of particular concern to Catholic schools, parents, or teachers.

Education and Society in Tudor England. *By Joan Simon. Cambridge University Press.* 452 *pp.* $13.50. A reassessment of English education in the Tudor period. Contrary to the accepted opinion, the author shows, important educational advances were made during this time, and the way had long been prepared for them.

Education and Training in the Developing Countries: The Role of U.S. Foreign Aid. *Edited by William Y. Elliott. Praeger.* 399 *pp.* $7.50. Assessments of the wide variety of American activities that comprise our role in the African-Asian-Latin American educational revolution. Includes essays by government officials, foundation executives, and educational specialists.

The University in the American Future. *Edited by Thomas B. Stroup. University of Kentucky Press (Lexington, Ky.).* 111 *pp.* $4. Essays by Kenneth D. Benne, Sir Charles Morris, Henry Steele Commager, and Gunnar Myrdal, analyzing the tensions affecting the American university today and the forces which will shape it in the future.

Universal Higher Education. *Edited by Earl J. McGrath. McGraw-Hill.* 258 *pp.* $5.95. Predictions on the forms and purpose of higher education in the next decade, by such authorities as Nevitt Sanford, Henry Steele Commager, Daniel Moynihan, and Harold Howe II.

Teaching the Disadvantaged. *By Joseph O. Loretan and Shelley Umans. Teachers College Press (Columbia University).* 242 *pp.* $6.50. Discusses new curriculum approaches, and questions many entrenched notions about how to educate the disadvantaged. Written especially for principals, teachers, and others directly involved with education.

Students, Scholars, and Parents. *By Stephen White. Doubleday.* 143 *pp.* $3.95. An exploration of the ideas behind the new math and other curriculum reform.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Continued from page 72

inventing a special degree for football players.

E. D. WELCH.
Assistant Professor of Law,
Memphis State University.
Memphis, Tenn.

Putting Down the Upstart

I WISH to take issue with Glenn S. Dumke's article "The State College Upstart" [*SR*, Aug. 20].

We don't need more and larger colleges, state or otherwise, just more rigid scholastic requirements to get rid of the dead wood that is cluttering up the campus scene.

MRS. G. L. SHIROKY.
Severna Park, Md.

Orientation to What?

WHAT A DIFFERENCE in educational institution philosophy!

Recently the son of a close friend received a freshman orientation memo from two colleges.

One memo had as its opening paragraph: "The traditional 'Frosh Regs' will cost $3. This includes the beanie, bow tie, and badge. Freshmen are expected to have this amount on Registration Day." The rest of the memo went on to talk about schedules, charges for post boxes, football games, etc.

Contrasted with this, the other memo advised him that he would shortly receive under separate cover two books for summer reading—*The Secular City*, and *The Art of Loving*. This latter memo went on to say that there would be a discussion on the two books during orientation.

My—what a difference in orientation! 'Nuff said!

R. G. WERDEN.
Jenkintown, Penn.

More on Movies

YOU ARE to be congratulated for including in your July 16 issue the excellent article by John M. Culkin, S.J., under the heading "Great Movies Go to School."

Father Culkin crystallized a subject which is of paramount interest to me and to all of us in this association—namely, the importance of film study in our schools. I am confident the readers of your magazine will be both enlightened and inspired by this presentation.

JACK VALENTI,
President,
Motion Picture Association
of America, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

International Miseducation?

I READ WITH INTEREST your issue on international education [*SR*, Aug. 20]. I came to this country last September for study and the following letter was written in April to a campus newspaper:

"Colorful is a complimentary adjective, but not colored. This is what a colored student realizes soon after his arrival in America. Whatever might be his status in his own country, he is just a colored student and nothing more to the average American."

If the colored student happens to be young, sometimes he tends to look down on his own people for being colored and suffers from an inferiority complex for the rest of his life. If he is not very young, he is sensitive even to innocuous references to color and hates the whites for the rest of his life.

Americans often wonder why it is that they are unpopular abroad despite their unstinted and generous help. I do not think there is any instance of a nation helping other nations on such a massive scale, and yet curiously enough there has been no other nation that has been so misunderstood.

People who have been to the United States often hold the view that Americans are genuinely interested in helping colored countries but the average American would rather not deal with the colored people at a personal level.

The colored student is struck by the glaring contrast in the treatment meted out to him in this country and the way Americans are treated in his own country. The worst American smuggler is shown every consideration in colored countries, whereas the best of colored students become third class citizens in this country just because of their color. This leaves indelible scars on the minds of colored students in American universities.

Those who complain are generally dismissed as having chips on their shoulders.

Underdeveloped countries are underdeveloped economically. Students from these countries are not underdeveloped in intelligence or emotions. They do not want any special treatment. To them, condescension is worse than contempt.

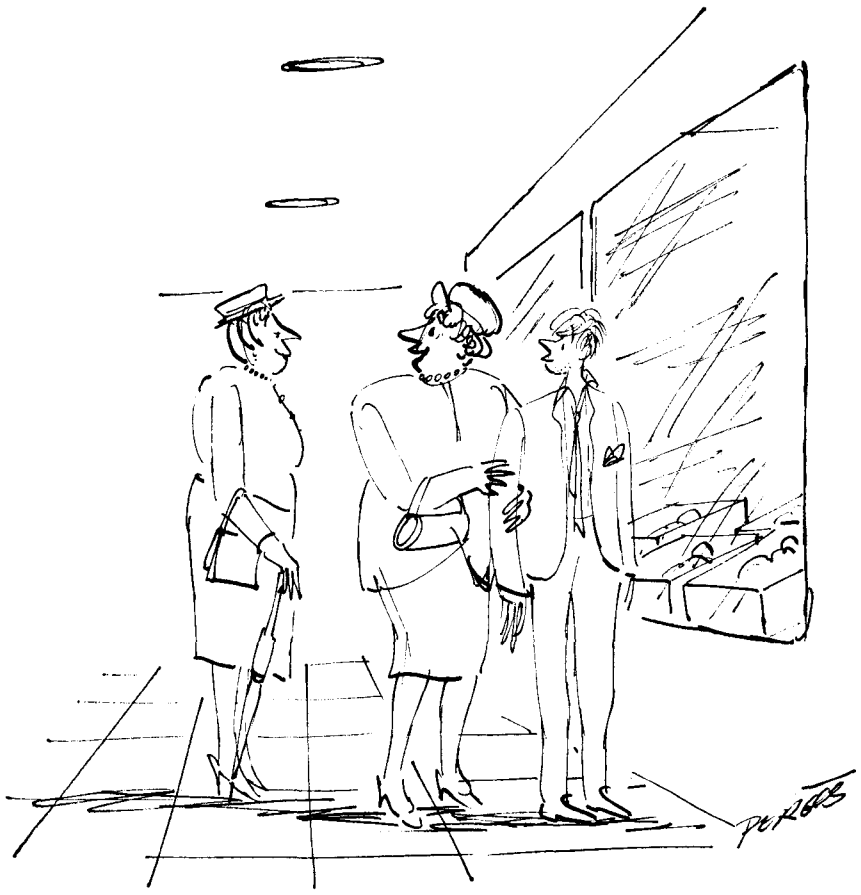
K. SUBRAHMANIAN.
Bloomington, Ind.

Joyless Learning

MR. SIERLES ASKS [in these columns July 16] "When, except for a few, was learning ever joyful?" I know many students who went to college to learn and enjoyed it. Anyway, does the fact that learning was not joyful years ago justify the present situation?

From elementary school on, homework and studying are assigned as punishment for the misbehaved. In college, those who go to learn are discouraged by the emphasis on grades, not learning. Yet, without good grades, formal education ends with rejection from graduate school. The college student who has come to learn either goes along with the system and spends more time studying than learning (there is a difference), and does well, or goes against the system and suffers gradewise. The one who submits to the pressure for good grades usually does not enjoy learning: He is too tense and nervous. Our educational system has done a good job of teaching students that learning is not at all joyful.

ROCHELLE ALBIN LEVINE.
College Park, Md.



"I want you to meet my son, the father."

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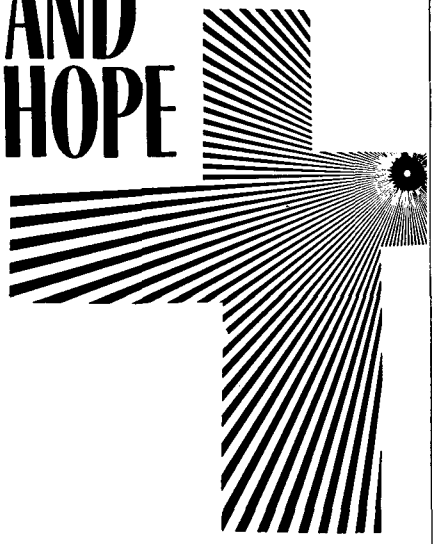
EDUCATION... AMERICA'S CHALLENGE AND HOPE



CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN ACTION

The Notre Dame Study of U. S. Catholic Elementary and Secondary Schools.

Reginald A. Neuwien, editor

How, why do they operate?
Are there enrollment problems?
Do they reach their educational and academic goals?
What is the status of the lay teacher?
The students—what are their attitudes, civic, social, religious?

These questions, and many others, were asked by a 100-man research team covering all Catholic schools in the United States and with an added in-depth study of 13 dioceses.

420 pages **Sept. 13** **$10.50**

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME PRESS
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA 46556

Free University

Continued from page 76

italism," he says, "can be reasonably generous to the American people so long as it can rest its prosperity on the backs of the two-thirds of the world's people who are starving. We have enslaved much of the underdeveloped world, which wouldn't hurt *us* so much if it didn't lead to twisted master-slave relationships here in this country. And since our foreign slaves have begun revolting —in Cuba, in Santo Domingo, in Vietnam—we've had to become militarists as well as imperialists." Krebs, like most people at Free U., expects and welcomes a Vietcong victory.

KREBS feels that the main objective of U.S. radicals should be to attempt, through political organization and indoctrination, to prevent the United States from crushing "wars of liberation" in the underdeveloped world. It is only through such wars, he believes, that this disinherited portion of humanity can make any real progress. When he visited Cuba he was "tremendously exhilarated" by what he saw; it showed him "what the slaves can do once they cast off the yoke of Yankee imperialism."

Krebs is now a member of a brand new Marxist splinter group called the American Liberation League. It is composed, he says, of "independent anti-imperialists who are concerned with the development of consciousness among students, artists, and other intellectuals. Unlike the Progressive Labor Party, whose chairman, Milt Rosen, teaches at Free U., this new group does not believe in working-class revolution at the present juncture, for as things now stand the proletariat is basically reactionary.

Besides the new Liberation League, the faculty at Free U. is made up of members of over half a dozen leftist factions ranging from the Catholic Workers through three shades of Trotskyites to the Progressive Workers Party. "There are no Communists," Krebs asserts, "but we're begging them to come. They weren't invited at first so they're a little paranoid. Until now they've refused to come, even refusing to give party permission to their own members who wanted to teach here." Two Communist party members came to a recent meeting, but they sat there smoking their pipes and keeping to themselves. The older of them, a graying man who looked like some one who has just completed his thirty-fifth year teaching the fifth grade in a small upstate town, was asked by Krebs to comment on the courses at Free U. "We represent a particular school," he replied, "and we can't speak as individuals. We're grateful for the invitation, and we will report back." This was his only message of the evening, and his colleague didn't say a single word.

"The Free University was created under propitious circumstances," says Krebs, "We don't have real Fascism yet, only small things like Vietnam and Santo Domingo. But the conflicts are getting sharper and my guess is that in ten years chances for dissent may come to zero. Free U. and others will be crushed. I don't know, though . . . I'm no prophet. As long as we can go on we'll try to expand, offer more courses, improve standards. I'll do what I can."

Krebs was explaining his views in his little office to the right of the main meeting room. He paused a moment and tapped his pipe against the leg of the desk. "We've got to keep going if our views are going to have any kind of hearing," he said. He paused again, fumbled around in the pile of papers on his desk, and came up with a yellow mimeographed sheet. "Here, take a look at this kind of jazz," and he handed me the sheet. It was a list of the trustees and high officials of Columbia University with a tally of what are supposedly their financial interests. Grayson Kirk, the president, is credited with being a director of Con Ed, Socony Mobil, IBM and the Greenwich Savings Bank. "When these academics control this kind of stuff how the hell do you expect them to allow views which are critical of the Establishment to be taught on their campuses?" he asked, not expecting an answer.

Life magazine has branded the Free U. a "school for draft dodgers"; others have labeled it a "threat to national security," and a "hotbed of red agitation." Hostility toward the place has various levels of intensity. The manager of the Kent Coffee Shop downstairs complains that "the students look like beatniks. There haven't been any riots yet," he states, "but I'm afraid there will be. Frankly, I wish they'd get out. They congregate outside the door here and, well, you know, it just doesn't look nice." Anonymous notes are received threatening to blow the place up along with "all the trash that goes there." Free U. could be criticized on other grounds as well. There are some very poor teachers, and a good many of the students have dropped out of conventional life more for reasons of laziness or arrogance than anything else. A frowzy student allowed as how "learning is just so much crap; you know, man, a real bore." But there are also people of sincerity, intelligence, and courage at the place.

It is easy to condemn Free U., but the place is, of course, a tribute to the American democratic institutions so frequently attacked there. Every nation permits schools that reflect its prevailing views; it is much rarer that centers of

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radical dissent are tolerated. And in an age of consensus and common denominators it is healthy to rub one's accepted myths and habit-ideas against the gritty, angular non-conformity that FUNY represents.

There is also a more basic matter involved.

If all were perfect in our nation and no problems remained unsolved; if we had no destitution or effective illiteracy; if we had fully substituted individuals for the blind categories of race, religion, and class; if our foreign policy were informed by coherent and realistic aims related to our true national interest; if the half of our budget which goes for Polarises and Minutemen went instead for plows and pruning hooks; if a firm, patient, charitable idealism governed the relations of one American to another, and of all Americans to the world; if we were more concerned with the opportunities our affluence afforded us than with out affluence *per se*; if all this came to pass there would be little place for a free university in the resulting utopia. But then, of course, there is no place for a utopia in this world, either. It is not that the ideas and actions of the people at Free U. are likely to help much in achieving these goals. They are not. But so long as our society is full of defects and injustices, the dissent, the diversity, and the radical idealism that characterize the Free U. will continue to be an essential natural resource. The eager radicals, the slatternly beatniks, the poets, wild men and dreamers who trek up the left-hand staircase at 20 East 14th Street in long hair and grayish collars carry with them a measure of this resource.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

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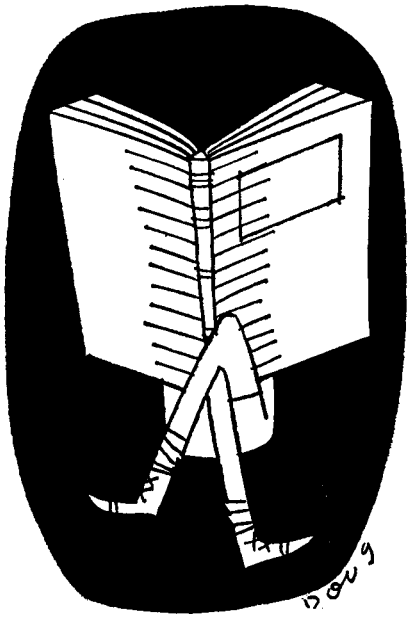

Dropout Campaigns

Continued from page 79

school while giving him a part-time job. On the other hand, there is substantial resistance on the part of many industrial giants. The rub apparently is that there aren't enough jobs to go around. In a recent nationwide sampling, the *Wall Street Journal* found a fear on the part of some firms of creating ill-will if dropouts were signed on. "If we let it be known we were hiring dropouts and then have to turn down a youngster who's got a high-school diploma, how do we explain it to him?" asked a personnel officer for a large insurance company. One of the nation's Big Three auto manufacturers (Ford) proposed that each of its 9,000 dealers provide a part-time job for a dropout, provided he returned to school. But dealer reaction was "pretty negative," so the plan was put on the shelf. "I'm frankly disappointed," said a company executive, "it would have helped 9,000 boys get back on the right track."

The anti-dropout effort, no matter how novel the approach or what combination of alphabet-soup the agency is packaged in, invariably comes at least five years too late. The dropout usually becomes visible in the third through the fifth grades. From that point on, he usually keeps stumbling—right out the schoolhouse door. It is quite often the school that has failed as much as the dropout.

"They are bored, tremendously bored," says Aramis Gomez, director of the East Harlem center of Job Orientation in Neighborhoods (JOIN) in Manhattan, a $3,000,000 program co-sponsored by the city and the U.S. Labor Department. "They yawn their way through school," says Dr. Tannenbaum of MFY.

Despite New York's many-sided approach to the problem, counselors still find in talking to dropouts that principals and teachers are "throwing them out arbitrarily." Many counselors at anti-dropout agencies fault the Board of Education on several counts—shoving out dropouts in filing-case batches, offering outmoded courses in obsolete skills at vocational schools, and permitting near-illiterates to get as far as the sophomore and junior years of high school. "We shouldn't be in business," asserted an official of a dropout agency with branches in the five boroughs. "Why should we have to offer courses in remedial reading and arithmetic? This is supposed to be done by the Board of Education—and yet it forms the biggest part of our job. We're taking on what they messed up in the first place."

A high Board of Education official admitted that it was standard practice to promote children who should be left

How does a child learn to learn?

Read . . .

STUDIES IN COGNITIVE GROWTH

By JEROME S. BRUNER, ROSE R. OLVER, and PATRICIA M. GREENFIELD, et al

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back. She conceded, in fact, that as many as 25 per cent of the "graduates" of junior highs do not graduate at all, but are merely handed certificates of attendance, stating they have been there, and that's about all. "This is a fake," she said.

The pupil who is too old, then, for junior high is passed into senior high school without a diploma, and further shoved along the route to becoming a dropout. It is left for such as JOIN, MFY, and others, to pick up the pieces. MFY, for instance, runs a nonprofit service station and luncheonette to give realistic training to youngsters who need help in finding a job. But it has been found that many flunk the training courses because they can't handle enough arithmetic to add the city sales tax to a customer's bill. Much of the work of anti-dropout agencies boils down to patchwork educational remediation, or random efforts at finding jobs for a handful of trainees whose numbers are dwarfed by new "push-outs" and "squeeze-outs" and other categories of school rejects.

FOR the agencies, it is an up-mountain fight. New York's Neighborhood Youth Corps, for instance, obtained 4,500 full-time and 900 part-time jobs for dropouts last year—but the city that year produced five times that number of new dropouts. "This program is intended specifically as an aid to the high-school dropouts. Yet it would not affect the total dropout problem if it were magnified five-fold," said Professor Robert A. Dentler of the Center for Urban Education and a faculty member at Teachers College, Columbia University. "It is hard to grasp how it could be magnified at all, or even repeated in a second or third year of operation, since 40 per cent of the jobs being offered are for posts in city departments. There is a fallacy inherent in such programs. They may supply a limited number of jobs for pupils fresh out of pilot programs, but they are very apt to be like the jobs available now for dropouts, scarce in number and good for one filling per generation."

While most dropout campaigns are too little and too late, there are some rays of light in the generally dismal picture. They may be seen, usually, in more imaginative school districts that saw past mistakes and completely overhauled programs. Washington, D.C., which muffed its earlier drive, tried again last year and found it was able to hold on to virtually all the returnees. Instead of shipping dropouts back to their old schools, they were installed in special night classes at Spingarn High School. The program is called STAY (School to Aid Youth). Classes run from 3:30 to 10 p.m., some lasting two hours so a student can take more credits in fewer trips to school. Classes are small (under twenty), all homework is done in school in recognition of the fact that many dropouts have no desk at home, and a full range of academic courses is offered. Students may take as many or as few courses as they wish. "There isn't any formula," said STAY director William F. Carpenter. "That's just the point. We find out what the kids need and give it to them. It's simple."

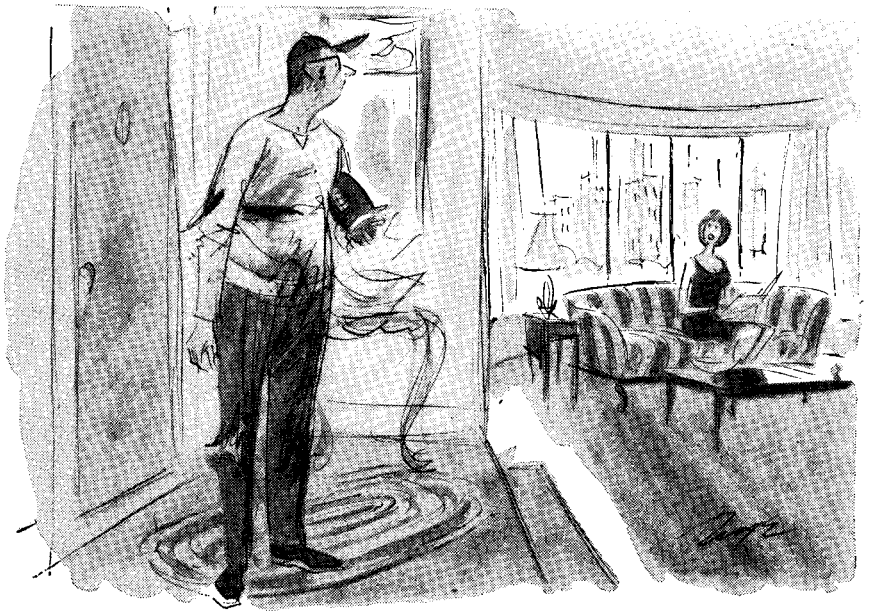
STAY officials made an interesting discovery—one that may have national implications. Students came into the program weeks before transcripts arrived from their former schools. They were asked to write down their own grades, so they could be placed accordingly. Later, when the records arrived, teachers were astonished to find that some of the hardest working students had been rated "absolutely incorrigible" or otherwise hopeless. Knowing that their past records of failure had, in effect, been erased the dropouts gave themselves a clean slate and made good. School officials decided to ignore the old records altogether and to judge each returnee on the basis of current performance.

ONE of the miracles wrought by Assistant Superintendent Samuel Shepard, Jr., in the 95 per cent Negro Banneker District in St. Louis, has been a reversal of dropout trends among the 15,000 pupils in his twenty-three schools. Shepard reduced the rate from more than a third to less than one in ten by motivating parents as well as pupils. Parents were signed up as homework managers, as aids on field trips, as counselors to run study-ins. "You've heard of sit-ins and teach-ins," said Shepard. "Well, these are the same, except they're for studying." The parents were asked to sign pledges to turn off the radio or television during homework hours. They promised to sign each day's homework, or to check with the school when a child said there was none. Teachers who complained of too-large classes were told the class size would be cut, and it was now up to them to "deliver or get out." Dropouts in Banneker today average well below the St. Louis citywide average of 13 per cent.

B. Frank Brown, principal of the 1,500-student Melbourne High School, Melbourne, Florida, faced a different sort of problem. His school, near the Cape Kennedy space center, accommodates children of mechanics as well as those of propulsion experts with Ph.D.'s. In 1959, he had an 18 per cent dropout rate. Today it is down to 4 per cent. He combatted dropouts through a nongraded high school program in which traditional grade levels are abolished and "phases of learning" are substituted. Students are taught in small and large study groups, and encouraged to progress at their own pace. Time is made available for individual research projects.

"If a fifteen-year-old reads at fourth grade level, we put him into a reading course at that level," said Brown. "Also we have a gimmick—a student dropout committee. It's composed of one good guy, such as the leader of the Student Council, and two bad guys, youngsters who dropped out and re-entered and are now making the grade. If a boy is about to drop out, the committee meets with him and hotboxes him. He's got to respect the ex-dropouts on the committee, and if he drops out anyway, the committee visits him at the filling station or wherever he's working and puts more pressure on him. Many dropouts return."

Dropouts can be helped—but not the



"I'll bet Mayor Lindsay didn't get that dirty."

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way most school districts are trying to do it. To begin with, the effort must start years earlier. The dropout is "a victim of some alien middle-class culture," said Edgar Z. Friedenberg, the author of *The Vanishing Adolescent* and now a member of the faculty at the University of California at Davis. "They know quite well what we can do with it. Dropping out is one way of telling us. It is about time we turned our attention to the things about the school that are bugging them. The school is the arena in which these youngsters encounter middle-class life. This is where the dropouts fight the ten-year ideological war that ends in their defeat and rout."

For those who do walk out on school—assuming the school has done its best to keep them there—something more must be offered than an editorial in the high-school paper or a placard in the subway inviting them back. Most of the authorities in the field believe that there must be either some form of scholarship aid or a subsidized work-study program. The conventional back-to-school pitch—without such a financial sweetener—is a public-relations fraud and a hoax on the children who literally must leave school because their parents can't afford to keep them there. If necessary, schools must pay to keep impoverished youngsters from dropping out. This will show the dropout that more than words stands behind the stay-in-school propaganda.

And, most important, the economy must produce more jobs. Dr. Dentler and Mary Ellen Warshauer, in a just-published study, *Big City Dropouts and Illiterates*, discovered that the dropout rate in any community is almost always directly linked to the level of job opportunity. Cities with the most expensive educational programs or the most elaborate anti-dropout drives produced massive numbers of dropouts if they were in an economic slump. The converse was also true. "Anti-dropout programs were irrelevant," Dentler said. "If they were having any impact, we would have found a correlation. There wasn't even a flicker."

The dropout has too long been the whipping boy. The schools have told him he is not wanted, and shown him the door. The economy has told him he is "surplus" and unskilled. And the public-relations lures that have been set forth to draw him back to classes have led him instead to a head-butting contest with school officials who don't really want him, and don't know what to do with him when he shows up. Part of the problem, of course, lies with the dropout himself. But a major source of trouble lies in schools that don't teach, an economy without enough jobs, and school officials who give youngsters a hypocritical runaround instead of the "Second Chance" their posters advertise.

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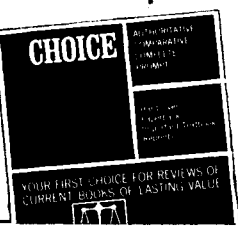

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"The Man's" Language

Continued from page 81

dren to learn English, the teacher can reverse the situation so that the Spanish-speakers teach their language to the English-speakers. The advantages are:

First—and perhaps, psychologically, foremost—the Puerto Rican children are placed temporarily in a position of some superiority, for they are helping their classmates. Second, both Spanish and English become important in the classroom—both are recognized as languages, and *as languages* both are acceptable. Third, the English-speaking students get an opportunity to learn a foreign language. And fourth, the Spanish-speaking children, in order to teach their language to an English-speaker, must acquire an increasing knowledge of English in order to communicate with their classmates.

Of course, the process is not that simple and requires additional techniques. But in the broader societal context, this variation of the Dialect Game, because it employs the child's primary language as the basic element of his culture, eliminates the gratuitous condescension inherent in classroom concentration on superficials such as "colorful" native costumes and customs or "songs from many lands." The primary objective is to teach language, and this approach does. But one of its principal benefits is that it also teaches culture, and, more importantly, a respect for culture.

Once again, the process is additive and positive—and these qualities are essential if we of the middle-class are to be taken seriously when we assert that we want to bring the strengths and interests of the deprived into the mainstream of American life today.

When his own language is denied . . .

The harm done the Mexican-American child linguistically is paralleled —perhaps even exceeded—by the harm done to him as a person. In telling him that he must not speak his native language, we are saying to him by implication that Spanish and the culture which it represents are of no worth. Therefore (it follows again) this particular child is of no worth . . . If he is no good, how can he succeed? And if he can't succeed, why try?

From "The Invisible Minority," report of the NEA-Tucson survey on the teaching of Spanish to the Spanish speaking. (National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. $1.)

OK—we'll try it once more, and this time, Curtis, I want all the gaiety of the world expressed in those bubbles.

Karl Marx

Continued from page 62

cash nexus passage of *The Communist Manifesto* onward, alienation is identified with commodity production for the competitive market and with the moral consequences of the industrial process under capitalism, but the term itself is abandoned.

Marx's revolution is a vision of the transformation of a metaphysical quality of the abstraction, Man. Man, the hypostasis, never each separate unique human individual, will cease to be self-alienated and become divinized in a great apocalypse in which the contradictions between all the antitheses, essence and existence, act and knowledge, form and content, being and becoming, will be consumed in a great synthesis.

THE forces of classical economics are turned into the figures of classical tragedy and the great beasts of the Hebraic visions of the end of history. The dry abstractions of the dismal science—constant and variable capital, labor power, surplus value, the falling rate of profit—are inflamed with irresistible moral imperative and become dramatic personalities. Scientific necessity turns into *hubris* and *nemesis*. The reader is swept up and put on the stage. He becomes an actor in a plot of which the motor, the hidden, all-pervading concern, human self-alienation, is the same existential absurdity that reverberates behind the clash of battle, of pride and shame, comradeship and treachery, in the *Iliad*, that sociological document Simone Weil called "The Poem of Force."

A reading list for Marx is not easy to compile because of the extreme tendentiousness of editors and translators. The best general life is Franz Mehring, *Karl Marx*, now in Ann Arbor Paperbacks (University of Michigan Press). The appendices are by the German Stalinist editor of the posthumous edition, and are false and misleading. The best current discussion of contemporary post-Bolshevik Marxism is George Lichtheim's *Marxism in Modern France* (Columbia University Press). It has an extensive and reliable bibliography.

There are many editions of selected writings, the minor works, and the first volume of *Das Kapital*. The complete *Capital*, three volumes in the authorized translation, is published by Charles Kerr. Almost everything else is published by International Publishers. The books popular with the "New Marxists" are *Early Writings* (McGraw-Hill). By far the best general introduction in English is Karl Korsch's *Karl Marx* (Wiley). It is the only one which is uncorrupted by some sort of sectarianism.

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SANDBURG: Photographers View Carl Sandburg. Edited by Edward Steichen. Harcourt, Brace & World. $10.75.

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TV and Radio

Continued from page 63

tainment, but also for a variety of local activities, newspaper facsimiles, shopping services, and possibly specialized high-quality programs for smaller audiences willing to pay an extra charge (pay TV). As for satellite communication, the cable people take that in their stride, too. Said Robert H. Beisswenger, President of Jerrold Corporation: "We can wire the planet and bring you programs from the moon via satellite."

One thing is certain: The majority of television viewers want to see more programs on more channels, preferably from sources outside their normal range. Whether the programs are better or not, whether viewers watch them or not, they want to have them available, and they seem willing to pay the tariff for that longer wire to the master antenna. It is this simple fact that gilds the CATV wire and is causing deeply unsettling upheavals behind the television scene. And looming serenely above the struggle, watching it with what must be immense anticipation, sits Mother Bell Telephone System. That's how this business of television all started, you know, with a wire that transmitted the question: "What hath God wrought?"

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Thomas Jefferson (For William Carlos Williams)

By George Scarbrough

FOR a beauty to lay beside his own,
Jefferson looked for a gardener
Who could play the flute as well.

It was not news to him that he
Was too beautiful for wilderness,
Wanting music among crab-apples,

In keeping with his proud house
And grand say-so.
Damn his bright head if I

Can forgive his failure to under-
Stand a hickory flute intoning
A virtuous sap is small whistle

To wet in minuets. He saw what was
Needed and signalled, I think, in
His own divided mind, the right way.

Windfall or worse, the forest was
His, standing and running before him.
But he stopped short of the trees.

Now I labor my point to say
His failure was mine. I too am
A prince of fashion in a strange land.

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(Continued on page 102)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 101)

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NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

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145 SPECIES OF BIRDS and our square nickel aren't fascinating enough in themselves to bring you down to Bonaire, but they're symbolic of how unusual our island is. It's surprising to find a Caribbean island so exclusive yet so inexpensive, so lovely yet so little known. If peace and tranquillity are your goal, you'll be able to tan tension away on our white-white sand beaches, then roll over into the most relaxing, crystal clear waters you've ever seen. There are also those 145 birds to lure you down untrafficked, paved roads into the hills, the lakes and the "salinas." On the other side of the coin, there is excitement and dash to be found in one of the Caribbean's most beautiful casinos. The skin diving is fantastic . . . as is the fishing, sailing and water skiing. The sun, she shines and shines and shines. All year long! You'll tan like crazy! Also . . . unhurried, uncrowded shopping for imported gifts at free-port prices. Come see us . . . only $150 round trip from New York to Bonaire in the Netherlands Antilles . . . by reliable KLM jet. Write Bonaire Tourist Office, Suite 1520, 7 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y., or phone area code 212-CO 5-3665.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1693

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Small shell of such high velocity that its sound and explosion seem simultaneous (comp.)	165 208 71 44 39 66 122 5
B. Fine English authoress contemporaneous with Jane Austen.	196 123 101 56 43 198 162 181 6
C. Equivalent to *the Land of Nod* (2 wds. with comp.)	74 215 154 131 124 97 40 207 3 115 103
D. Metaphysical reality, in contrast to a phenomenon (comp.)	84 182 102 178 94 148 80 163 86 167 213 120 199
E. Describing certain liquids in which developed a slimy membrane; viscid.	12 175 130 150 116 212 77 27
F. One who bears witness (to).	16 164 1 52 151 75 30 134
G. Antipathetic injunction to Americans often seen abroad in recent years.	38 187 32 172 50 59 206 22 62 42 108 20
H. Colloq. assurance of truth or fidelity (2 wds.)	21 190 60 88 184 194 153 83 81 132 61
I. Accented.	113 142 203 49 166 179 79 176 63 125
J. The accountant's straight-line depreciation allowance (comp.)	53 192 109 157 201 57 173 211
K. Two wds. used esp. in diplomas, denoting a good academic standing.	171 18 140 195 146 111 33 26
L. A space surrounding one's house.	28 197 127 161 152

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Capitalized, the Great Stone Face in New Hampshire.	69 19 193 147 204 67 76
N. Sixty percent (comp.)	17 8 46 202 185 34 133 104 112 2 68
O. Ungainly; embarrassing.	126 82 156 186 96 25 93
P. Lacking in a strong, sometimes fearful, feeling of respect and esteem.	105 36 70 143 23 9 64 159 92 135
Q. Septentrional.	110 35 51 137 158 183 95 72
R. WORD K at its highest (3 wds.)	149 89 210 65 91 155 169 78 98 121 31 119 11
S. Solemn declaration of disapproval.	58 174 47 145 209 114 48
T. Letter or combination of letters used in spelling a word but not heard in its pronunciation.	118 191 85 90 138 128 189 73
U. At an earlier time.	13 29 45 106 170 180 129 188 41 136
V. A Britisher who asks questions.	139 205 168 4 99 87 14 55
W. Whatever is retained, esp. in the mind.	15 107 37 54 144 7
X. Australian slang for an apparatus hung at the sides of a gangplank to prevent drunken sailors from falling overboard (2 wds. and comp.)	214 117 24 141 160 200 100 177 10

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

					1 F	2 N	3 C	4 V	5 A	6 B		7 W	8 N	9 P		10 X	11 R	
12 E	13 U	14 V	15 W	16 F	17 N	18 K	19 M	20 G		21 H	22 G	23 P	24 X	25 O	26 K	27 E		
28 L	29 U	30 F	31 R	32 G	33 K		34 N	35 Q	36 P	37 W	38 G		39 A	40 C	41 U	42 G	43 B	
	44 A	45 U	46 N	47 S		48 S	49 I	50 G	51 Q	52 F		53 J	54 W	55 V	56 B		57 J	
58 S	59 G	60 H		61 H	62 G	63 I	64 P	65 R	66 A	67 M		68 N	69 M	70 P	71 A	72 Q	73 T	
74 C		75 F	76 M	77 E	78 R	79 I	80 D	81 H		82 O	83 H	84 D	85 T		86 D	87 V	88 H	
89 R	90 T		91 R	92 P	93 O		94 D	95 Q	96 O	97 C	98 R	99 V	100 X	101 B		102 D	103 C	
	104 N	105 P	106 U	107 W		108 G	109 J	110 Q	111 K	112 N	113 I	114 S		115 C	116 E		117 X	
118 T	119 R		120 D	121 R	122 A	123 B	124 C	125 I		126 O	127 L	128 T	129 U	130 E		131 C	132 H	
133 N	134 F	135 P	136 U		137 Q	138 T	139 V		140 K	141 X	142 I	143 P	144 W	145 S		146 K		
147 M	148 D	149 R	150 E		151 F	152 L	153 H	154 C	155 R	156 O		157 J	158 Q	159 P		160 X	161 L	
162 B		163 D	164 F		165 A	166 I	167 D		168 V	169 R	170 U	171 K	172 G	–	173 J	174 S	175 E	
176 I	177 X	178 D		179 I	180 U		181 B	182 D	183 Q	184 H	185 N		186 O	187 G	188 U		189 T	
190 H		191 T	192 J	193 M	194 H	195 K	196 B	197 L		198 B	199 D		200 X	201 J	202 N	203 I	204 M	
205 V	206 G		207 C	208 A	209 S	210 R		211 J	212 E	213 D	214 X	215 C						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 19 of this issue.

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